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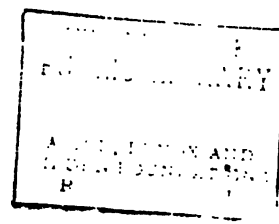

Yours, &c.
a Disbanded Volunteer

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

WAR LETTERS

OF

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

EMBRACING HIS EXPERIENCES

AS

HONEST OLD ABE'S BOSOM FRIEND AND UNOFFICIAL ADVISER.

"Our lives have been like twin flowers upon a lily's stem;
And let us, when we must fall, together fall like them."

NEW YORK:
FREDERIC A. BRADY, PUBLISHER.
No. 22 ANN STREET.
1864

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864,
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TO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN OF ILLANNOY,

THE

LOFTIEST OF LIVIN STATESMEN,

RENOUND ALIKE FOR

HIS GREAT MILENTARY TALONS.

HIS

FIRM ADHEARANCE TO THE CONSTITOOSHIN, AND FIDELITY TO HIS INAUGERASHIN OATH,

THIS WURK

IS

AFFECKSHINATELY INSKRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The frends that hes overperswaded me to hev the ensooin littery perduckshins bound up in buck form for the bennyfit of our common kentry, insists on my ritin a Preeface to them; and the publisher, who is naterally ankshus that the wurk should be proffertable to hisself, as well as to sosity, hes reckwested me to interdose it with a serious of prelimendary remarks, in my best vain. Heving allus ben uste to rite onpremeditated, on the subjestin of the moment, Ime raythor afeard that in attemptin to spred myself, I shall run sum risk of a kullaps. I hev knowd setch misfortens happen to men of the most brilyant genus, when they tried to sore beyant the lenth of nater's tether.

Howsever, I shell do my best. Webster's Dickshinary—a vollum witch I hev sairtched and studded more keerfully than enny uther publicashin goin, eggsept the skripters—ses the objeck of a Preeface is to state the mane desine of the wurk. Ef I am not mistaken in the vews of my publisher, the mane desine of this wurk is to make munny. Leastways, that's *his* desine.

But the orther, I am proud to say, is indooced to cast the follerin lines afore the wurld by a hyer porpus. My life, as the kentry is awar, hes ben full of wunderful vississytoods, from the time I was Disbanded, arter the Mexican war, to the present crysis. First I made my pile in the airly days of Californy, shuvellin up gold amung the Digger Injens; then I pardizzypated in the revolushinary moovements in Payris; arterwards I figgered around a wile in London; next I visited Constantinopul, and took sarvis with the late Grand Senior, Addle-Mushed, onder whose banner I fit in the Crymean war; subsekwently I emmygrated to Australy, and made considabul addishins to my pile from its oderiferous deposits; later I tuck up my abode in New York, and familiarised myself with the manners and customs of its eggstrodinary popalashin; still later I went on an

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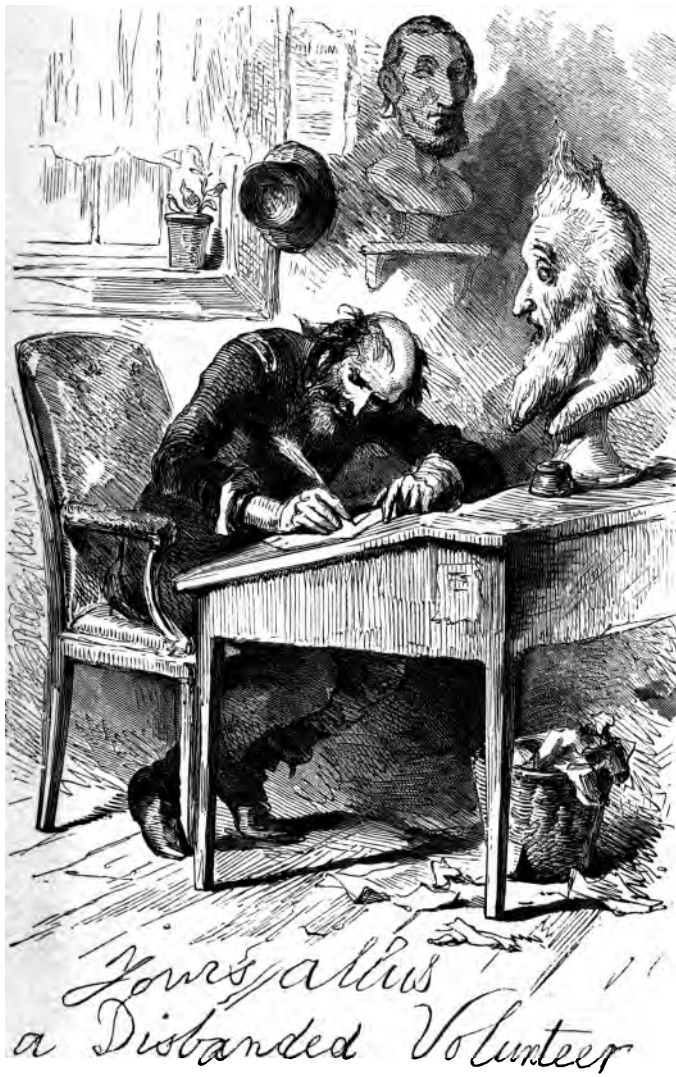
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WAR LETTERS

OF

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. I.

[Upon the whole, we are glad to learn that the Disbanded Volunteer is to accompany the President-elect to the District of Columbia. The P. E. will find the D. V. a safe man, and the more frequently he consults him after arriving in the D. C., the better for the U. S. As the D. V. will probably correspond with the S. T. from Washington, and as the former is probably hand-in-glove with A. L., we may be enabled, through his agency, to keep our readers posted up as to what is going on in Abraham's bosom.—EDS.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILLAYNOY, Janurary 30, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

I notiss that in answerin a curryspondent, you locat me in the Centril Floury Kingdum, assistin to give the natives rats. "Well," ses I, on readin the remark, "ef that aint purty kool, Ime a teapot. Here," ses I, "hes the Britishers and the French ben a plunderin the Chiny pallises and hairem *ad libertine*, and Ime sot down as hevin ben a backin and abettin on em." I dont purtend to be no grate shakes of a morolist, but you shudder node me better'n that. Onjest slorter is a serious bizness, and Ive allus cunsiderd the alliegashuns of the allies agen the Chinees a shamful subterfudge. The real *casus belly* was becase the Chinee dienasty sed the poppylashin shuddent be pisened with extract of poppies. They diddent deny that the peeple was too thick on the ground, but they went ded agen reducin the nashinal senses with lodlum. England, hevin the drug for sale, immediently purseeded to give em fits, and bein a Christian nashin, with all the moddern improovements, she suckseded at last, with the help of Providence and the Hero of

Sulphurino, in takin the Celestil city. The hull consarn reminds me of the latter eend of Fair Rosymound, as was cut off in her prime with a dillyterus drug. She was respeckfully rekwested to take her chice atween a pint of proosic assid and a pint of a pineyard, and preferd the former. Thar was this difference, howsever, in favor of Rosymound: she got off with swallerin the pisin, while the onfortnit Chinees hed to take the steal and the pisin both.

It warnt the clene thing, eddyturs, to mix me in with setch disrighteous dooins. But, prehaps, arter all, you oney ment to wake me up, and get me to resoom my epistolary correspondence. Ef so, let byguns be byguns.

I spose, on seein the date of this letter, you'll say to yourselves, "What ken the venabul old cuss be up to in the prayery state?" Well, Ime on a speshil mishin of my own. Ime studdyin "old Abe." He bleves in me, and I can tell you as much about his idees as he nose himself, and mebbe more. I call on him every day, rain or shine, and things he woodent open his hed about to Thirlo Weed is freely disgust atween us. Ses he to me, the other day, "D. V."—that's his koncise way of shortenin my incog. cognomen—"D. V.," ses he, "do you reely think the hull South will disune and secess?"

"That depends, Lincoln," says I, for I warnt agoin to commit myself too suddently.

He peered berried in refleckshin for a few moments, and then remarkt:

"Woodent extendin Mason and Dickerson's line from Cape Cod to Cuby satisfy em, or must it be the pairalel of 2:40 from Conneticut to Congo river?"

"Abe," I respondid, "you tork like a statesman, and wot's better, like a United Statesman. The frends of Union look up to you. Thar cry is cumprommis."

"Yas," ses he; "it's all very well to say cum prommis, but wot am I to promis? That's whar the wedge binds. Here's all the ultree-black republicans threttenin me with a gorilla warfare ef I suckum to the South, and the South threttenin to jerk the presidenshil cheer from onder me onless I put it on thar platform."

"Lincoln," ses I, "the oney chanst for you is a middle curse—the *just melee*, as the French say. Dont buck agen Silly, and dont get snagged on Caribadibs, but put your hellum amidships, and drop a little goos-greece on the ragin bellows as you pole along. Ef South Caroliny chewses to sow the wind and rip the worldwind, let her rip. Jest you be guverned by the

preposishins of the border states, and they'll take keer the Union issent disconjuncted."

Snatchin my hand with considabul emoshin, wile a saft expresshin cum over his naterally hard phizmahogany, the old feller exclaimed, "Youre rite, D. V. I feel youre rite—I feel it here," continued he, smitin his westcut; "but ef I foller your advice and my own inklingashins, I shall be stickmatised as a doeface by all deer frends as wants me to take the bull by the horns."

"Not a bit of it," ses I—"thar bound to sale in your bote ennyhow, bein as Congress is ded agen em and they hevent nowhars else to go. You jest cum out rayshinal in favor of a fair cumprommis in black and white, and you'll nock the disrupshinists hyer'n a kite."

And I shuddent wonder ef he dun it. He seems to me to be of a flexibull and cumpliant natur, without mutch back-bone to him—but that remanes to be seen.

He studdies the Constitooshin aciduously, but hesent yet made up his mind what constitoots treson. He ses "aid and comfort" is setch vaig frayseology, that he can't get the hang of it. I bleve, howsever, he cunsidders runaway niggers seezable under the claws tutchin fellers held to servis, and allows that the hed of the guvernment should be guided by the fundymental basis. So you perceev that peepul who insists as Abe hesent got beyond his *a b*, abs, in pollytickle skience, is libellious no-nothins.

The President eleck wishes me to go on to Washington with him, which I hev consented, for I mistrust that sum of them eastern fannytix will play Hale Columby with his prospecks, ef he's left to thar tender musses, without a troo frend at his elbo.

Whenever I ken let you no wot's uppermost in his mind, without a breech of honor, you may expeck to larn sumthin of Old Abe's sayins and dooins from

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. II.

[Our rough and ready correspondent seems to be having a glorious time with the Star of the West, who is so soon to illuminate the national horizon. Mr. Lincoln cannot do better than cultivate the acquaintance of that eccentric man, whose honesty

is considerably more reliable than his orthography, and who can read human nature like a book, although he makes wild work with the grammar and dictionary. It gives us pleasure to learn that the President-elect keeps a stiff upper lip, in spite of the portentous fog that lowers around him, but which we sincerely hope he will see through. There is nothing like a cheerful frame of mind in the midst of difficulty, for which see your "Pilgrim's Progress", and when found make a note of! Any authentic information touching the sayings, doings, dreamings, or other mental, physical, or psychological manifestations of the N. P. F., who is so soon to take the place of the O. P. F., will doubtless be received with eagerness by an anxious world.—EDS.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILLANOY, February 6, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

I spose youve heern that the incummin presidenshil incumberant puts out from this place on Monday next, to take the eggsecative cheer at the sete of guvment. Not apprehendin ennything serious in Merryland, he refuses a milentary escort from his sucker and hoosyour frends. He will travil as ushil by rail, and with no other defensiv weeping but a maul and a wood ax. It is understood that sartain paytryots as desines to sarve their kentry under his patternage, and tharfor naterally takes an interest in the sekurity of thar princypal, hes sent him a shirt of male; but bein a man of irun nerves and full of grit, he declines the addishin to his wardrub, and will ware cotton next his skin, in complyment to the leadin staypull of the South. Ankshus to identify hisself with the intrests of that rejin, he hes put hisself on a strict regiment of South Caroliny rice and Louseanna lasses, and is larnin to combust the Weed, in order to smoak the pipe of peace with Old Virginny.

The post offices here doos a lively bizness on old Abe's ackount. Rite in the center of the eddifiz stands what is none as the Lincoln Letter Bin. It is about twiste the bigness of an ornary hog troft, and six sorten fellers is continally pitchin inter it nite and day. Mebbe it mought be discurridging to sum of the orthurs of the missifs to no wot becums of thar stashinary—but I forbare. Suffisit to remark that the lines doosent allus fall in plesent places. Being as frendly with the President eleck as Demon and Pythiass, in the play, he sends me about hafe a bushil of letters every mornin, and I larf tell I cry as I run my eyes

over em. If, as Douglas remarkt to his mother arter the peepul squelched him, "the post of honor is the private's stashin," Abe's flatterers and parricides doosent see it, for they all go in for being public ossifurs. Frinstince, all the littery fellers as got out Lincoln Lives—and thars more of em than ever a cat had—wants to be remunnyrated for thar talons outer the nayshunal puss. Over a hundred eddyturs claims to hev ben the fust to hyst the Lincoln banner, and to hev waived it throo the canvass and sported it at the poles with unflaggin zeal. Uppards of a thousand Wide Awakes in New York and Philadelphy rekwires a fittin recompence for thar onsleepin vigelense, and ninety Lincoln Minnit Men in Boston hes petishined to be made night watches. Evry male delivery brings scores of solicitashins for first-class births, and ef hafe the demands for guvment pap was complide with, the treshury woodent be long in a solvent state. You'd be raythor tuck aback to see sum of the dockaments from the big bugs of the party, full of the contemptablest kinder inderogatories, and meener by chorks than enny beggin letter as was ever handed to you by a travelin mendacant. Sum fokes as is cunsidered high-minded statesmen by the No-Nothins, would be cut down suddently, and nuthin shorter, ef the nature of thar aspirashins was genally none. I name no names, but its lucky for sartin parties that Old Abe turned the manyscrips over to an onabull man.

The incummin eggseckativ, altho aperiently firm, is of a comic nater and fond of a joak. Sum considder him stiff and lofty, but he hes no objeckshin to unbend when he sits down for a soshil evenin with a frend. Oridgenal cannondrums is his fort. Ses he to me the other night, as we was takin our old rye together—he drinks rye coffy and me rye whisky—"D. V.," ses he, "why is the hed *of* the nashin like no utber hed *in* the nashin?" I tride to wurk it, but it was nogo, so I gin it up. "Why, you donkey," ses he, "bekase he goes in for four 'ears." Purty smart that, warn't it now? I told him so, and by way of keepin up the fire, axed him why he was like Robin Hood's coat. He caved in on that, and I explaned that he was like Robin Hood's coat bekase he was Lincoln green. He sed he couldent see that or enny other man. Arter mewsing awhile, he inkwired if I could inform him how he made his way to distinkshin. I replide, "Prehaps by chanst." "No," ses he, with a smild that shode his opin countenance to grate advantidge; "I axed it." And then he larfed till I thort he'd split. Rekiverin hisself, he told me he'd got a fust chop riddle in his hed for Bucannon, and

he ment to let him hev it on the steps of the Capitol, jest before he swore in. "Spit it out," ses I. "Here goes," ses he, and deconed it out as follers: "Why is Abraham Lincoln likely to be a silent president?"

"Do you think Old Buck'll give that up?" ses he.

"Ef he gesses it," I ansered, "his organ of farsceshusness is bigger'n mine."

"Wall," he broke in, "I'll tell you why Abraham Linkin is likely to be a silent president: it's bekase he intends to avide openin his mouth onnessarily, for feer he should put his foot in it."

Whool say the old rail-splitter is a fool arter that?

I bleeve I menshend in my last that the venabull flat boteman hed invited me to accumpany him to the Deestrict of Columby. We shall go throo Sinsinnaty, Buffylo, Albany, Harrassburg, and Bawltomore, and mebbe drap in at Philadelfy and New York, ef we take a noshin. Onless attact and disbursed by the enemy, on the rout, we may be looked for at Washington about the 21st.

Ef you desire it, I ken keep you fully posted up in relashin to Old Abe's sayins and doins, and cetery, which as he is at present the sinnershure of all eyes, I spose will be interestin to your inquizitiv readers.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. III.

[True to his promise, the eccentric old war-horse keeps us posted up as to the sayings and doings of the "coming man." Our readers, who are well acquainted with the scrupulous veracity which has always characterized the letters of D. V., and cannot fail to remember the remarkable manner in which his sagacious predictions have been, from time to time, fulfilled, will, no doubt, accord that credit to his statements and foreshadowings which, judging from the past, they fully and fairly deserve.—EDS.]

COLUMBUS, February 13, 1861—11 P. M.

Eddytors of the Sunday Times:

As Richmound ses in the play, "Thus far inter the bowils of the land have we propelled without impedament." No rox on the trax; no fatil blunderbushes fired at us by suthern emiseries; no suttle pisin in the Hidesick and Mungoheeler; no blowin up with infarnal mashins; no preconsartid snake-heds; no hissin

even—nuthin, in fack, but "Giv us yer hand, ole woodchuck!" "Three cheers fur the Illanoy ripstaver!" "Make the chips fly outer the palmettos, old hoss!" and other curteus expresshins, denotin a poplar fewroar in favor of the imminent sucker statesman.

It is onnesessary to giv you the particklers of our rout, witch hes ben a mity triump. Everywhars whar Uncle Abe hes held a levy, he hes ben visited by as menny peeple as could be wedged inter the rum. Nowhars hes he ben maultreated. His orashins hes ben short, but moddist—the nub of em bein that he hes a harder ro to ho than George Washington ever had, and that ef Providense will oney stiffen his back-bone, and keep his hands from blisterin, he intends to ro it out in full, and sow the seed of everlastin peas and plenty in the futer.

In this sitty, he gin his vews to the Legislatur with mutch applaws; and at the bankwit this evening, at Guvner Denizen's, he made a speetch witch sumboddy pronounst worthy of a Sissyrow. Never hevin heerd of Sissyrow, I inkwired whar he haled from, and larned from a yung lawyir as sot neer me, that he was a favorit stump speeker amung the Rummuns, who was finerly murdered for party resins while on a jurney. I thort the illushin ominus. We hed a fine band of mewsishiners to toot arter the toasts, and as the incummin President konkluded his harang, they gin us, "Cease, rood Boreas, blusterin Railer," about as strong as brass could blow it. Delikit compliment, warn't it? He felt it as setch, and reethin his remarkabul feturs with smiles, retired to his pillar to dream, no dout, of the high post that awates him at Washington.

Airly to-morro mornin we start for the morril but bytoominus sitty of Pittsbug, witch, I onderstand, is the smuttiest place in the United States. On Munday, ef not afore, we shall sartainly be in Albany, whar Thirlo Weed, who is to meet us at Buffylo, will overhawl the inaugurole, interdooce the New Public Funkshinary to Guvner Morgan—who is no relashin, I onderstand, to Thirlo's former frend of that name—and furnish a full programmar of the pollysee of the new guvment, with direckshins how to wind it up, keep it goin, and run the mashin genally. Toosday, I shall hope to tak you by the hand at the Astor Hous, whar we expeck to hang out, on ackount of Dannil Webster hevin ben perlitely invited thar when he exclaimed to an ongrateful kentry, "Whar shall I go?" Peeple as keeps hottels seldum shose so mutch considerashin for exalted paytrotism in distress, and Old Abe thinks setch devoshin oughter be encur-

ridged. Still, we may go sumwhars else, arter all—everything depends on Thirlo Weed. Ime told thars a peart struggil goin on atwixt him and Horris Greely as to witch shall be privit tooter to the new President arter he takes the rains of pour. Mebbe both on em may be mistaken, for the old feller stiffens up amazinly. He's not hafe as week in the knees as I sposed he was; and arter he gits farely in the saddel, and his feet in the sterrups, I shouldent wunder ef he cut up rusty with his would-be gardeens, and relide on his own nolidge of the kuntry to make a winnin race.

I spose evryboddy's curus about the Inaugurole. Well, from the extracks the President eleck hes red to me, it's my blefe that, ef its promulgeated in its present form, itul make considabul of a splurge. Prehaps I am precoshus in referrin to it so long afore the forth of March; but thar can't be no harm in sayin that it is aunty-coershin up to the handle. Ef the secesshinary staits oney pay thar doos, and render onto Seizer wot they've seized as doosent blong to em, they kin play outer the Union from now ontil time immemoral, without ennybody attemptin to interfeer in the fassinatin game; but ef they air fools enuff to dekline these eesy condishins, then thar ports is to be block-headed, thar males cut off, and forces mustard to retaik the forts by a salt. This aint percisely wot the dockyment ses, *verb-at-him et let-her-at-him*, but it's wot the lawyers call the *anymuss* of it. Youd think, mebbe, from the tone and tenner of this extrornary stait paper, that the riter plaist his hull trust in Providense; but I persoom cannon, cutlashes, rifuls, and baganets is mixed up with his relidjus confidense. I dont predicate that the speech will be delivered jest as it reeds now; but Ime purty sartin that itul be in favor of collectin the revenoos and gettin back the forts, and cetery, *willy nilly*; and at the same time ded agen coershin. As we air to visit Philadelfy, I shall reckamend the distingwished flat boatman to ax a Philadelfy lawyer ef he doosent cunsidder setch a pairadocks a ridickalus slip, and kalkilated to spile the hull consarn.

Wot sort of a resepshin is the Tall Son of Illanoy to hev in New York, I wunder? Sum of the party is afeared he'll be goost and groned, ef nuthin wus; but I've offered to bet he'll be taken up Broadway in a opin bayrush, with four-in-hand, and all the honors ushilly conseeded to illustrated stranngers. The wimmin, without distinkshin of pollytix, will be at the winders and ballconeys, waiving thar drygoods. Ime sartain of that. When did they ever negleck the pockit handkercher bizness on enny

publick ockashin, wether it was in honor of a Black Rep. or a Yaller Jap?

You'll find old Abe considabully changed from what he was when the litthygrafts was took in November. · Just prevus to leaving, he tuck his ax and went for a few days inter the woods, near Springfeeld, to recuperate, and he cum back as lively as a shoat in akorn time. He ses cuttin and cordin allus refreshis his mentil fackiltees, and speshilly at that seesin of the year, when the sap begins to rise. Doorin the last few weeks he hes ben cultivatin whiskers, witch gives his visidge the asspekt of a big hickory not with some moss onto it, and softens and releeves the 'hardness of the outline. Arter all, the old wedge-driver isent so humly as he mought be. He sartinly compares favably in that respeck with John Tyler, whose extrornary beak was wunst pinted out to me in the paroquet of the Richmond theayter.

Hevin jest reseeved a messidge from the old man, to say that he wants five minnits confidenshil talk with me prevus to goin to his *bony repose*, I must dry up for the present, remainin, as formally, Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. IV.

[Lest it should be thought that our correspondent's letters are slightly in violation of that shield of secrecy which should interpose between the confidential intercourse of bosom-friends and the public eye, we feel it due to ourselves to state that the President-elect has expressed no desire for the discontinuance of the series, although three communications have already appeared. Should he signify such a wish, we shall feel bound in honor to comply with it. But we do not anticipate anything of the kind. Speaking of his plans, views etc., he has repeatedly said he has nothing to conceal, and we believe him.—EDS.]

PHILADELFY, February 22, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

Notwithstandin his onpresidented fateegs in your sitty, the poplar woodchopper arove here in a tolably salubrus condishin. Bowing continnally to the *vox-popyoulie* hes bent his neck and made his backbone soar, but his privit fizishin ses that his vert-

bray is not injerd, and that some Pensylvany coal ile rubbed inter the *lumber regin* will make him as good as new. Not onderstandin doctor talk, I can't eggzacktly get the abuv throo my har, but it's consolin to no that thars nuthin serius.

Mrs. Lincoln—and a fine, harty speciment of a hole-soled western woman she is—is delited with the attenshins paid her. She's not overly pleased, howsever, with her picter in the Triboon, whar she figgers as a short fat lady with a turnup nose and thin lips. I consider the description a liebill, and I wouldent advise the reporter to p.esent hisself at the White House. Bob Lincoln, the eldest hop of the Lincoln fammaly, is as lively as a bird. Nuthin in yure sitty tickled him so mutch as Barnum's Mewseum. He ses, Finnyas and the big seal beats all natur, and the hull fammaly is mutch amused and gratifide with the grate showman's callin him the Prence of Rails.

Abe and me hes hed considabul conversashin about the resepshin in New York. He sed, this mornin, puttin his hand to his furhead, "I shall hold the peeple of the Empire Sitty in grateful remembrance as long as memry holds her seat in this distracktid globe;" and I calkilate he will. The old paytryit is in capitol sperits, and fuller'n ever of his joaks and cannondrums. Last nite he sent for me to spend a soshil hour with him aloan. I seen humor in his eye when I entered his rum. Ses he, as soon as Ide ankered myself on wun side of a *teeter tete*, and him on tuther—ses he, "D. V., old possum, why was the demmycratic pollytishins as wated on me in New York like sagashus woodchoppers?"

"Dunno," ses I; "mebbe bekase they brort their axes to grind."

"Well," he remarkt, "they mought—I never thort o' that. But this is the anser: Bekase they keerfully avoided knotty pints and goin agen the grain."

Bein onwillin to be sposed dumb in the commic line, I gin him the follerin in return:

"Why was you and your fammaly, last Wensday, like the diseased Mexican volunteers berried at New York with the honors of war?"

Arter cojitatin sum time, the venabul old codger venterd a gess:

"Prehaps," ses he, "bekase the poplous tuck thar hats off outer respeck to us as we past."

"No," I replide, "but bekase all your trunks was solemly drawd down Broadway sumounted by the Merican flag."

He smiled condisendinly, and remarkt that he was gratifide to see the flag of his country a wavin over his extensiv wardrub.

It being now the grate wedge-driver's turn to propound, he axed me why a presidenshil inaugurole was like enny other auger-hole?"

I told him probly on ackount of evryboddy bein able to see throo it.

He kinder winshed at that, but immediently responded: "Bekase its a bore;" and I dessay he gin utterance to the feelins of his hart, for he's orfully eggsersized about that momentuous dockament.

Hevin spent a few minits with his eyes fixt on the mirror over the mantil, starin inter vacansy, he cum out with the subjined:

"You no," ses he, "Mr. Hazard, the gunpowder-man, as visited me in New York. Now why is his privit residence as danngerus as his powdermill?"

"Mebbe bekase his wife's liabul to blo him up," ses I.

"Rong agen," exclaimed the farseeshus railer; "its bekase both is equilly Hazard-house."

Bein now thuroly in the vain, he got off sevral more, noways infearyour to the foregoin.

"When I leaned outer the Astor Hotel winder to bid the multitood good-by," ses he, "why was I like an old Dutch house at Albany?"

"Oh, I no," ses I, "you hed setch a remarkabul stoop."

"D. V.," replide he, droring himself up, "you bark up the rong tree so frekwently, that I begin to think yure next door to a niddiot. The resin why I favored an old Dutch house at Albany was bekase I had my gabble eend to the street."

"Wall," continued the old joaker, arter we'd finisht our lart, "just wun more and then adoo. What aintshint eddyfiz do I most resembul?"

Imaginin he was on the same track as afore I sed, "the Tower of Babble."

"Gess agin," ses he.

"Ho!" ses I, "mebbe the leanin tower, which I've heern tell projecks beyant the senter of gravity."

"Gess wunst more," was the response.

But I deklined the responsability, admitten the questin was too deep and intrickit for my stock of gumpshin.

"Frend," ses he, looking as grave as a monyment, "the anshint eddyfiz I most resembul is Noah's Ark, for Ime farely at sea, tossin about at the massy of contendin elements and no

land in sight. I oney hope the *fack similar* may extend as fur as the duv, the olive branch, and the ranebo of piece; but at present it looks more like everything goin to pieces."

The old man's face assoomed sitch a sorrowful aspeck, as he sed this, that I felt it cum from the bottom of his sole, and with a corjal squeedge of the hand we parted for the nite.

I hevent thort it requizit to say mutch about the publick gloryficashins on our rout, as the daly papers will give you in full all the nesessary details. Wot your reeders want is to see behind the seens—to kontemplate the Grate Western in his moments of relaxashin. I intend, tharfore, in this serious of letters, to present him as he is by natur, when the pollytishins isent a bullyraggin of him.

The resepshin here was a doublycate of that in New York. To-morrow, we shall reech the federal terrortory, and my nex communicashin will be from Washington. In the meentime, *e pluvius urum*, and may we and our sun's suns behold this glorious Union now and forever wun and invisibul.

Amen! and yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. V.

[Our venerable correspondent, it will be seen by the following missive, is still in the confidence as well as the company of the new President, and limns for us a very amusing picture of the scene occasioned by the *exposé* of the wonderful conspiracy of so many "eminent bankers, merchants, and statesmen" to postpone the inauguration by assassinating Mr. Lincoln.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

When I rit last, little did I andizzypate that the grate timber splitter would nex mornin be a rushing over the rails full split for his life, and belevin as nuthin but bein ahed of time could prevent his bein launshed inter etarnity. Mind, I dont say as his magnannymouse sperrit was decomposed by the prospeck of his own humaside. Like Julus Siezer, he would hev gon to the capitol accordin to the programmy, regardless of cunsperrators and thar dadgers. But Abe luvs his wife better'n Saezer luvd California, and hens the old cock yielded to her eggsortations,

and aperiently shode the white fether. Evry boddy admits now that the cunspurracy was a fish story, and that he fled from a shadder. The 'mount of it is, that sartain dimmycrats in Bawltomore—partickler friends of old Buck—wanted to run a saw on the railocrats, so they coined this bit of bogus jest to put Ginral Scott on a false cent. The hull turnt out percizely as the joakers ment it should, and the Merrylanders hevent yet dun shakin thar sides over thar waggary. "Lock's Moon Hokes" warn't a suckemstance to this remarkabul suck in.

I did my best to perswade the illustrus wedge-driver not to bolt from Harrassburg, and mought hev pervented the stampede ef I hed hed his privit ear longer; but the wimmen bust in upon us, and swomped my argyments with a flood of tears. They couldent hardly speak for gulpin and sobbin, and the hull burdin of thar cries was—"Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—he'll be ass—ass—ass—ass sass—inated!" Never heerd setch an affectin corus in all my life. I dont think I could hev sed no, ef I hed been in Old Abe's place. But even at that meltin moment the naterally commic biass of his mind shode itself.

"D. V." ses he, in a horse whisper—for his vice was husky with emoshin—"D. V., why am I in the same perdickyment now as if I was in the midst of the conspurrators?"

I couldent figger it out.

"Why," ses he, stretchin his lips with a benine smile, "bekase Ime overcum with menny weepins."

Arter sum refleckshin I got at the nub of the joak, and guffawed slitely.

When the venabul Illannoyan gits on the commic trail he follers it up regardless of everything. He couldnt stop hisself, notwithstandin the glummy nater of the subjeck in hand.

"Ken enny of you tell me," ses he, "why Ime like a wheel within a wheel?"

Wun of the ladys subjested sumthin about his conneckshin with the commonwheel.

"No," he resoomed, shakin his hed and winkin at me, "it's bekase Ime goin incog."

Encurridged by the larf at this wittysissum, he put the ensoomin kwestin:

"What steps shall I resort to on the forth of March to show the people my respeck for the Constitooshin?"

Several of the wimmin maid reply. Wun said, "No cumprommis with the disannullers of the Union, Abe." Anuther thort the best corse would be to invite all the leading traytors to

Washington, and string em up to the Pennsylvany avenoo poplars; and a third sed ef old Abe would appint a nayshinal wimmens convention, the hull thing could be put throo in a weak.

The distinguished cannondrumist explaned. Ses he: "My frends, the fust steps I shall resort to on the forth of March, to show my respeck for the Constitooshin, will be the Capitol steps."

I groaned laudably—I couldent help it—and, takin the old man's arm, led him into the opin air, whar he sun rekivered, and became comparatively rayshinal.

The inaugurole is finisht. On Monday itul oney be wuth two cents a coppy, but menny a specklater would giv ten thousand dollars this minnit to hev setch a glans at it as I hed to-day. Altho my tung is tide as to particklers, I may menshin that it will make sartin ultry-black republicans blastfeem. It is not flowery, but oncommon Weedy. Ef it doosent make stox jump thars no jump too em. Don't be tuck aback ef you hear sreeks in the Tryboon offis, nex dore, when they git its meanin throo thar har. I tell you, consillyashin's the wurd from the Capitol Hill next Munday—if it isent, you ken withdraw yure confidense from me for ever more, Amen!

I notis thars a hepe of gossip about the President eleck goin the rounds, most of witch is liebills. Hevin kept a diaree of his moovments for sum time past, I speke by the keard. The Dutchman as ses he emplies his hours of relaxshin in brushin his own boots and takin grease pots outer his panterloons, doosent no the Sinsinnatus of the west from a side o' lether. His ushil amusement wen to hum, was to supply the famaly with wood, do the marketin, and pound beefstakes for breakfast with his famous maul; but the oney recreashin he indulges in at present is wittlin slivers of white pine into minatoor rails. He wittles and reflecks, and reflecks and wittles, and wittles and joaks, and joaks and wittles. The tutch of timber's necessary to bring out his idees. Setch is the consekense of bein raised in a wooden kentry.

The petishins for offis under the incummin administration, now on file, accordin to the kalkilations of a member of the topografical engineers, would carpit the entire districk of Columby, paper all the housen in Washington, and leave enuff to make kites for all the children in the United States doorin the present seesin. This is gratifyin.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. VI.

[Again our correspondent has been closeted with "Old Abe", and again he has derived "chunks of wisdom" from his oracular and somewhat jocular lips. We are glad to learn that the President is in health and good spirits. Rail-splitting and poling broadhorns may be considered light and pleasant recreations in comparison with the mental anxiety and the wear and tear of temper which he is fated to experience. Our correspondent's views of the inaugural are not those generally entertained by the public, but he may be right, nevertheless.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

Altho the inaugurole was slitely mudified arter I saw it, to sweeten the ultrees, it is, upon the hull, jest as I said, a consillytory commoonycashin. The koncludin sentence about "mystic cords stretchin all over this broad land," is univarsally regarded as a good wind up. The young ladees, I larn, is delited with the passidge whar Old Abe ses he hes "an oath registered in Heven." It puts em in mind, they say, of a similar remark in "Manfriday, or the Wun-handed Munk," "The Mistress of Udolpho," "The Castel Specter," and uther rumantic tradijees and mellow-drammers.

Sartinly thars nuthin more alarmin in the illustrus wedge-driver's inaugurole than thar is in what he swore to arter he red that rigmayroll. He hed to take his Bible oath to sport the laws, and that's purty mutch the hull nub of his anticedent speetch. He couldent hardly be eggspected to say he intended to perjur hisself with the sakrid vollum he was agoin to kiss starin him rite in the face.

What'll be the end of it all the Lord abuv nose, and ime blamed sure neither the fire-caters nor the fannytix is in his confidence. Bennett may purfess to see the course of subsquint events, but then he thort he seen the French mishin when old Buck came in, and yet it turnd out to be mere illusin. Wun thing's consolin: the man as holds the rains of guverment doosent mean to go in on the spur of the moment. "Take your time, Miss Loocy," is the order of the day, and wot matter is it wot the inaugurole ses must be dun, ef the periud of dooing it is adjurned *signer die.*

The new cabbynet is in a state of sege. Chase, of the tresh-

ury, onderstands the meening of his name now, ef he never did afore. Its Chivy Chase with him, and no mistake. Thars about two thousand men in Washington continally engaged in runnin him down and worryin of him. Blare, the new P. M. G., ses he bleves every slab-sided railocrat west of the Allagainis, either wants to be a postmaster hisself or to put a frend throo. You should see the strings of fellers at the department, waitin thar turns, like applycants for grub at the alms-hous offis in New York. Prayery wulves hes a hungry look in snow time, but thers a negerness in the visidges of these ankshus black republikens as takes down ennything in the famisht wild beest line as ever follered an outlyin trapper in hope to pick his bones.

Old Abe is salubrus, and thars no let up to his jocular vain. The man that advertises in the papers to releev persons trubbled with humors, would find him a noncurable case. I called on him last night at the White Hous, arter bizness hours, and hevin ben in a tite place all day atween sartain Sewerdites and sartain Greelyites, he was determined to let hisself out. Enny wun can see at a glanst when the old man eliquent is chock full of fun. On this ockashin, farseeshusness was visabull in his onrestless eyes and in the quiverin rinkles that played about the corners of his expressiv and expansiv mouth. Shakin hisself up, and flappin his elbose in the western fashin, he crode aloud as sun as I entered his sanktum, and immediently arterwards asked me, "Why Major Anderson was like a beest of burdin of the olden time?"

Being taken unawars, I at wunst caved in.

"Bekase, D. V.," ses the funny old funkshinary—"Bekase he's a Sumter hoss."

He expected the ushil larf, but I was in a kinder fog, and rekwested the lone of a dickshunary. Thar was wun lyin on the tabel that he had used for the inaugurole, and on openin it and findin the word "Sumpter," I rored rite out as in duty bound.

Arter a moment's brown studdy he perpounded the follerin: "Why am I like a fisherman?"

"Mebbe," says I, "the solution is that your agoin to retake the suthern forts—with a hook."

"Dern the suthern forts," he exclaimed, rollin his eyes. "No," he continned, in milder axents, "Ime like a fisherman bekase Ive got Bates in my cabbynet."

I gin a slite catchynashin, and remarkt that he was also like a fisherman bekase he was fond of a Salmon Chase.

Deklining even to smile at my addishin to his joak, he perpounded thus:

"Wots the difference atween me and that uther grate loomenary, the sun?"

"Well," ses I, "the sun's all light, and you look considabul like a shadder. Is that it?"

"Try agen," he replide, "your duller'n a stubbed broad axe."

"Possably," I subjested, "this is the distinkshun—the hull kentry is benefitted by the sun and it wont be by you."

"Your a gopher," ses he, "and if I warnt the best naterd feller as ever made a chip fly, I should be up a tree at your inyourenders. Cant you see that the difference atween the sun and me is, that the sun raises in the Yeast and sets in the West, and that I was raised in the West and am now a settin in the Yeast."

Injenus, warnt it? But I dident see whar the larf cum in.

Thinken he was rather runnin the cannondrum bizness inter the ground, I chopped round and axed him wot he thort of Twiggs.

"Twiggs," ses he, "if we could oney twig Twiggs, we'd make root and branch work of Twiggs. But 'as the Twigg's bent so is the tree inklined,' and I spose this Twigg being bent rong when green caused him to commit such tree-mend-us treeson."

At this pint he stopt for breth and new idees; and thinkin it a favorabul oppertoonity to git out of the woods, I made a bough, and sed with his permishin I would slope. But I hed to take anuther shot, afore the grate gun of the nashin would let me off.

Ses he, as he shuck me by the hand, "Why am I like a man as hez dickered hisself off to Abadun?" He sed this with deep feelin, the teers mountin to his eyes, and immediently added, "Bekase, D. V., I can't hardly say my soul's my own."

Feelin suthin kinder risin in my throte, for I knowd how the old feller hed ben badjered by the contendin factshuns, I suddently tore myself away. Old Abe's a trump arter all, and I'll stand by him till his har drops off.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. VII.

[The Disbanded indulges in a little pardonable egotism. He certainly hit the mark in relation to the true meaning and intent

of the inaugural, and prophesied correctly as to the policy likely to be pursued by the new administration, so that the self-complacent sentence with which he commences his letter may be excused. He goes for non-intervention, and seems to think that "masterly inactivity" will be the order of the day under the new regime.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, March 14, 1861.

Eddyture of the Sunday Times:

Just as I sed. Thar'll be no flatterysidall conflick. Anderson evackiates. The pill is bitter, but its better than intestine war. Gallant Old Abe, arter a tearabul intarnal struggle, hes starnly detarmind to leave the suthern manyax a loan. Hevin no means of putten em down, he seen at wunst it would be a grand *coodetar* to let em up, and he dun so. General Boweryguard's posishin at Charlestun, espeshilly the floatin battery, bein onsaleabul in enny kwater, in corse the most jewdishus plan was to cum to terms. It is sed that the follerin letter was privitly cent to Lincoln, and was the immedient caws of the preposed sirrender; but I gess it's ony a *cunard* as the French say:

Mr Lincoln:

SIR:—Altho I look upon you as a fowl useupper, and the American egul sreeked in scorn when you was induckted inter the cheer of state, nevertheless, in order to prevent the fushin of nuthern and suthern blood, and save the cost of rebilding Fort Sumter, wich I could blo to blazes with my howitstirs in fifteen minits, and also the funeral expenses of Major Anderson and his murmurdums, whose fragments, ef found, a proper sense of shiverally would compel us to tote to the toom with the honors of war—I say, takin all these matters inter considerashin, and arter consultin with my staff, I offer the subjined jam up terms of capitylashin—namely: to abandun the wurks in ten days from this date, and Major Anderson to be made a Major-Gineral in the suthern forces, or suffer deth, witchever is most agreabul. Hopin to see the skins of all the enemees of the new confederassy converted inter carpets for its frends to dance on, I remane, with centiments of supreme contemt, yours,

BOWERYGUARD.

P. S.—Depend upon it, Sumter's a bad egg. Better give it up afore we shell it.

Coppees of the abuv is suckerlatin here, but Ime purty sartain it's a hokes. Ef the President hed reseved setch a messedge he would hev made a pint of onbuzzumin hisself to me. I think he's rite, howsever, in givin up Sumter. A stronghold can't long be maintaned by a weak-handed garrysun on nuthin to eat. Fellers with no linin to the coats of thar stummicks is apt to

make a poor sho agen a forlorn hope in the breeches. Arter a wile, I persoom the forts at Pencecoaler, Tarttugus, and all along shore, will be guv up spontaneus—witch is much bettern'n Americans makin mutton of wun anuther on thar ramparts. My idee is to giv the rebil states all the rope they want. The more they hev thar full swing and the sooner they'll hang tharselves. When rebellyun gits inter evry planter's britches pocket, itul be a game more exhaustin than amusin, as the bar sed when he was larnin to dance Juba on plates of hot iron. Fitin the cottonocrazy's all gammon. Wen they find tharselves without a rap, we shall hear sumthin "a nockin at the door." Then we ken say:

"Is that you, Sam?
Is that you, Jim?
Well, you luck purty sorry, so you may come in."

Oney let 'em severially a loan, and that'll be the eend on't. The Richmound (Virginny) Dispatch, of the elevent of March, now afore me, calls peeple as entertains these kinder noshins the "Conservative-Union-State-Rights-Independence-Wait-a-little-and-something-Will-Turn-up-Fraternity," I hev coppid the eddytur's wurds and Ime kwite willin to take a standee in that crowd. Masterly inacktivity is the best moov.

I notis the seesesshin jurnils is deth on omins. Braggin on omins allers peers to me like wistling in a berrying ground to keep the sperrits up. The Mungumery (Alabammer) Advertiser menshuns a curus insident as omnebus of the sucksess of the new nashin. You'll find it belo, jest as I dug it outer the paper with my bowie nife:

"When the time had arrived for raising our banner, Miss Tyler, with heart throbbing with patriotic emotion, elevated the flag to the summit of the staff, cannon thundered forth a salute, the vast assemblage rent the air with shouts of welcome, and the people of the south had for the first time a view of the Southern flag. Scarcely had the first report of the salute died away, when a large and beautifully defined circle of blue vapor rose slowly over the assemblage of Southern spirits there assembled to vow allegiance to the Southern banner, rested for many seconds on a level with the flag of the Confederate States, then gradually ascended until lost to the gaze of the multitude. It was a most beautiful and auspicious omen."

Thar's two ways of readin that suspishus omin. Sum mought auger as it was a sine the hull consarn would eend in smoke.

Abe keeps a tolably stiff upper lip. I observe that the New York Express ses he will hev his jokes, and pertends to giv wun of 'em. It's a sickinen affare, and allow me to say entirely spewrius. The paper states that a gentleman heerd it, witch is ontroo,

for he never joaks, now, with ennyboddy but me, and I coppyrite his cannondrums as he let's em out. Sum thinks he makes 'em up, aforehand, as Sherrydan did; but I can asshure the public they're all unpremuddytated and extrumpery. The followin is his last. It dropt from his humerus lips not more'n an hour ago.

Ses he, "D. V., why am I like Ginral Scott!"

Ses I, "Abe, bekase the same measure sutes you both—say six feet fore."

He lucked sevagarus, and snapt his teeth like a wownded wolvereen; but sun rekiverin his ushil unanimity, he explaned:

"Ime like the Leavetenant Ginral," ses he, "on this ackount, bekase Ime the hero of Chip-away."

By thunder! that was sum, now, warn't it? In coarse I hed to guv him anuther, and I thort as he was a leetil riled, Ide make it complymentary.

Ses I, "My vetran frend and pitcher, ef I may do myself the honor to call you so, why are you like a sartain airthenware mannyfacterer as died in England menny years ago?"

"I cappitylate," he replide. (Poor fellow, he was thinken of Fort Sumter.)

"Why," ses I, "semply bekase you're old Wedgewood!" and not watin to receve enny thanks, I moseyed outer the presense.

Adoo till we meet agen throo the post-offis, and bleve me verashusly. Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. VIII.

[We are sorry to learn from the subjoined letter that Mr. Lincoln no longer displays that mercurial and playful spirit which was wont to expend itself in jokes that set the table in a roar.

It seems from the statements of our venerable military friend, that the head of the Government is quite chopfallen, and that the

> "Quips and quirks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

which were once his peculiar forte, have given place to a heavy, lugubrious, despairing style of pleasantry (or rather unpleasantry), such as a person might indulge in by way of trying to cheat the hours of captivity of their gloom. There is a church-

yard whistle in the jokes quoted by our correspondent, which is more significant of grief and perplexity than tears and groans.—EDS.

WASHINGTON, March 21, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

A negarness to save the kentry, without a president in the annuals of our guverment, continnees to prevale. The presshure on the postmaster-ginral is anormous. Thar's sumthin less than thirty thousand post-offisis in the United States, and the number of applycants is over a hundred and fifty thousand—about the sum totil of the British army to hum and abroad. Ef the guverment wanted sojers, Ime dubrous wether thar'd be setch a thunderin rush of volonteers; tho I persoom eenamost evry candidit for civil servus onderstands rifle practis, and mite be relied on for a charge.

The noosepaper fellers seem to be in good oder with the noo dienasty—I mean, in coarse, that porshin as claims to be Abeites died in the wool. The eddytur of the Currier and Inkwirer was delited with his prospecks, and guv a shampain supper to his frends immediently arter bein confirmed for the Sublime Port. Ef Seward was raythor hard on him wen Tom Marshall shot him in the leg, thar's a good onderstandin atwixt em now, and the old wound no longer rankles. I dar say Ginral Webb would make a fust rate plenipenitentiary, bein now as grave as a Turk, and past the age for harem-scarem adventers. He would find the Grand Senior, Addle-Mushead, quite an agreable hethin when he's sober, witch isn't more'n hafe the time, unless he follers the teetotal rule of Mayhumit closter than he did wen I was in Constandinopul in 1854.

I spose, by the time this letter is in prent, Major Anderson and his men will be ordered outer Fort Sumter, whar, in case of a nite attack, they would hev to go it blind, thar ile, camfeend, steerin candils, and lucyfurs hevin all gin out. The furnishes for furnishin red-hot shot is also useless, as thar isent fewill enuff in the place to lite a meersham, and they hev to do it at noon with a burnin glass, and keep wun sentinel smokin all nite for the ackomydashin of the offsirs.

I notis as Twigs, the traytor, deklines a post in the suthern army on ackount of his helth. His disorder issent spessyfide, but a fissishin here, who hes made a dognoses of the simptoms, ses its the shakes. Sum allows as his liver's affected, and uthers say he's so much debiliated that, if tuck prisner, the fateeg of hangin would be too mutch for him. Benedick Arnold fit arter

he betraid his trust, but Twigs, bein of a milder nater, prefers reposin on his lorils.

It greaves me to an ounce that the venabul Abe hes lost sevral pounds of flesh senst he becum President. He doosent cupsider it a fat offis, by no means. Mercynary pollytishins is constantly arter him with a sharp stick, bullyraggin him to that degree that Ime purty shure he wishes he was back to Springfield, with his markit baskit on his arm, doin the famaly chores as ushil. His face, as lucked so plesent a few weeks ago, gits longer and longer evry day, like a baloon from witch the gas is gradally escapin. And it is escapin. He tries to joak as formally, but he finds it heavy mowin, and his sallies is frekwently interruptid with a sithe. The fact is, his cabbynet is not unanymuss. It warn't never likely that Seward and Chase would hitch hosses together, and I onderstand they're as much posed to wun anuther, on sartain pints, as the two Ann Tipodees. They say as Chase is for applyin the *argumentim ad hominy* to the seeseshinists at wunst, wile Seward goes for givin em time, in hops they'll see theyre error, and acknollidge the corn.

Atween the two, the venabul hed of the nashin is purty nye distracted, and ef it warn't for dodging the pollytishins now and then to spend a soshil hour with a sartain blunt old sojer, I think his mind would becum deceased. He still indulges in cannondrums and *dubble intenders*, but they are chefely of a meloncolic and ruefool natur. Frinstance, as we was sittin together last nite in his privit sanktum—witch is labeled outside, "No admittence except in case of fire," to keep out offis beggars—ses he, "Disbanded, why ort I to take lessons of Mr. Rarey?"

"I'l go to Jerewsalem ef I no," ses I, cherfully, "onless you want to make a Rarey sho of yourself."

"No, old hoss," replide he, sloly, "that's not the ticket. It's bekase he mought teach me how to manidge my onrooly *Crew, sir*."

"Yaas," ses I, "but thars considabul difference atween tamin wun vishus critter, and brakin in a hull team and sevral big dogs onder the wagon."

"It's too true," he remarkt, and elapsed inter glummy silence.

Wakin up arter a wile, he axed me why "he was like the Ohio River in a drouth?" I sed, "Mebbe bekase he was runnin emptyins." He dident take a fence at the remark, but goodnaterdly told me to stop my raillery and try agin.

I axed him "Was it bekase he was shallow?" At witch he

smiled moanfully, and sed the solushin was that he was "down in the mouth."

Then we got torking about the prospecks ahed, and I inkwired ef he thort it possabul to ockupy and possess, and cetery, the forts and uther guverment real estate in the fur South, as premeditated in the inaugurole? He offered no verbial reply, but making a dubble spred egul of his hands, he sollemly brort em to a level with his probossis, and ef I no ennything about the langwidge of sines that means "over the left." Depend upon it, onless an axidental collushin takes place sumwhars, thar'll be no bludshed, and I no from relieabul orthority that Mr. Seward entertanes the most sangwinary expectashins of bringin things to a peaceful issoo. That all difficulties may be overcum and the republic renderd wunst more "wun and insuperable," is the strong hop of

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. IX.

[We have an idea that the President and the Disbanded are not on the same terms of confidential intimacy as formerly. Perhaps the Cabinet officers, jealous of the influence of our old friend with honest Abe, have managed to estrange them. It is evident, from the concluding portion of the veteran's letter, that there is, at present, but little intercourse between them. As the Disbanded leaves Washington for the North in a few days, this letter will wind up his correspondence for the time being. Stirring events may again bring him before the public; but, in the meantime, like Hamet and Lord Byron, he gives his pen a holiday.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

The sege of the Wite House and the departments by the republickin mercynarys is taperin down. Most of the hevvy plunder hes been sacked, and the leadin freebooters hes shuck the dust from thar feet and gon off to step inter the shoos of thar kicked out and resigned prettycessors. Some of the furrin envys,

howsever, is onavidably detaned ontil they kin ingage inturpreters and translaters, wile uthers is reddy to start at the wurd, relyin semply on thar French vogabbeleries. I persoom the appintment of Mr. Hirem Blarney, the oncumprommising abelishinest, to the New York collectorship, will give onallied satisfackshin to Lied Garrison, Wentill Fillips, Abby Fulsome, and cetery, and perdooce a "more perfeck Union" atween the antyslavery and the republickin forces. Ef I don't misremember, the noo recumbent of the collectorship hed a slite skrimmidge with the magnannymous Marshil Isaiah Rineders, sum munths senst, and that's all I no about his antycedents. Howsever, mutch as I admire the sumwot peppery, tho eggsalted, carrickter of the late marshil, I bleve, to tell the scripter trooth, that Isaiah was all-firedly in the wrong. Thar pears to be a strong biass in favor of abelishinism in sartain offishal kwarters, and I'me inklined to think the wooly hoss is the favorit hobby of more'n wun member of the administrashin. I'me afeard he'll proove a wus speckylashun to Chase & Co. then he did to Barnum.

All the cabbynet is more or less in a cold swet about the Moral Tariff, being confidenshally advised by relieable houses in New York, that ef the provishins is carrid out, the hull city must starve. Wun letter states that an offer hes been made by a famus market gardner to lease Broadway for the cultivashin of sparrow-grass, and that all the Atlantic steamers is to be sold to Charleston merchants; but this, I hope, is a *cunard*. It is not to be denide, howsever, that the noo revenoo law is a terabul blo rite in the face and eyes of Northern commerce, and evry nurtherner that voted for it, when the eyes and nose was called in the Sennit and the House, dun a sooisidal act. It's an everlastin pitty that Mr. Buchanan ever put his fist to it.

An extree seshin of Congress ken aloan help the North outer the skrape, and I profesy the administrashin'll hev to call wun, wotever the Triboon cleek may say to the contrary. I spose, from the edytorals in that paper, as Greeley bleves the Moral Tariff will coin money from the jump, and that his coajewter Daney expecks it will yield a shower of gold; but ef it doos, by Jewpeter! the nuggets won't fall your side of Mason & Dixon's line. The high dooties is a trump keard for the South, and every Suthern importer from Norfolk to New Orleans is larfing in thar sleeves to think how nicely black republickism is cuttin the throte of Northern trade.

I hevent seen mutch lately of the venabul unfortanit at the hed of the Guvernment. He joaks no more. The last remark he made

to me that hed a tutch of humor inter it was, that the way evrything was goin to the —— was beyond a joak. He is reely an amabul critter. Ef he knew wot to do he'd do it, but he doosent. The programmy laid down in his inaugurole bothers him. He ken no more carry it out than he ken split Plimouth Rock inter fence-rails with a jack-knife. The oney thing for him to do is to yeeld peacefully to suckemstances, and ef the ultree black republickins would stop bullyraggin him, he'd do it. Wun thing's cler enuff, matters kant long remane in *statue co.* It's either fite or fall back, and noboddy here would be suprised at enny minnit to hear of a bluddy skrimmidge. For my sheer, Ime hartily sick of the pint-no-pint game as the Guvernment is playin. Ive dun all I could to indooce President Abe to put his foot down Jacksin fashin, and take a persishin of sum sort, rite or rong. But its no use. He seems oncapabul of makin up his mind. Ive a kinder likin for the onhappy old funkshinary—but what ken I do? I'll hev to leave him to the tender mercies of his cabbynet. Probably I shall return to New York airly nex week, and, onless sum onexpected event takes place—setch as the Government wakin up, or its enemees goin to sleep—you'll hear no more at present from this latitood, from

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. X.

[The veteran correspondent of the press, whose head is now white with the snows of nearly sixty winters, seems to improve in energy as he advances in years. His late letters have been even more remarkable for their dry and sometimes biting humor than the productions which first gave him notoriety, here and abroad. Those who remember his correspondence with one of our cotemporaries, from California, the Crimea, London, Paris, Australia, etc., will be glad to greet him again in print. To-day he makes his first appearance in the columns of the SUNDAY MERCURY.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, July Forth, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

I wouldent reckamend my eggseggaters and legatease to bery me with milentary honors when I die, bekase the crack of the

peaces would sartainly brake my *bony repose*, and I should poke my gray hed out of the bowils of the airth like an old woodchuck, to inkwire what was up.

The flames of war drors an old sojer jest as naterally as a candle drors a miller. As sun as the flare-up in the South cummenst, I kinder felt the soltpeter stirrin in my blud, and so puttin a brace of Colt's in my pockets I flew to meat the horse steal fo.

On arrivin here, I made a tender of myself to the Guvernment, representin that I was no chickin in the sarvice, and almity tuff. They axed my age, and I told em fifty—cuttin off ten ears—upon witch wun of the chaps in the War Department—a feller as oughter ware a foolscap uniform with ink facins—farseeshusly remarkt that hafe a sentry was too much for a sojer. Anuther sassy cuss sed they didn't want no old files in the ranks of the new ridgyments. "But," ses I, "you want vetran offsirs I reckin purty darned bad. Jest make me a kernel and I'll sho you how to shell out the seesesshinists from thar ambushes *toot sweet* as the French say." And then I told em how Ide chawed up the greasers in the Mexican chopperals, and ben manured to hardships and privashins among the canons of the Californy golddiggins, whar I was elected a major by the miners and fit the Diggers Injens inter fits. Also I menshint the Crymean meddle I reseved arter the famus battle of Blackallover, for takin a Rushin battery with a rush. But it was no go.

Pollytishins and setch hed the prefrence over old war-hosses and konsekens was that these no-nuthin sheep tuck our brave fellers whar they got lammed rite onder the rebils ramparts, and bucked em in ralerode trains strait inter the cannon's mouth, whar they got hail Columbiad in short order.

Arter a few lively axidents of this nater, the guverment began to diskiver as civil life warn't the best possable trainin for civil war, and offerd to make your frend the Disbanded a Bragadear Ginral; but I rode the high hoss and deklined bein took up for a conveenyance on the spur of the moment. When the Ginral Skunk affair cum off, they was very airnest with me to take a commishin, but I replide in the wurds of the man in the play that I was oney "a looker on at Vienna"—also that considerin the conduck of sartain lummuxes as held commishins, I thort with the poick that "the post of honor was the privit's stashin." Howsever I volunteered to reckanoiter ockashinally for the bennyfit of blind Bragadears and cetery, and when the guverment was reseving all sorts of lyin reports about the strenth of

the traytors in the neybrood, I scouted thar outlyin posts and brort in the truth from Fairfacts.

Tho allus willin to sarve my kentry, even in a miner capassity, I don't crave emplyment; for hevin shone in menny a bluddy skrimmidge wot sort of metal I am made of I ken afford to lay on my ores in my old age. But as ushil I keep my wether eye opin, and intend to wotch with onsleepless vigilants the current of events, givin the Merkary, from time to time, the frutes of my lookubrashins.

Thars considabal mixt up with this muss besides devoshin to "the Union now and for ever one and insuperable." In coarse, the vice of the people—the *fox popalie*, as the M. C.'s calls it—is troo and honest, but thar's an everlastin' hepe of disintrusted paytriots as wants to grind thar infarnal axes on the Union grinstone. I heven't a doubt as at leest hafe-a-duzzen risin statesmen hops to mount like fenixes outer the ashes of the rebellyun inter the Presidenshil cheer. You ken bleve as all these gentlemen is a shufflin thar keards with a single eye to the public intreests, or not, jest as youre a mind to; but its my bleef that thars a game of dimond cut dimond going on among em witch interfears considably with the glorius game the peeple hes sot thar harts and staked thar two hunderd millyun pile on.

I hear to-day, as our troops is advancin lively, and that Ginral Patterson's corpse hes acktilly waded the Potomac; but Ive heerd the same report so menny times afore that Ime afeard its oney a cunard. Onkwestinably weve got forces enuff in Merryland and Virginny to nock old Bowerygard inter a cockt hat, and Davis' straits is setch that ef the current was to set agen him for a week, he'd go to Davy's locker, sure. Our fellers is wulfy for a fite, and why not let em rip while the steams on? Thar doosent seem to be no airthly reeson why U. S., *alliass* Uncle Sam, shouldent make short work with the C. S., *alliass* the Confederit Skoundrils.

Next week, I shall, mebbee, astonish you with some privit and exclusif intelligens, and in the intrim I remane.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XI.

[The old militaire tells a queer story about the Jeff Davis letter to the President. It *purports* to have been derived from the

highest authority, however, and may be received with implicit confidence—or *not*, just as the reader chooses.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, July 11, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Ime no ways sprised to larn as the grate boddy of the North is burnin for a pitched battle. Bein detarmined to tred rebellyun onder foot they naterally want no paws in the forard moovment ontil the blow is struck and the objeck carrid out.

But they oughter no wen bellyregents hes two diffrent eends in vew, wun wantin to fite and the uther to fall back, the latter eend is esily brort about by the retretin party. So far the Suthern Shiverally hes not shone tharselves to be enny grate shakes at feets of arms, but on thar pins they are oncommon lively, ginally prefferin a foot race to a funeral. They ken run agen time like kwarter hosses, but theyre all-fired shy of runnin agen etarnity. Sum ses thars no backbone to em, but our sojers ses its wot they ginally hev to fire at in all skrimmidges with the enemy. Mebbee thats why menny thinks the back of the rebellyun is broken.

In coarse the daly papers hes made you aware that wun Kernil Tailor has been on here with a sute of sum sort from Jeff Davis. He brort a flag of trooce (witch was tide over his eyes on his rekwestin to see President Lincoln) and a note from Jeff, witch the President deklined to anser, so the Kernils misshin prooved in all respecks a blind errant. Varus rummers is goin the rounds of the Washington barrums in relashin to the contens of the note, and the speshil milentary curryspondents of the New York dalies is so much eggsersized in sperit as to be onable to take their whisky strait as ushil. They hev axed for informashin at the White House and the War Department in vane, and are fairly put to thar trumps to no wots on the keards. As is ginally the case when the hull commoonity is in the dark, every body purfesses to be able to thro light on the matter.

You'll be astonisht to larn, I reckin, that while the ornary reporters and setch was nonplushed about this letter of Davises, I got the sekrit volunteerily, without sneekin arter it. It happent this ways. Abe and me—as the public is awar—hes long ben intimit chums. We've crackt cannondrums together in Illanoy and elswhars, and I sor his inaugurole afore it seen the light, and writ a programmar of it, witch—as the public also nose—wetted the poplar appitite for the original. Wall, Abe sent for me last night to cum and hev a frendly palaver with him, remarkin in

his commoonicashin that he had a speciment of old Mungoheeler in the house as couldent be beat in Dixy's Land. Naterally I went, for I know the illustrus Rail Splitter luvs me like a man and a bruther, and and tho water is the oney licker as he drinks and the oney licker as I dont drink, we allus set up our hosses together amazin soshabul.

The Venabul Statesman reseved me with his ushil curtsey, and arter we hed disgust the wether and uther tropics of the day, ses he suddently with a commick twinkel of his eye:

"D. V.," ses he, "hev you enny noshin wot thar was in that missif of Jeff Davises?"

"Cumprommis?" ses I.

He shuck his hed in the neckatiff.

"Sirreender," I rejined, "and evrything to be as afore, or *in State you go* as the lawyers hes it?"

"No sir-ree," was the reply.

"Wanted to trade prisners mebbe," I subjested.

"Nary swop," ansered the venabul chefe madgistreet.

"Alass!" ses I, kuite disannulled, "Ime no kungerer. If the world hed to depend on me for penetratin guverment sekrits, Ime afeard no pollytickle mistress would ever be laid bare. Wot wus thar inter the darned thing ennyhow?"

"Well," ses he, "you needent be descuridged at not barkin up the rite tree, for Eddy Puss as riddled the spynx mought hev shot as wide of the mark as you dun. But Ile give you a cattygorical anser. Jeff's letter was a *challenge!*"

"Wot!" I eggsclaimed, "Colts and coffee—a reglar dooill challinge!"

"An all-thunderin wun," ses he, and then purceeded to deacon out the dockyment witch I tuck down as ackeritly as I could from his 'tellagent lips, as follers:

Honabull A. Lincoln, Sir

Havin ben onsufferably traduced by you and the hull black Republikin pack, I demand pursenal satisfackshin from you as the instickgaiter of the liebelleous game. My *aid a scamp*, Leftenant Kernal Tailor will hand you this note and fix time and place and cetery. Chews the kinder weepin you wish to die by. Ennything sutes me from Dalgrins to Derangers.

Yours inveteritly

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"A big thing isent it?" remarkt the eggseggatiff of the Nashin.

"A full hand at Jeff's old game," ses I, "two bullits and a bragger. Wot was your respons?"

"Nary respons," ses he, "but I bleve Ginral McDoill told the

messindger on his own responsability, that nex time he cum to peek inter our defenses he should see em from an elevated persishin, so as to be shure to get the hang of em."

You may depend upon this peace of informashin bein as true and vorashus as enny forrarded from the Sete of Guverment for menny days past, and Ime sartain its eggscloosif. So mutch for enjoin the confidens of the President.

It would be waste of stashinary to send you reports of the latest milentary moovements. No too of em is alike; menny is onprobabul and sum onpossabul. Pears to me that the Father of Lize hes bruck his chane, and is endamnifyin hisself for bein tide up for a thousand yeers, accordin to Scripter, by indulgin in extree radickalers capers. In course you'll git all the latest contradickshins by tellygraft, so I shant interfear with the wire-pullers in thar mendashus bizness. I will oney obsarve that the artifishil lightnin is as likely to blind peepul as the genwine artikel.

Enter noose, as the French ses—witch means "we shall see." Enny wun as studdies the maps kennot fail to be sensabul of Davises straits. He is in a bad fix ondoutedly. Sum folks thinks thars not a loop hole left for him; but I think thar is—jest wun—and it's my bleefe that he'll run his long neck inter it. That he may do so purty recently, is the airnest wish of

Yours allus

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XII.

[Dr. Russell, the point-no-point correspondent of the London Times, might take a lesson from our veteran friend, who says what he has to say without fear or favor, and tells plain truths in a humorous style that is amusing as well as edifying. He gives the swindling army-contractors, etc., a dig under the fifth rib, this week, and pitches good-humoredly into certain carpet-knights, who

"Never set an army in the field,
Nor the divisions of a battle know
More than a spinster."—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, July 18, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

As Ginral Scott's plans drors to a foecuss, the nayshin will

appreeshiate the old War Egul's milentary talons, tho he differs in his pinions from sartin fether-brained kwill-drivers of the press. Owin to his foresite Victry perches on our banners everywar.

In Western Virginny rebellyun has univarselly throne down its arms and tuck to its legs. The stamppede of Roar-and-Run was appropritly finisht at Saint George, whar the Georgyans was put to the route, hoss foot and dragons, as the sayin is. The shiverally wanted to vamose on the sly, but our boys cot em in the Cheat, bruck thar right wing and muttoned em ginrally ontil they ran inter the brush to eskape a further lamming. The retreat of the enemy was not kivered, and thar rare presented a curus specktickle in konsekens of throwin off an onmenshinable porshin of thar wardrubs to fassillytate thar flite.

Providense seems to hev faverd all the moovments of Ginral Maclellin, and his conduck commands our airnest prays. Rosencranch also prooved hisself a sterling sojer at Riches Mountin, and Morris crowned hisself with recthes of glory at Lauril Hill. As menny sposes the latter to be Ginral George Pea Morris, the poplar author of a Long Time Ago, it is oney rite to state that the hero of Lauril Hill and the poick of the droopin willow is two distink persons and attatched to very different collumes.

The forrard march of the main army so long demanded in the name of the publick by high privit Greeley, kommenst yesterday, but on makin inkwiry of Ginral Macdooill, I larnt to use the eggsact words of that distingwished leader, that the moovement was "due to the wisdom of Ginral Scott and not to the *brutum foolmen* of the *Tryboon*." Sixty thousand men hes put out for Richmond. Old Blackguard Bowerygard sed our war cry was buty and booty, and I raythor gess he'll be butifully booted by our gallant sojers, who air all anxshus to toe the mark as sun as possabul.

I hev it from a vorashus source that when alls reddy for attacting Richmound, Old Chepultepeck will take the command and put the rebils throo in person. His idee is to catch em in a net and give em a seckind edition of the Hauls of the Monty-zoomers.

Prisoners, from kernils to korporils, is in profushin. It is the entenshin of the Guverment to rekwest em to take the oath of legions, and ef theyre willin to sware, to bid em go and sin no more; but if tuck in arms a seckind time they are to be tuckt up immediently.

Sum further noose about Jeff Davises pirits is no doubt ank-

shusly looked for by your shipmasters, but if enny hes arove at hed quarters it has oney reached the privit ear of the Secketary of the Navy. Ef that venabul old fogey hedent a ben raythor behind the light house, the rebil craft wouldent now be at sea, making siezeyours. He seems to me to blong to that class of keerful fokes as locks the stable dore arter the mustang's stolen. Ef the blockhead of the Missysippy hed been closte, the Sumter could never hev got outer its mouth.

Thars nuthin speshil as regards the condishin of the army here. The kwartermasters and sutlers continnees to swindle the poor sojers as ushil, in their vitals and close. To look at sum of the New York ridgements you'd spose that messrs Tagrag & Bobtail hed gone inter the army clothing bizness. As the man in the play ses "No eye has seen sitch scarecrows." I calkilate thars over two thousand privits at the seat of guverment without no seats to their pantyloons. The dinners of the volunteers ginally is very ornary, and ef wun third of the army purvayors was hung they would git no more'n than thar desserts. It eenamost makes my blud bile to see a passil of marcynary loafers and land shirks takin toll out of our gallant fellers daly bred. Peeple say, but I hop without good ground, that thars an onderstandin atween the kurnils and kwartermasters of sartin ridgyments, and that they go shears in fleecing the rank and file. I see by the New York papers that the State Committee on uniforms hes been puttin sum of the milentary tailors throo thar facins. But wot do they keer, the ragmuffins! "Committees on uniforms be darned!" sed a clothing contractor to me the uther day—"let em rip!" The misabul locusses!—all they think about is cabbidge.

The Honabul Abe, I rejoice to say is in fust rate condishin, and cums out stronger'n ever in *Callembores*, as the French minister calls his cannondrums.

Last evenin as we sot smokin our meershams together konfidenshally on the rear terris at the White House, ses the illustrus man to me, pintin to the Potomick:

"D. V., my friend," ses he, "why is your hed like the Long Bridge?"

"Eggspound," I replide, for I couldent imadjin wot the venabul Nestor was a drivin at.

"Wall," said he, "its bekase its a wooden structur."

"Mebbee," ses I, when the larf had sobsided, "you ken tell me why your nose resembles that remarkabul joak o' your'n?"

Rubbin his oilfactory organ as he ushilly doos when he runs

agin a reglar poser, he remained for a few minnits berried in thort, and then gin it up.

I explaned that his nose resembled his joak, bekase it had a *long bridge* inter it.

He sed he couldent see it, and I tuck him to the big mirror in the East Room, when he immediently acknoledged the corn.

Then he axed me what motive Ginral Skunk had for buckin agen the Vienna battrees; but I seen the trap at wunst, and replide a *loco*-motive.

We torked considabul about the prospecks of the camppain, and both of us agreed that it must eend in the rebils bein completely discomforted and disbursed. We also freely disgust the merits of the opposin ginrals, and I eggsprest my regret that a bragadearship warn't offered to Cushin, as he'd a ben the very wun to set onto Pillow. The President remarkt in his dry way that he thort from what he'd heern tell of thar eggsplites, in the Mexican War, it would hev ben raythur a soft match. I then inkwired how it was Ginral Wool warnt ordered to the field, and larnt, as a sekrit not publickly known, that setch is Ginral Scott's frayternal affeckshun for that distingwished offisir that he cant abear to send him whar thars enny danger. The luv these bruthers in arms hes for wun anuther is sed to be ekwil to Demon and Pithyass.

It is not onprobabul that afore this reeches you Patterson will hev hed a turn up with the traitor Johnston. Patterson at the last accounts was threttenin to give it to the rebils right and left. God defend the *right*, is the prare of

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XIII.

[Our ex-military correspondent writes, this week, under considerable excitement. The old war-horse has heard the sound of the battle-trumpet and he snorts and pricks up his ears. His indignation at the mismanagement which he believes to have been the cause of the late disaster, may not, perhaps, be altogether rightly directed, though it is, probably, not very wide of the mark; but, be this as it may, it is honest, and bespeaks a

patriotic Leart. Should he obtain a staff appointment, as we trust he will, our readers may look for some tall descriptions of the scenes of the battle-field.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, July 25, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

I sartainly bleve as the Deestrick of Columby ken raze a bigger crop of lies than ary nuther ary of the same size outside of Tofit. They grow in Washington spontanus, like musheroons, and when transplanted by tellagraft inter the New York papers, they take the shine out of Satin. Yaas, ef Lucyfur had a ben operatin with the brimstun battrees of the bottomless pit and Sinbad the Sailer hed furnisht the reports, the two together couldent hev held a kandle to the flyin tails of our defeat, sent by lightnin from this city to yourn last Munday.

The caws of our discomfortsure is as varusly reported as the legind of the three black crows. Sum throes the blame on the wimmen and Members of Kongress and setch, as went out to see the slorter as ef it had been a theayter tradegy plaid for the amewsment of the buty and fashin of Washington. Wun things sartain, they hed no more bizness thar than a poodle dog hes at a painter hunt. As mought hev ben andizzypated they lost thar heds when the balls begun to wiz around, and the way they put out was a cawshin to fast crabs. I don't blame 'em for that, bekase as the him ses, "It was thar nater too," but what rite hed they in the muss at all? Sum ses that when the paytint lethers and pettycuts kommenst to run and holler, the Ohio ridgeyments —who hedent no confidence in thar leeder, Ginral Skunk, to begin with—simperthised with the unfortnit critters and started on the dubble kwick to overtake and pertect em, and so the stampede bruck out. Uthers traces it to the teamsters who on bein sot upon by the enemees hoss, turned tail and left thar waggings —ondressin tharselves as they fled and runnin like deers for bare life. Wall, these is very purty yarns, but you kant ketch an old war egul who was on the war path in Mexico and led two stormin parties at Sublastapool with enny setch chaff. Our forces was misabully manooverd. Oney twenty thousand outer forty-five thousand was brort inter the fite, ammernishin fell short and the sojers hed no grub for more'n twenty-four hours. They were eggspeckted to give the fo a bellyfull on empty stummicks. And by the everlastin! they fit like tigers. Russell who was in the Crymeah when we tuck the Mammylone and the Mollycoff, ses the New York troops was as steddy onder fire as the crack ridg-

ements in the English and French forlorn hops. They never gin in ontill nater gin out.

The fact is that every corpse under fire behaved like trumps. Napollyuns troops dun no better at Sulphurino. But our men was outnumberd and faintin for want of vitals, besides the odds agen em bein all of three to wun. War was Patterson?—darn his pint-no-pint tracktricks. I want to no ef he aint the Billy Patterson weve all heerd tell on, as went dodgin about axin who struck him and was allmity ankshus not to find the man. It acktilly pears that the blind old cuss tellagrafted for reinforcements to meet Johnstun, arter Johnstun hed formed a junkshin at Manasses with old Boweryguard. What a misabul donkey. And yet hees onably discharged! Pollyticks!—pollyticks!—that's wot manafactors basswood bragadears. Doos ennyboddy spose ef Wool had been in the old Pennsylvany Foo Foo's place, he would a ben lookin for an enemee at Harper's Ferry as was forty milds off, buckin inter our troops at Bull's Run? Nary time!

The savidge conduck of sum of the Suthern shiverally doorin the fite would hev disgraced Rushin Cassocks. They cut prisners throats and sot the wownded up for targets, and perpetrated thar bleedin boddies throo and throo with bullits in the aggernees of deth! Ef that's thar game thar dark deeds must be rekwited by lettin daylite inter em in the same fashin. Setch feinds desarve hafe a yard of steel apeace and nuthin shorter when they cry for kwarters.

The honable Abe was kinder tuck aback when the fust squod of mendashus fudgetives cum bustin in. Subsequintly he rekivered his presents of mind and sent his valley to Capitol Hill to luck for me. I never was node to desart a comraid in a bad box, so I made tracks immediently for the White House.

"D. V.," ses Mr. Lincoln, puttin his arm throo mine as sun as I cum in, "this noos raythor decomposes me; wots to be dun? Accordin to the tung of rummer we are lickt."

"My Presidenshil frend," ses I, "we may be lickt but we air not chawed up. I suspeck considabul of this story is figdishus."

"I predicate your rite," he remarkt, "but a steemer sails to morrer and the morril effeck in Yourip will be wus'n the tariff."

"Darn Yourip," I replide, "we'll giv the rebils setch a hammerin yet that no nashin on airth will reckognize em. Afore a months over we'll put em throo thar facins in setch a shape that England'll be ashamed to countenance em."

"D. V.," ses he, "youre a hull team and a bull tarrier atween the wheels, in the way of razin a feller's sprits," ses he; "you never orter a ben disbanded. Wot shell I do—spit it out."

"Wall," I responded after codjertatin a minnit, "jest send for Maclellin and put me onto his staff."

The Venabul Cheef Madjestrit nodded his hed twyst, and winkt wunst, so I persoom he entertaned my projeck.

Troops is continally arriving. The army hevin rekivered from its fateeg feels like a bird and is a raven to hop wunst more onto the fo. We shant be crowed over long, you ken swar to that. It is sposed here that Ginral Lee has left Lynchbug in sairtch of Maclellin's forces, a Lynchbugger rebel hevin tellagrafted wun of his frends to that effeck. I trust he'll find him, for he doos Ime konfident he's lost.

Dont be downcast in the North, for depend upon it the upshot will be the prostrashin of the traitors. In a fair shoulder and elbo wrastle we ken giv em a lofty fall and no mistake. Trustin sun tu see the Stars and Stripes wavin over the ragamuffins rag I remane, wolfier'n ever,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XIV.

[It seems, from the following letter, that the rebels on the line of the Potomac have been put on short allowance of beef and bread, and are deserting in consequence. Meanwhile our army in and about the Seat of Government is becoming, under the excellent regulations of General McClellan, more efficient every day. We commend our Disbanded friend's epistle to the *serious* consideration of our readers. It is one of the raciest he has written.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, August 9, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

I larn from a verytable sorce as bred stuffs is amazing skarse with the cornfedrits at Manasses, and as beef is meated out to the men in allmity small chunks. Konsekens is sum of the flour of the Suthern Army is gettin wurmy, and onless they air

better supplide with the grate staples of life thar'd be considabul bolting afore long.

Our spies report mutch sickness in the rebil camp. More'n a thousand of Boweryguard's shiverally is down with the shakes; and the billiards—as they call the billyus fever in Virginny—hes also prosterated menny as skaped the flyin balls. Ime sorry to say thars ben a power of fever and ager payshints in our own hospittles senst the commensment of the Dog Days, but bark and canine brakes up the decease in most cases. The blazin temperatoor at this season is all-firêd tryin to Nuthern constetooshins, and severall of our cumpanies as cum here as fresh complected as yung redishes is now as yaller as carats. The roasting heat brings all the bile to the surfiz.

But the orfullest cuss in these diggins is the musketers. The sojers faces wen they cum in from pickit dooty, lucks as ef they'd ben sowed with fire and the crop was cummin up oncommon thick. Milyuns of the sangwingary critters rise outer the slashes at sundown and charge bagnet on evry onfortnit human as chanst throes in thar way. Doughskin pants wont turn thar pisind weepins, and when they attact the bare skin they make a bluddy buzzyness of it and no mistake. A medicle frend of mine ses he never seen such phleabottomy, but its wusser'n fleas a darned site.

No sines of a forrard movement at present. Menny thinks thar'll be no March ontil September. In the mean time the seckatary of war is reddin the army of sartain puzzelanymous pups, and puttin stanch West pointers in thar places. Maclellins dizzyplin is likwise dooin us a good turn, and our troops will be reddy to renoo the game whenever Simon ses wig-wag.

Desarters from the rebil camp reports as the noose from the north bout our sharp shuters makin thirty inch strings, has hed a neckstensive effect at hed-kwarters. Plumpin a ball throo the oxiput at evry pop is cummin a little to near the bull's eye to shoot the idees of the bullies of Bull's Run. When Jeff Davis was informt as his effygee was shot forty-four times in suckseshin throo the dieaframe, at Weehawking, they say he was tuck sick at the stummick and turnt as pail as ef he'd ben a goin to kick the buckit.

I onderstand as Boweryguard, Jonstun and Lee hes sent sekrit orders to a Philadelphy manfacterer for four bullit-pruff shirts witch is to be smuggled South by female secesshinists onder thar onder-linnen, the upper edges bein konsealed with lace so as to peer like the tops of their shimmysets. I trust as a brite

luck out will be kep for em, for I don't want our sharp shuters to waist thar powder and shot on steel corsets. Howsever thars no call for em to fire at the boddy; they kin aim at the eyes as Old Put's men sighted the British grannydears at Bunker Hill.

Talking of female secesshinists, thar infarnal tretchery is a cawshin to Deliely. They air contínally goin South with Nuthern arms onderneath thar pettycoats, and criminal curryspondence in thar buzzums. We oughter hev a femmynine perlece on Mason and Dickson's line, to sairtch thar wardrubs and kompel em to make a clean brest of it. As it is they air little better than locomotive maskt battrees.

Prence Napollyun hes ben the lion of the weak. He likes honest Old Abe amazinly, and ses no wunder the peeple lucks up to him, for he reelizes his noshins of a poplar president. They hev hed a plesent time together and our venabul Chefe Madgistrit hes astonisht his distingwished gest with a few of his button-busting cannondrums. At the White House Bankwit on Saturday his raillery is sed to hev made the cumpany larf till they nearly split tharselves. On wun ockashin he axed the Prence why French Love was like the rage for French Fashins.

"Genessee Par," replide the Prence—drorin his hed down atwixt his sholders like a skared terrapin.

"Wal," ses President Abe, "its bekase its a Gal-o-mania."

I don't see it, do you? But they all rored Ime told, so I spose it was a remarkabul wittyschism.

In coarse Napollyun hed to spit out sumthin in the way of a rejineder, so ses he:

"My dear sare, vy shall you resamble Shackaspear's Reachard?"

The segashus statesman of Illanoay for wunst confest a nonplush.

"Attenday!" ses his hyness. "You resamble Shackaspear's Reachard, becos you hop to conkare rebellius Reachmond—aha!"

But noboddy sed Ha! Ha! in reply.

All suckemstances considered its difficult to say whether the Prence's illushin to Richmound was intended as a complement or a back handed slap at the late forrard movement.

Ginral Scott, who sot opposit the Prence onderstood it in the latter senst, and by way of givin him wun in return, got off the follerin:

"Why was your illustrus sire like Jefferson Davis?"

His hyness srugged his sholders and gin it up.

"Ile tell you," ses the Ginral, "why your illustrus sire was like Jefferson Davis. He seceeded from the American union."

The Prence fanned hisself with the dinner keard and made a horrabul grim ace, for he couldent help but see as the old veteran allooded to the Patterson marridge. Howsever, he sun rekivered, and evrything past off pleasently.

I wouldent be kwalifide that the foregoin ackount is correck to a dot; but I hed it from a person as goes evrywars and heers evrything and tells evryboddy. Mebbe you no him. His name's Jenkins, and he's considered reliable by all the members of the Assoshiated Press.

I hev menny more skraps of informashin on hand as I should be glad to send you, but as the mail is jest ready to start, and post and rail waits for no man, I must postpone them till nex week, remaning as ushil,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XV.

[The old war-horse appears to have been in a particularly bitter mood when he wrote the following letter, but his strictures on the daily press for affording information to the enemy are not undeserved.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, August 16, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkury:

The kee-holes of the guverment offices bein stopt up, the deef and dum allfibit interdooced as a mejum of konfidenshil konversashin in the Cabbynet, and all evesdroppers kept outer the administrashin burrows, the rebels is deprived of the airly informashin about our milentary moovments formally supplide to them throo the speshil curryspondents of the New York Daylies. As they depended on the Washington letter riters for reglar and full ackounts of Ginral Scotts plans, the meshurs takin for cuttin off those gentlemens interestin tales is konsidered a sore afflixshin at the rebil hed kwarters.

Senst the issoo of the crewil orders witch has curtaled the liberties of your paytryotic jurnils, more'n two hundred seeseshinists here hes stopt taken of em. Setch is the consekenses of

milentary desputism! Giv my compliments to the eddyturs and publishers as hes ben compeld by suckemstances over witch they hed no control to keep back informashin they couldent git, and tell em they hev my airnest simperthees.

You air aware, in coarse, as I would be the last critter on airth to giv aid and cumfurt to the horse steal fo; but as Ime informt as all the leadin secceshers tends camp meetins and is convinst of sin, I persoom they doosent read Sunday papers, and tharfore will be nun the wiser for any sekrit informashin commoonicated to the North throo your collumes. I bleve I vilate no confidense in estimatin our vailable force in this city and subbubs at 499,000 men, and I ken state as a positive fack that as sun as this detachment hes ben increast by the formashin of new ridgements to 994,000, a forrard moovment will immediently take place in all direckshins. So far as the plan of operashins hes ben made none to me, it is calkilated to insoor brilyant and desisive victries at every pint of the cumpass, arter witch the hull army will shake hands with the President and instantly retire to privit life, each sojer receivin as mutch land as he hes the face to ax for and a thousand dollars to sport hisself and fammaly on, until the fust crop of hog and hummony begins to cum in. Ef it meets the vews of Congress the wind is to be raised for the sojers, by sails of confisticated Suthern Cotton and ransumming the Suthern Shiverally at $5000 a peace, or less ef thar frends doosent considder em wuth takin outer pawn at that price. Contrebands is also to be returnt to thar nateral gardeens at the same figger if reckwired.

The blockhed continnees onsatisfactory—leastways to our side, but I hevent larnt that the South makes enny cumplaint agen it. The Richmond *Whig* hes considabul to say on this hed. Speaken of the harbors of South Caroliny it ses thar mouths is open and private ears is runnin in and out with impewnity. Not a Union crewsir is heerd on in Allbemaul Sound, or seen from Cape Lookout or dredded at Cape Fear. Howsever if thars enny truth in Welles the Navy Department is dooin its hull dooty and haint by no means the misabul old pump as menny sposes.

Thars ben a sevagarous muss it peers in the seceshers Cabbynet. Seckatary Toombs told Presedent Jeff he wanted Washington infested and tuck rite away, and the spiles divided, to witch the grate Mussysippian replide by makin a spred egul of his fingers and pearching it on the eend of its nose, at the same time spittin sarkasstically. Toombs immediently threw up the portfool of

his department, and left the presents grumblin, Jeff raisin the toon of "Hark from the Toombs a dolefull sound, Mynheers attend the cry", in honor of his absence. Senst then the distingwished Georgyan hes gon and lested for the war as a South Caroliny bragadear. I onderstand as Boweryguard and Johnstun, hevin an idee that thars considabul of a puss in the guvernment coughers is all-wulfish ankshus to sack the federal Capital. Let em cum on. In the langwidge of the sellybrated Ginral Riley of Missoouri

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base in a pig's eye."

Take Washington!—why it would be an easier task in caparison for a Floridy wrecker to onlock the gates of Heven with the Dubble Hedded Shot Kees. But all the rebel leeders thinks about is plunder. To use wunst more the wurds of the forsed Genral Riley theyre "a lot of spavined, ring-boned, ham-strung, wind-galled, swine-eyed, poll-eviled, split-hoofed pollytishuns," as hed thar noses in the public crib ontil thar warnt fodder enuff left to make grewill for a sick grasshopper, and ef they could oney git thar ugly snoots inter it agen, now its replenisht, they'd be as mutch in thar element as a drove of shad-bellied shoats in a rooter-bugger patch. But they kant cum it. They've got all they ever will get. The nashinal egul sits pearched aloft outer thar reech on the tree of liberty, and they ken neether skare him with thar shootin iruns nor ketch him by puttin seeceshin salt on his independent tail.

The fall of Ginral Lyon, in Missouri, is deeply mourned here, but we hev the satisfackshin of noin that the rebel Jackalls was druv howling from the field where they eggspected to feast on the spiles.

I hed a short intervew with our venabul and farseeshus President on Munday last, on witch ockashin he axed me why this Fall would resembul airly Spring. I reckwested hafe an hour for considerashun, and he gin it to me, but I couldent git it throo my har—so he was kind enuff to solve the mestry. Ses he:

"This Fall will resembul airly Spring bekase thar'll be a forrard March in September."

Ime afeard he forgot, in his overflowin humor, that he was revealin an important Cabbynet sckrit.

Hevin nuthin further to add I sum up by remainin as ushil,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XVI.

[The old soldier gives the Washington rumor-mongers and canarders a handsome wipe, and pours hot shot into W. H. Russell. It seems our correspondent was at Willard's when the *Times'* man came in from his Gilpin-ride from Centreville to the capital, and the account given by the Disbanded of his panic-stricken appearance agrees well with what we have heard from other quarters.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, August 23, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Thars an all-thunderin site of old wimmin in the world disguysed in maskline habillyments, and I reckin this intrestin tribe of critters aint thicker around nowhars on the face of the airth, than they air here. Consarn the varments! theyre as grate on awefool proffersighs as the Witch of Ender, and they raise Sam with skary goneys as is soft enuff to be suckt in.

Jest now these crokin cusses is torken tharselves inter a cast-iron swet on two tropics. Wun is that Bowerygard and Johnstun is a goin to make a tearin attact on the Seat of Guverment and tuther that England and France intends to break up our Naval blockhed. Nuther story hes enny solid foundashin. The rebel ginrals hes raythor less idee of pitchin inter us than I hev of buckin blindfold inter a nest of rattlesnaix, and its eesy to see from the claws about America in the Queen's speech, as the Brittish Lion doosent mean to thrust his paw inter our nayshinal kwarrel. As to France, I larn from the Seckatary of State that the Emprors frendly perfeshins reseved throo Prence Napollyon two weeks ago last Saturday is konsidered *bony friday*.

I don't think in my own pinion tharll be enny hullsail fitin in this regin ontil we opin the purseedings, and that'll be when Scott & Maclellin is reddy to sail in, and not afore. In the meantime it would be a mussy ef the grannies in boots and britches as runs around spinnin sensashin street yarns, was put onder a rest and sot to mendin sojers stockens, darn em!

What do you think of that times-sarving supersquirtical cocknee cuss, W. H. Russill? They hit it to a frackshin wen they tact L. L. D. to his name. Lies Like Darnashin, it stands for I calkilate; but the cocknee pronounsiashin, Hell, Hell, D. soots him jest as well. The puzzelanymous critter!—I sor him when he cum in from Centerveal arter the battel of Bull run, pantin like a pup hound arter a bar hunt. His har stud on eend, his eyes

peered as big as sawsirs, and the greese was a dripping offer him like the fat outer a barbacued shoat. He made the best time ever heerd on from Fairfacts, and heddent even breth enuff to lie for ten minnits arter he arriv here. I was standin in Willard's bar rum when he rusht in, and of all Gods humans that ever a skare tuck the starch outer, he was the limpyist and the dunoverest. He shuck like a teeter snipe with the third day ager, and ef it hadn't a ben for the five fingers of brandy the bar-keeper pored out for him, I think he'd a hed a connipshin fit on the spot. The hoss he druv is senst ded.

And this is the flunky as writes to the London liebilmungers as owns him, that thar warnt a battry carrid, nor a bagnet crost, nor a hand-to-hand-knock-down-and-drag-out skrimmage, nor a desput struggle, except to git away, in the hull runcounter. *He* seen nuthin of the kind, he ses. How in the name of partickler thunder could he, onless his eyes had ben behint, for accordin to all ackounts he no sunner smelt gunpowder than he wheeled his rare to the fire like a shiverin cur on a frosty morning. And the misabul sarpint shode his liebilous letters to the seeceshernist leeders afore he sent em to his cocknee masters, it seems. He's a sneakin spy, that's wot he is, the pot-bellied skunk. Ginral Scott hes provoked the pass he gin him I onderstand, but that aint enuff, he oughter be consined back to his English owners in a soot of tar and fethers.

The Christian Sosiashin Sabbath Committy as cum on here to warn the guverment agin the onpardanabul sin of flaxin out the rebels on a Sunday, left, Ime informed, with a flee in thar ear. The Army Chaplins guv em the cold sholder, and the offsirs advised em to go hum to thar mars and tend Sunday skool and not interfear with milentary camp meetins. They axed the President ef he hed no venerashin for the canons of the church, but he oney winked his wether eye, in his ushil good humerd way, and told em his fust dooty was to silence the cannons of the common enemee. Finerly they shuck the dust off thar feet, and made tracts for hum, thinkin, I spose, that retches as would wurk for the salvashin of the kentry on the Lord's day was little better'n the Hittites and other foes of Jehovah as got Jessee in Skripter times. Now, my noshin is that walkin inter traitors to God and man, tooth and toe-nail, on a Sunday, is eenamost as acceptabel to Heven as dozin in a fashanabul church—but then I aint no orthority for super-sanktified fokes, most on em considerin me (vewed in a relidjus lite) as a bad egg, and in fack but little better'n an infiddle.

We larn to-day as the seeceshers is strenthenin thar persishin at Acqui Crick, and sum ses "Why doosent Old Welles give em acquifortis?" Simple civilians kant see the polysee of allowin the darn'd theves to plant thar rifeld artillery all along shore. They say ef the seckatary knew beans he'd shell 'em out. But I tell the grumblers he's oney waitin tell the hull river's fortyfide from Mount Vernon to the Chaseapeak, so's to make a single job on't and fix all thar flints to wunst. Cummin as he doos from the lyal State of Conneticut he must be sum punkins, I gess, tho at present evry thing in his department seems to be throne inter pi.

At lenth the bizness of snakin traitors outer the guverment burrows hes commenst in airnest. It was about time, fur they was as thick and sawsy as the Coyotes on a Western dog prayery. Sartainly the way skoundrils in offis hes been hunnyfugglin and betrayin us ever senst the Fort Sumter turn-up, beats Judas. I conseat thar never was a guverment on the fut-stool kwite so owdashisly sold. Oney think of our extre perleece as gits twelve dollars a week apeace to gard the city agen traitors in war time, bein two thirds of em Jeff Davis's rebel cattle, while the mare hisself wares the seecesh collar and drors in the same team.

Troops is porin in like an avalaunch and the army is as full of spunk as a herd of mustang colts in fly time. Ef Bowerygard and his Murmurduns thinks we owe em, let em dror on us at site and we'll lickwidate in full.

All the heds of departments is as lively at catfish in a freshit, and Maclellin works like a beaver. They are all kwite frendly wen we meet, and Seward ses he larfs hartily over my letters, tho wot he sees to larf at Ime darned ef I no, for ef ever thar was a curryspondent in sober airnest its

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER

No. XVII.

[The female spies get it this week, hot and heavy. D. V favors us with a decidedly spicy letter.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, August 30, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

We larn from the buck of Genesees that man was oridginally snaked inter rebellyun by a member of the femmynine sect. He

dident, hisself, pursenally as an individyal, hanker arter it—in fact it was Adam's Express wish to keep outer it, but Eve overperswaded him to go in and he dun so, and evry thing went to blazes as mought hev ben andissipated. In konsekens of this onjestifiabul act of hern, all kinder wickedness hes ben called Eve-ill ever senst.

Aperiently sum of the darters of that fast woman of antickity inherits thar Marmar's taste for plottin treson with Abadun. Not to speke in pairabuls, pettycut puffidy is makin no eend of trubble here. On Tuesday last a Suthern lady of the hyest tun crost our lines with two hunderd wait of percushing caps for the Nobs at Richmond. On Wensday the wife of wun of the big guns of seeseshin was rested with twenty revolvers consealed in her mantiller. She was spotted in konsekens of droppin a Colt as she was steppin inter her carridge in frunt of Brown's Hottel. Purceedin to her rum they sairtched the baggidge and found in a trunk six duzzen Aircansaw toothpicks, a plan of the Slashes and other artickles contrabrand of War. But wus than all, three yung ladies from Louseanna was cort yesterday in the act of conveyin aid and cumfurt to the enemee in thar onder-linnin.

The way of it was this. Suspishin hevin ben directed to em by a synonymus letter thar dry goods was seezed and on sartain onmenshinabul garments of theirn diegrams was diskivered of all our strong points in inwisabul ink, witch on bein held to the fire cum out in blue and red, showin in glarin cullers the treesonabul nater of thar desines. Wun of the sketches kivered the hull sirfiz of a pair of ondeskribabuls. Washington Navy Yard ockypied the legs, with a carricatoor of Seckatry Welles in the back ground, chasin, hafe a skore of clipper bilt craft, in a Tiber Crick mud skow. Onderneeth the skow was rit in Rummun karicters the wurds—"LET HER RIP—VAN WINKLE". The captins of the clippers was represented standin on thar starns with thar fingers and thums purjected out from thar noses, as ef takin an observashin of the Seckatry with thar Naval sextons. This shamless liebill on the active and lively Giddyun, was found at the bottom of the youngest lady's ridicule. Anuther droring on wun of the misses stays, was a fac semele of Fort Corkrun, with Seckatry Camerun desguysed as a Chatham-street Jew, sellin seckind-handed pantyloons to the sojers. Below was this inskripshin. BEWAR OF MOUNTIN IMPRACTICABLE BREECHES; and in smaller letters "Behold the rale Simon Pure." This sketch was dragged outer a dirty close bag. I ort

to say these intrestin pettycut develupments is doo excluesively to the New York perleece on dooty here, for the Deestrick offsirs is a shiftless set of fellers and hes no more idee of the tricks and subterfudges of female traitors than a ded drum fish hes of the musick of the spears.

The wardrubs put to setch vile porpusses hes ben confisticated, and will be placed amung the curosities at the paytent offis as monyments of the lenths to witch the misgided South carries its bellygerent projecks, and displays its hatred for sum of the mitey sperits at the hed of affares.

A kind of pennytenshiary for traitors of the crinoleen perswashin hes been fitted up here, and sevral as would hev sold us to the enemee hev ben placed in solentary sells. The objeck of givin em separit berths doorin thar confinement is to prevent em from layin thar heds together and hatching more treeson.

Ef it warnt that I've promest the illustrus old gentleman at the White House to keep dark I could send you sum thrillin noose about the eggspecdishin as sailed tother day from Fort Munroe. It would make your harts leap ef you new wots a bruin, but honor ses paws, forbear—and I must lissen to her vice. I may menshin, howsever, that altho the race is not allus to the fleet, the operashins of the squodrun will not be slow. Butler is ankshus to dror the enemies claret, and ef Stringham cums acrost enny private ears, they're everlastin shure to be cut off. In the meantime, luck out for a heavy slap at the Suthern cost. Prehaps afore this reeches New York, you'll hear of startlin firewurks in an onprepared kwarter.

I suppose youve red Russills last liebill and the commontories of the London Times. Isent John Bull a consistent pup? Arter yellin hisself black in the face agen nigger slavery, he cums out flatfooted in favor of the slave-drivers. He has no simperthy for wool when he kant git cotton. His soul's in his pus, and ef Sea Iland cotton was growd in Tofit, and its brimstun shores was blockheaded by cherrybums, he'd go in for brushin throo and makin a commershil treety with the enemee of God and man on the terms of the most faverd nashins.

Cam and undismaid the upright Abe maintains his elevated and lofty persishin both as regards furrin interfearance and dummestick treeson. His reddy wit and satyr, onequilled senst the ainshent poick Juvenile, convulses all as cums in contract with him. Mrs. Lincoln who has been kept in a rore of lafter for uppards of twenty 'ears by his errisistabul cannondrums, hes, as you air aware, gon North to recrute, and is at present mewsin her-

self in the neybrood of the great Catarack. The fack that she ken injoy the glories of natur and the gay and festiv seen at Long Branch and Niagary doorin the present orful crysis, is a pruff that her eclastic mind sores abuv nayshinal mesfortin and is full of lively hops in a seesin of ginral gloom.

In the same cherful frame of mind I remain,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XVIII.

[Our venerable correspondent is somewhat desultory this week, but there is pith and marrow in his remarks for those who will take the trouble to read, mark, and inwardly digest them.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, September 6, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Wunst more the Merican Egul fixes his sorin eyes on the Sun, and wings his suckling flight throo the bloo volt of Hevin, sreekin Hellalooyou like an eggsighted locomotive. The seecession bray over Manasses hes ben compleatly choked down senst we nocked em cold at Fort Hotterass. Dispatches from thar today states as the peeple around is delited with the change and considers our ockypashin of the Sound *pro bono pamlico*. I see the Richmond *Whig* calls it a barrun victury, but I gess the seven hundred triators as is now tastin its bitter frutes doosent think so. Ginral Butler ses he never seen fellers so down in the mouth. The offsirs keep a purty stiff upper lip; but the privits, who sposed that Commadore Stringem would hang em, or make em walk the plank as sun's they got a board, hed teers in thar eyes wen they gin up thar weepins. In coarse Ginral Butler feels as proud as a speckled hoss on county court day. He warn't slo, was he, in expressin hisself to Washington, with the noose of the explite? He hes that wether eye of his'n on the Presidenshil Cheer and no mistake, but the crowd pressin in that direckshin is so numerus and spry, that Ime afeard his hops will be blasted. In fack he hes about as much chanst to go in and win as wun of Ben Wood's Lottery Tickits hes to turn up a Capital prize, or the North pole hes to be shivred with chain litenin.

The rummer of Jeff Davis's deth created a lively sensashin

here, and much disapintment was felt on larnin that it was oney the pirit craft of that name as hed gon under. Pity it hedent a ben the man of mark insted of the letter of mark as went to Davy's locker. Howsever they say he hes a fatil decease in wun of his optickle nerves, which is sartain to carry him off kwick's a wink wun of these days. But mebbe the story's oney got up for a blind. Ef he doos go down to an ontimely grave Toombs will probly be his sucsessor, onless seeceshin caves in afore eleckshin day.

Puffessor Low made an ariel vige from our lines tuther day, and remaned in the atmostfear about forty minnits. He brort interestin intelligents from the skies consarnin sum new rebel forts below Alexandry; but in my opinyun his forts is nuthin more'n castils in the air. Wile makin his observashins, the rebel artillerists at Munson's Hill gin him a complimentary ball, and he immediently cum down, as the coon did to Captin Scott, to save further trubble. I suppose you remember the puffessor. He puffessed his intenshin of makin a beeline throo the clouds from New York to Leverpull, two years back, but it eended in belyin publick eggspecktashin. Arter razin the wind he deklined to go up on ackount of the Fall bein onplesant. Who'd hev thort setch a bag of wind would ever take a high persishin at the seat of guverment; but war's like a skwall at sea, it brings enny kwantity of bubbles to the sirfiz.

The female rebels in prisin here allows thar sufferins is past indurance. No balls, no consorts, no keards, no theayter, no shoppin, no street yarns, no compliments, no flirtashins, no chanst to pore thar sorrers inter the ears of simperthisin traitors. A house was sot on fire in thar neybrood tuther night, hoppin they would be abel to raise cain with thar gards, and run away by the light of it. But it was no go; the offsirs was on the *key veeve*, and the bolt dident cum off accordin to the program. It is sed that Bowerygard hes offert to ransum the fare jail birds at the rate of ten prisners of war a peace, and to thro in the Honabul Mr. Eely and other nun-cumbertents as makewaits, but the guverment prefers the wimmen and declines to dicker, witch renders thar predickerment ridickerlous. I feel mitey little pitty for em, howsever. Even wen it wares petty-cuts I kant say Alass for Treeson! And yet these female kulprits hes sum caws of complaint, arter all, fur at the very time they was tuck prisners a sartain rank femmynine rebel here was in the habbit of torkin seecesshin to the guverment funkshinaries tharselves without enny attemp been made to captivate her.

I seen this elegant and fashinabul traiteress with my own eyes figgerin at the party of wun of the Seckatries last week, and makin herself as much to hum as Bellesbub did wen he played the spy in parrydice. The marrid wimmen among the captives greves purty hard about bein seprated from thar spowses, Ime told, but wives as act the part of Arnolds deserve no better'n to be deprived of thar Benedicts. In fack thar trecherus capers is wus'n the miss demeanors of the young lady seeceshe-neers, bekase they no more, and hev more wait in the community, and dident oughter to be so easily carrid away.

The enemee enkampt on the opposite side of the river is as lively nights as Texas fleas in a greaser's blanket, and jest as anxshus to dror blud in the dark. They hop by pickin off our pickets from thar ambushes, and setch kinder sneaking gorilla warfare, to git our army to make a brush at em wen they ken take the advantedge. But they kant cum the spider-and-fly game twyste in wun camppain, I calkilate. Wen Maclellin's reddy he'll pitch inter em like a fish-hawk into a skool of moss-bunkers; but in the intrim they mought as well try to git a fox outer his hole by torking turkey to him. Thars a rod in pickle for em tho, and no mistake; and when the time cums for usin it, salt wont save em. Ef it warnt that paytryitism forbids, I could tell you all the particklers; but in order to make the blow shoor, it is important to keep the fo from gitting wind of it. All I ken say is, you'll hear sumthin drap atwixt this and October, and it wont be the Star-Spangeld Banner.

I continny to enjoy the confidence of the eggsalted hed of the nashin, and am happy to say that my letters in the Merkary—witch is his favorit amung all the weaklies—meets his vews to a dot. He sissers em outer the paper regarly, and files em away with as much keer as ef they was offishal dockyments. As we was ridin out together to the Chain Bridge tuther day to make a reckannoysence of the rebel's wurks, he gin me a hull string of cannondrums—sum of witch I prepose to send you in my nex epistol. You may consider this a speshil favor, for Vanity Fare and Harpers' Weakly hes repeatedly applide to him for contri-bushins in vain.

With airnest assperashins for the sucksess of the good caws, I remane, as on prevyous ockashins,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XIX.

[The old boy is evidently disgusted with the pacific aspect of affairs at Washington. He loves a "skrimmage" better than any Irishman that ever trailed a coat through Donnybrook Fair, and the smell of gunpowder is as grateful to his nostrils as *eau de cologne* to a fainting dandy. He says he begins to feel "wolfish about the head and ears," and it is easy to see from the tenor of some parts of his letter that he is spoiling for a fight. If there should be a battle at the capital, he will be in the thick of it, sure as fate.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, September 13, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Three week senst, wen all the foo-foo letter-riters allowd as Washington was in immedient dannger of a salt, I pernounst it gammon. Peeple as bleves in the predickshins of the speshil currys pondents here, must be at a loss for profits. Thar bizness is to manfactor sensashins, and they make up thar artickles outer hull cloth—breeches of truth not bein considerd of the slitest konsekens by these false tail-barers. Wal, the sete of guverment hes not ben attacted jest as I sed it wouldent. The storm hes not cum, but quiet rains. No wun can say wots in the wind, but thars no simtums of hard blows at present. In the meantime everyboddy is on the *key veeve* for slorter evry mornin, and goes to bed cussin thar blasted eggspecktashins at night. Ef it warnt for pickit shootin and keards, the city would spile for want of reckcreashin. But the milentary offsirs plays youcur and brag, wile the privit sojers makes up little parties amung tharselves, to go picket huntin by moonlite, and as the rebels plunges inter the latter amewsment with all the ardor of thar Suthern naters, sumtimes as menny as five and six centries is wiped out in a single night. Both sides keeps tally of thar game, and up to the present time the insirgents is five privits, three corporeals, and two sirgents ahead.

The gamblin housen here is to be shet up, to prevent em from spilin the morril principals of the army paymasters. Wun of these innercent but venturs um critters hes ben onfortunit enuff to be bled to the toon of a hundred thousand dollars, guverment munny, at cut throat, witch Uncle Sam will rekiver about the time that Faro's treshurs is fisht from the bottom of the Red Sea. The misabul man axes a suspenshin of publick opinion,

but I think publick opinion, espeshally in the army, is rayther in favor of a suspenshin of him.

Considerin the expense, it is thort by sum hasty sperrits that the war is etarnal slo, but I onderstand that arter the Nayshinal Fast, Ginral Scott intends to walk inter the sassy rebels allmity rapid. In the meantime the guverment is dispersin over a million a day without givin enny aperient check to the moovments of the enemee. Wun thing is sartain, namely, if we dont sail in purty recently, Boweryguard and Johnstun will raze a muss in Merryland. I hev it from a relieable gentleman—not the ungodly retch as tells setch sickenin sockdologers in the daylies, but a honabul highminded spy as I keep for my own privit use—that the mane body of thar hoss, and the bone and sinner of thar foot is on the upper Potomac, and as sun's they ken git boats the hull raft will be over. My spy, who has the onlimited confidence of all the rebel leaders, ses that wile they are makin faints in frunt of our lines they eggspeck to give us fits in the rare. *Enter noose* (as they say in Payris), ef they try that they'll find we hev em on a string and nary loophole to creep out at.

The dirty little squab owl of the London *Times* hes gin anuther hoot at us, I notis. He's a feerce bird on a small skale, but his talents isent sharp enuff to hurt ennyboddy, and senst he shode the white fether in turnin tail at Centerveal, and Ray let daylight inter his liebils, noboddy keers a hooter for his skreeching. Ime told he attribits the orderin of twenty-two thousand fresh troops to Canady entirelie to his letters, and intermates that ef he isent treated with the respeck doo to an eggsofishyo repersentative of John Bull, the Lion and the Eunuchorn will pitch inter the Merican Egul quicker'n a greased thunderbolt. I hope no vilence will be offerd to the little cuss. He aint wuth tar and fethers.

The remark that puttin trust in prences is like leanin on a brokin reed doosent seem to hold good as regards the Empror of all the Rushes. His madjesty hesent disremembered Unkle Sam's kind feelins tords Old Nick his imperial parient, doorin the Crymean War, and he offers a wurd of cherful encurridgement when all the rest of the crownd heds is larfin in thar sleeves at our differculties, and hopping airnestly sun to see us on our last legs. All honor, I say, to the distingwisht Musstgofight! Success to the Musscoveys—and Ime raal sorry, now, as I fit agen the Zar's father at Inkaman and uther places on the Black Sea. I was a darned fool to take up arms agen him for John Bull, and I take this oppertoonity to make the *a mend*

orabull. Its troo as neether Alegsunder nor Prence Gartersoft, puts the boot on the right leg in thar letter, but it shoes the Zar hes a nobul sole, and desires to be on a frendly footing with Yankee Doodle. Seward torked to some purpuss wen he called it magnannymous.

Thar was a Cabbynet meetin on Toosday, and I am informt from a sekrit sorce, namely, the dorekeeper, that a varity of meshers for bringin the war to a foecuss was disgusted.

The Seckatry of State thort that in the onrepressabull conflick with the South the Lord was on our side, and he looked to the grate Helper and the good Book for sport in all our tryalls.

The Seckatry of War sed that for his part he agreed with Tolerant, the sourcaustic French minister, that Hevin was on the side of them as had the most cannon. It was on that ackount that Ginral Wool hed added Le Grand Cannon of Runslayer county to his staff.

Ginral Scott—who was present by invitashin—srugged his sholders when the name of Ginral Wool's new a decamp was menshint, and remarkt that bein a feller of small caliber he could oney be counted as a son of a gun.

The illustrus wood chopper of Illanoy was mutch tickled by the joke, and slappin the Hero of Chipaway on the back larfed until the teers cum inter his eyes.

Secktary Welles allowed that altho an old man, he felt the fire of seventy-six stirrin in his vanes, and reckamended the addishing of a few more seventy-fours to the navy.

Secktary Smith sed that the peeple in the Inteerior dident crave enny more seventy-fours in that kwarter, but considered that Twenty-eights and Thirty-twos would be much more sarvisable to the kentry. Lively craft was wot was wanted for the present naval blockhed.

The hed of the Treshury Department was absent, bein engaged at the patent offis examinin a noo masheen for workin off Treshury notes by means of fork litenin.

The conclushun cum too by the Cabbynet Counsel was that the war should be persecuted both by the army and navy with the utmost rigger, arter which Camerun sung the "Sojer's Tear," and Welles "The Open Sea," while the President gin the ballad of "Chivvy Chase" in honor of the great Western fineandshear.

I shouldent be mutch sprised ef you hear by telacraft of a fite atween Ginral Rosecranch and Ginral Lee, afore this reaches you. My spy ses if thar aint a collushin atwixt em within a week

I may take his hed for a foot-ball. Howsever arter all thars mebbe nuthin in it.

Hopin we shall sun pitch in, and giv the rebels a lammin—for Ime getten everlastin wulfish about the hed and ears—I remane, sevagarusly,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

P. S.—The cannondrums of our farseeshus Chief Madgistreet in my nex epistol.

No. XX.

[It will be seen by the contribution from the White House included in the following letter, that "Honest Old Abe" continues to enjoy a fine flow of spirits under the heavy responsibilities which rest upon him as Chief Magistrate and Commander-in-Chief. Our veteran correspondent is evidently itching for a fight, and there is every probability that his desire will be speedily gratified.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, September 20, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

"Peace rains in Warsir", as the sayin is. The rebils is as quiet as turkle duvs. Mebbee thare preparin for a grand coo. Its allus amazin still at sea jest afore a white squall, and altho we hevent got wind of an intenshin to a sail us, we air liabul to a tack at enny moment. Ennyways our troops wont be cort asleep with thar heds pillerd on thar nap sacks. Not knowin wen the war-hoop may be razed, I keep my weepins and acutterments layin besides me on a cheer wile I rite, in case I mought hev to drap my steal pen and grab my shooten iruns in the midst of this epistol.

Wenever Ginral Maclellin givs the wurd to go in, I shell leve my peaceful retreat at Willards and jine his staff as a decamp—my venabul frend, President Abe, who would go to his deth to sarve me, hevin procured me the birth. Speekin of that emernent statesman, isent it curus that sterne and swift as he is in his offishal intercoarse, he should unbend and becum acktilly Punchy in his idyll hours? His wittyschisms is ekwill to the best in the funny peeryoddicals, as you will admit with teers in your eyes, on readin the follerin high-preshir buttonbusters,

wich he desires me to forrard with menny ardent eggspreshins of a steam, to the eddyturs of the SUNDAY MERKARY. I send you the farseeshy in his own hand ritin, thinken you mought wish to presarve his authorgraft as a memento of a honest man, when our faithful Abraham has gone to his long hum:

CONS., &c., FROM THE CAPITAL.

BY A. L., P. OF THE U. S.

Where will Jeff Davis go when he dies? To that *burn* from which no traveler returns.

Where was Floyd at the last accounts? On the *Cheat*—by *Gauley!*

How did A. L. find his way to the White House? He *axed* it.

To what does the Government owe its success in money-hunting? Ardor in the *Chase.*

Who was the first rowdy? Adam—he raised *Cain.*

The spell that quieted Baltimore. Dix's *ipse Dix-it.*

Present avocation of the old-fogy commodores. Boring Welles.

Why is W. H. Russell like the Mississippi River? Because he *runs down* a great country.

What was A. L.'s style of locomotion in early life? He went *lumbering* along.

State of the grain crop in Missouri. Much of it has been swept off by *General Raines.*

Why are Lincoln and Hamlin "one and inseparable?" Behold the reason! AbraHAMLINcoln.

LINES AFTER HORACE.

Robin Hood
Was an archer good,
He never shot but his shaft drew blood.

And little John
Shot too, I swan!
And his aim was bad, and the "damage" none.

When I subjested to the grate Wood-Cutter of the West the idea of gettin off a few of his splitters for your collumes, I calkilated they would be fust chop, but the abuv is chorks ahed of my most sangwinary suppersishins. I wisht you would send the Merkary containin the cannondrums to that solum old bird,

eggs-president Bucannon, who I onderstand sets all day broodin over the past, and wishin he hedent shode the white fether wen he rooled the roost at Washington. You kin send my complements with the paper—for I used to know the old critter in his better daze—and say I hope he will chuckle over the joaks of his distingwished suckcessor. I think the tutching illushin to his buzzum frend Floyd, kin skarsly fail to gratify him. Greeley, I persoom, will coppy the pome inter the Tryboon. It would hev saved him considabul ef it hed cum out a week ago, bekase the three last lines contains the peth of all he hesent ben able to say in seven issoos of that spritely jernil. Sum riters diffuses informashin and sum condenses it. When Greeley writes he spreds hisself, but the lively Abe ses his motto is *mulct em in parvo*, witch means, Ime informt, as peeples payshence didn't oughter be taxed with long-winded stories.

Senst I tuck pen in hand to indite this commoonicashin, several rummers hes ben brort in from the river abuv. A despatch from Darnstown ses Johnstun seams to be threaddin his way up, with an eye to crossing over and hemming us in from the outskearts of the city on the Merryland side. Anuther report is that Boweryguard hes promist his shiverally to pitch inter us hot and hevvy afore the weaks out. Darnstown is a villidge in Munggummery County, Merryland, about twenty-five milds up the Potomac, whar they sell the meenest whiskey on God's airth and drink too big horns on it to tell a strait story, so I dont place mutch reliance in enny darned yarns from that kwarter, and as to Boweryguard he's too cunning a coon to giv publick notis of a fite two or three days aforehand. I reckin him and Jonstun is oncy faintin, and doosent intend to make a serous a salt on our lines at present. Howsever, ef they want to buck thar heds inter a bumblebees nest, let em cum on. Evrything is fixt here to giv em a stinger as 'll make em hop. I was at Ginral Maclellins hed kwarters and also Ginral Scott's, latter cend of last munth, and they both asshoord me as Washington would be impregnabul by this time. The Hero of Chipaway told me his motto was *September Paratus*, and as the Lattin Dickshinary ses *paratus* signifize reddy, he mentersay, in coarse, as all would be reddy in September.

Bleevin it not onpossabul that I may hev a chanst to dror a bead on a traitor or two afore I dispatch my next missif, I remane, with airnust luv for the Union, the hull Union and nothin else,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXI.

[Our correspondent is scarcely so vivacious as is his wont. But what his letter may lack in sprightliness, it atones for by its patriotic earnestness.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, October 4, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

So arter faintin in frunt of Washington for weeks Bowery-guard has fallen back! Noboddy onderstands wot this noo feter in his tracktricks means, but it looks on the face of it as ef all idee of attacktin the Capital had ben gin up. My privit spy is now in the rebel lines, howsever, and as he nose the ropes, I expeck to receve ackrit informashin about this fresh moovement of the retched traitor in a day or two.

As the tellagraft fourstalls all noose by pen, I leve the latest intelligense to the litenin; but I ken take you behint the seens and let you inter the confidense of the rooler we all look too to keep things strait. Yesterday the Chefe Madgistrit cent for me to the White House, and I hed a conversashin with him of hafe an hour, of witch I made minits for the SUNDAY MERKARY. I give the dialog percisely as I logged it down.

"D. V., my good frend," ses he, straitenen hisself up arter stoopen to shake hands with me, "wot is your opinyun of the asspeck of affairs?"

"That," I remarkt, "is raythor a ginral questin."

"Yes," ses he, "it's a ginral questin, but you onderstand the kernil of it; I want your vews on the war as it stands."

"Wal then, to speke onest," I replide, "I think it *stands* too long. The peeple want it pusht along to a conclushin. We air spendin sum two millyuns a day, or tharabouts, and my centiments is, thars thunderin little to sho for it.'

"My frend," says the venabul chefe, pullin a gray hare out of wun of his little bushes of whisker, "the 'games afoot,' as the poick ses, but the time to 'cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war' hesent cum yet. We must wait."

"Very good," I responded, "but why warnt the Fort Hotterass victry follered up? We was told as two more eggspedishings was to start immediently to shell sum uther pints on the Suthern cost. Whar air they? Thars allus vessels of war a layin off at Fortress Munro and other places whar they aint no more use then they would be high and dry on Gorgetown Hights,

why air they not cent sumwhars else to pufform a second edishin of the bumbardment of Fort Hotterass?"

"Welles isent reddy," ses he, "besides thats not the programmy. A grand blo is to be struck simontaneously by sea and land. By the way, wot do you think of Welles?"

"Rayther a delicut kwestin, Mr. Lincoln," I anserd, "but, howsever, the Disbanded isent afeard to meet it. His auntycedents as far as morrils is konsarned is tip-top. He never cuzzined noboddy, allus paid his dets, sed his prairs nights and mornins, and tuck his meals reglar. But as to his talons for a crysis as threttens to rend the nashin in twane, I konsider 'em nix".

"You're mistaken," ses my venabul frend. "Welles is a man of amense intelleck. I hed my doubts about it at fust, but Ime satisfide now that oney give him time, and he'll astonish the kentry. Then thars Camerun, wot do you think of Simon?"

"Wall," ses I, "I wunst seen a play in witch thar was two carrickters they called Simon Pures, and wun was a decent man, and tuther seldom wanted for ennything that warnt out of his reach. Witch of the critters the Democratic-Consarvative-Republican Seckatary of War most resembles, I leve you to diskiver. I know, howsever, that his frends in Pennsylvany is willin to bet on his goin out of offis with a millyun of dollars in his pockit. But he's got sum energy, ennyways, and ef he oney fights the good fight like a trump, who keers for trifels?"

"D. V.," eggsclamed the Venabul Abe, kwite sharply, "you're remarks is liebellious. In the hole world thars no trooer men than my offishal advisers—troo as steel, sir, and as sharp."

"If thats the case," ses I, for I sor he was gettin riled, and I dident want to anger the old man, "they're in thar rite place in the Cabbynet. Setch men in these dejennerate days is cabbynet curosities."

Here thar was a paws in the conversashin, and I got up to shake hands and leve. The onest and faithful patryit gin me a backwoods grip, with teers in his eyes, and ses he:

"Disbanded, my hart's bound up in this Union, and if wun kullapses tuther will too. Accordin to the lite I hev, I wurk onsleepingly to pervent setch a braking up. Ef I kant keep the masheen runnin as I found it, I hop to be berried onder the reck with the old flag in my hand, singin out *E pluvious unum* to the last."

"My nobul frend," I replide, "the masheen's in no danger. The Union, I trust, will never be in setch a pickle that it kant be preserved. As to this rebellyun, itul be put down as sartain as

the airly sunshine 'll cum in at the East Room winder to-morrer mornin. Ef wun Cabbynet fales we must try anuther; if wun army gits tuckert out we must raze anuther. BUT THE THING MUST BE DONE. Outer thirty millyuns of peeple, twenty-five to-day is in favor of the Union—and its got to be opheld and perpetyated jest as shure as the livin sun hes got to roll onnard in his corse givin the world life and light."

And with this, skweedgin the illustrus rail-splitter's hand wunst agen, I took leve. And now, beggin pardin for being onushilly serus and matterafact in this epistol, I take my leve of you, ontil we meet agen nex week throo the post offis, remainin, as ushil, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXII.

[The old veteran gives this week an amusing account of the poverty-stricken condition of the chivalry. Their appearance, it would seem, is a perfect burlesque on "the pomp and circumstance of war." It must be remembered, however, that the fighting qualities of an army do not depend upon the state of its regimentals, or even upon the excellence of its commissariat. Ragged, hungry men often fight desperately.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, October 11, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

My confidenshil spy, a reglar Metamory of a feller, perfeckly vorashus and never known to eat his own words, returnt last night from a long reckonnonsense. He was kwite onsuspected and obtaned no eend of noose. He peers to hev maid mennyrandoms of every essensual pint as cum within the pail of his observashin. He ses the condishin of the enemees clothin is redickalus; it takes the rag off the bush of ennything he ever seen in the way of peacemeal wardrubs. The suppleturn offsirs was in strips and onwillin to wheel round on parade for fear of exposin the rips in thar uniforms. As to the common sojers, sum of em hed muttonied and refused to train, being ashamed to face the mewsick on ackount of thar newditty. Setch ridgymendals never, he ses, was seen on humans; the skarecrows spring styles in a Connecticut cornfield beia full dress in caparison. At Darnstown he sor sum of the troops at wurk with

needles and thred sowin wun anuther tares, but it warnt a grain of use, they bust out immediently. Thar foot gear was ekwilly delopidated. Hevin a taste for staytistricks he counted nineteen thousand big toes peeping like terrorpins heds throo the shells of milentary boots and shoos at the Gap, and about the same number at the Junkshin. In fact, the hull rebel army on the Potomac is on a mity bad footin, and all efforts to remedy the evil air likely to proove bootless. The oney critters among em as makes a decent sho is the field offsirs—all the rest, includin even thar crack riflemen, bein as ragged as city poppers.

I larn also from the same sorce that the rebel army is gettin all-thunderin wurmy about thar grub. The hog and homany hes purty mutch gin out in Ann Arundel and Mungummery, and weevly bisket and red-eye is a kinder bevridges as isent calkillated to harden the sinners for the tug of war. Boweryguard and Johnstun will sun hev to relingkwish thar foothold in that kwarter, but when thar necks movement will cum off is not yet detarmined. Ef they dont take the back trail south afore the first of November, an appeal will be made to thar feelins with balls and bagnets, that will be puffectly onresistabul.

Thars nuthin new in the way of gossip in these diggins. The "relicabul gentmen" as mannyfactors orthentic unpossibilitees for the press, peers to hev took a recess to rest thar imadjinashuns. Human mendassity hes its limicks, and fibbing will pairalies the fancy in the ecnd, ef stuck too aciduously for an ondefinit lenth of time. The bar-rum circkles, howsever, is in full blast, and continally proffersighing tearabul events over thar smashes. The catastrofy never cums, but still they pussyveer in thar predickshins. Ses wun of three blatherskates the uther day at Willards:

"My frends," ses he, "I hev shure entelligents as Bowerygard, Johnstun and Lee is a goin to attact us. Washington stands on a volcano!"

"Duz it, me boy?" ses an offsir of the Meager ridgement, porin out a glass of whiskey, "well, ef the Capital stands on a volcano, here goes for a swig at the crater!"

I larnt from the President, yestday, that plans for no less than three sekrit eggspedishings is now on the *tappee* in the war and navy departments, and I shouldent be astonished ef we heerd of orful dooins coastwise atween this and All Fools day. The hed of the nashin is of opinyon that the seeseshers will be nockt cold afore the summer, and evrything, to use his own frays, restored to the *statue co anti bedlam*, witch meens I spose

as the Suthern loonyticks as hes divorced tharselves from the Union will be brort to thar marrybones and wunst more beg for an asylum onder the old flag.

The votes of the Pennsylvany troops for the State eleckshin was took on Wensday, but in the absents of pollytishens and rum thar warnt no paytryotic enthuzzyusm. The sojers went to the poles with freezin indifferents, the bands playin Hail Columby as they marched to the ballad boxes, and the hull affair passed off as harmonius as the mewsick of the spears. The cattridge box is just now konsidered the pallajum of our libties, and until the sword is sheethed, noboddy is likely to keer mutch about the rite of sufferedge.

The revew of light hoss and hevvy artellery on the broad plato of Capitol Hill, day before yestday, was a grand speck-tickle. My tall and venabul frend, the President, druv me to the ground with Mrs. Lincoln and yung Seward, in his new bayrush, and as he stud in his carridge he was in coarse the sine-cure of all eyes. The manovering was ekwill to ennything I ever seen the Crymeah. Nine battrees was posted on each wing of the battalion of dragons, and as the skripter ses "the thunder of the captins and the shoutin" was puffeckly stunnin. Ginral Maclellin was delited, and Mrs. Lincoln aloud the site of so menny shinin blades made her feel like Joe Ann of Ark or the Maid of Sarah Gosser, witch I was arterwards enformt was the votrees of Bellowner as flurished several sentries back. Finaly the entire force formed in collume and saluted the President, arter witch the artellery and cavalry was divided inter two divishins and each hafe was dismissed seperitly to its kwarters. Ef the men behave as well on the battle plane as they did in the old fields back of the Capitol on Wensday, the shiverally will be sartain to sho em the backs of thar shakos at the first charge.

The case of Freemount still hangs by the ilids. Sum ses hees bound to be cashsheared for misusin the publick money confisti-cating niggers and uther mistymeaners; but I reckin ef hees fort-nit enuff to flax out Price evrything will be overlucked.

Thars still two or three female traiters here confined in thar own housen onder the sirvillians of the peleese; but thars mor'n a duzzen of em at libty, and its my beleef as evry skeem of the guverment is known at Richmound afore it leeks out in New York. At present, howsever, the cabbynet hevent enny import-ent projeck afoot for walkin inter the rebils. As sun as they hev you will as ushil git a hint on the subjeck, from

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXIII.

[Perhaps—who knows?—the next letter of our military correspondent may be dated from the battle-field. It is beyond a doubt that Beauregard and Johnston must either fight or fly forthwith. General McClellan's advance means mischief. He is now in effect offering battle to the rebels, and if they don't take the initiative within ten days, he will. We are on the eve of a great combat, and the Disbanded understands this perfectly, although he writes as humorously as ever.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, October 18, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The way the shiverally is pitchin inter wun anuther beats cock-fitin. Floyd and Wise hes ben for sum time past about as frendly as Killkenny cats, and each hes endevored to make his own tail good in the rebel noosepapers, witch hes given both parties rats for not cummin to the scratch with Ginral Rosecranch. Wise hes ben took sick in konsekens of overheatin hisself on the retreat, and while he is lying on his back at Richmound, sum of the jernils of that city intermates that he is oncapabul of speekin the truth. The oney chanst for him to eskape court-marshaling in this wurld is to leave suddently for whar he belongs in the next. As to Floyd, the gun-grabber and Mussassippy stock stealer, his offsirs hes sined a round robbing charging him with all sorter mistymeaners, and sent it to the Richmound *Inkwirer*. The benine eddytur of that seven be nine sheet publishes the charge, and insinawaits as the distingwished arsenall theef ken hev the names of his accusers, ef he'll promis to fite em in routashin, wun arter anuther, witch bein in feeble helth and rather narvus, he respeckfully deklines. He allows his life is pledged to his kentry, and I persoom the pledge will be forfitted whenever his kentry ken ketch him. Eenamost all the Suthern jernils blames the cummanders on the Potomac for not goin in, and in fack thar seems to be a kinder plug muss amung all the engineers of the secesh masheen.

Them extree vishus traitors, the sequesttraitors, is doing a big bizness in the burgler and land pirit line. Honabul August Bellmount I spose is in a juce of a way about his terbacker. In coarse he'll never get a *quid pro quo* for the first chaw of it. Poor August! they put him throo the latter eend of September, and considabul of the sequestered weed hes alreddy ben foddered

out to the rebel troops and convarted inter old sojers. Howsever, five hundred hogs heads belonged to Wrathschild, an eminent findandshear of the Hebrew gender. Won't he blastfeam and tare his garments and sit in sackcloth and ashes, when he heers how the rebels hev walked inter his nigger-head and pig-tail!

But thats not the wust. Theyve even confisticated the hum of Jefferson, and I predicate ef they could git Mount Vernon they'd put it inter a lottery and raffle off the bones of Washington at so mutch a chanst. I wunder doos these God-forsaken critters eggspect to go to Pairodice when they step out. Ef they do its my opinyun they'll find tharselves all-fired mistaken. Thars a place all reddy fenst off for em by the Prince of Darkness in the midst of his enfarnal regents, and I persoom they'll be briled on the same gidiron with Benny Dick Arnold and Judases Carrot. The way they'll be hauld over the coals 'll be a caushin to Sally Manders.

I called at the White House last evenin and hed a plesent palavir and sum supper with the tall and talented tenant of that traydishanall tenement. I never seen him more waggish and joclar, and youre awar that wen he's in the vain, he ken git off wot the French calls *Jew de Mose* ekwil to enny live Christian. Fust we torked over the Chickenmacomico affare, and we both crowed over it considabul. He remarkt that the insargents thort they hed it all thar own way at the outset, but when the Mountshellar made her onset, and began to lay em with ten inch shells they conclewdid the eggspidishing was a bad egg. Arter praising the galliant commander of the craft up to the nines, he asked wot I thort the Navy was most in need of jest now.

"More gunboats, Abram," ses I.

"No my vetren frend," ses he, "more BRAINES."

I think that was about as handsom a dublin tender as ever was got off. I oney wish the grave and solem Giddyun could hev heerd it. As compliments when ellegently paid, is not despised by men of lofty stashen, I told the illustrus railer that it was "fust chop—in fack, a reglar splitter."

Then we canvassed the intents of the Nuthern Peace party, and agen I seen humor in his eye. Purty sun he let drive.

"Disbanded," ses he, "why is makin beds like hysting Peace flags?"

I codgertated for a minnit, and then told him I sposed it was bekase both was ginally done by hirelings.

"No, my lad o' whacks," he replide, "its bekase its a white fether movement."

I sniggered, and seein I hed caught his meanin he also indulged in slight catchinashin.

Presently we commenst speakin about Freemount and Missoori, wen his visedge agen suddently lighted up and he perpounded the follering:

"Wots the cheapest way to put down the rebels in Missoori?"

"Freemount's plan," ses I—"sequester all thar darkeys."

"No," he replide "that's agen the Constitooshin, witch is the funnymental lor of the land. The cheapest way to redooce the rebels in Missoori is to cut down thar Price immediently."

I considered the joak raythor far fetched, but chuckled over it to obleege the puppytraitor.

Our necks theme was affares at the sete of guverment. Mr. Lincoln asshured me as a grate battle was very eminent. He ses the rebels must either fite or foot it within a week. Mebbe the darned theves will steal off arter all though. But the President thinks not. He bleves theyll cum up to the scratch, and that Maclellan'll nail em. Upon the hull, thats my opinyun too. A ginral action may commence at enny hour, and when it doos begin itul be setch a game at cut throte as never was played in this hemaspear. I shall be thar when the collusion cums—you ken gamble on that.

Awaitin impayshently the signal to sail in, I remane eggsightedly Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXIV.

[The old veteran handles without gloves the originators of the late disastrous expedition across the Potomac. It is, however, impossible to be too severe on the moonstruck madness which seems to have planned and guided that disgraceful affair. The blood of the brave who fell at Edward's Ferry cries from the ground, and the North demands to know *against whom it cries.*—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, October 24, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The long aggerny of the Summer and Fall campain drors fast to a bluddy ishoo. Maclellin hes made up his mind to mount the rebels in airnest, and the grand climbacts is closte at hand. The army is in the hyest spirts, and on fire to meet the Suthern

incinderarics. The volunteers sware they wont go inter winter kwarters ontil Bull Run is tearabully avenged. Our advance threttins the rebil lincs at Centreveal, and fearful butcherwork will sun take place, onless the insurgent force shambles off towards Richmound.

Its purty clar by the bulletins from Leesburg as all the milentary fools isent dead yet by a long shot. The objeck was gained, its troo, but it was a much more slorterous affare than it oughter ben. The idee of throwin oney seventeen hunderd men acrost the river to attact ten thousand, all ambushed in the woods with thar rifels cockt and thar fingers on the triggers! It was the act of moonymaniacs. And then to think of the offsirs takin partickler pains to march thar men rite inter the middle of a six acher lot, sirounded on three sides with hevvy timber swarmin with possum-playin seceshers, and a mild of rushin water in the rare. Why a blind rat wouldnt hev ben cort in sech a trap. Our brave fellers performt progenies of valor, but bein cumpleatly hemmed in, they got, in coarse, an allmity belting. I spose its no use cryin over spilt milk, but warnt the arrangements maid to afford em sucker a caushin to loonyticks? A flowtiller consistin of two leeky mud skows and a crasy canawl boat, with fifty men apeace, was sent to the resky, but they cum neer sinkin, and its a merickle the hull on em warnt plugged afore assistants reached em. At lenth arter a nobul stand up fite of an hour or more our galliant boys hed to back down. They broke for the river, and bein pursood by an overwelming force, intosticated with victry, menny was druv inter the drink. Doorin the skrimmedge more'n two hunderd of our men was hit, and a still larger number was missed when the rolls was called at brekfest-time necks mornin. Howsever the loss was not all on the Union side; the Mussysippians cort it hot and hevvy, and numbers of the South Carolinians fell to rice no more. Finerly Banks with five thousand men and plenty of cannon crost the Rubygun and the pint was gained. To-day it is said as him and Kernil Stun is offerin battle to Ginral Gustarvus Smith, formally Ginral Scavenger of New York. I hop ef he venters on a brush he'll run agin that tremenjus sweepin masheen called the besom of destruckshin. Its not onprobabul as the brooming may cum off afore this letter reaches its dustynashin.

Its onpossabul matters ken remain as they air. Large kwantities of provishins for our army is now in the mouth of the Potomac, and it must be opened and the food brort up. That river is the alimentary canawl of the capital, and it wont anser to hev

it stopped. Oney two transports hes wurried throo this week. and they hed thar gaffs shot away at Cockpit pint, but the captins bein game birds shode a clean pair of heels, and cum crowin up to Washington. They left thirty vessels below Mathiasses, frighted with supplies, hosses, arms, and cetery, and afeared to attemp the passidge. Sum fokes sposes as the rebel canons is not ekwil to ours, but I no the tears of guns on thar Potomac wurks is the best modern weepins, and Ime informt as the Pig Pint Battery bristles with rifle-boars "like quills upon fretful porkyoupine," as Hamlet ses in the play.

FRIDAY, October 26, 1861.

This mornin I hev to take back part of the foregoin. The fack is that lyin reports cums in so everlastin thick, that ef a feller commits any noose to paper he's allus in dannger of committin hisself. A curryspondent as gesses at wot's goin on up the river, is more lieable to tell the truth than ef he depended on the current informashin from that kwarter. Slipshod letter riters as puts down wotever cums to hand, ushilly diskivers afore the ink is dry that they've put thar foot in it. To-day we larn that Banks and Stun, who was sed to be hungry for a fite with the grate Gustarvus, and eggspickted to make a clean sweep of that black traitor and his murmurdums, hes fled back to Merryland with a flee in thar ear. So six or seven hunderd of our best sogers hes ben killed, wounded, drownded and took prisners in a reckonnonsense witch reflecks nuthen but disgrace on the heds as planned it.

It was kwite nateral that setch an eggspedishing should land in the neybrood of Goose Creek! The brave and nobul-harted Ginral Baker bein dead, and onabul to repel the charge, in coarse the blame is laid onto him; but who ordered him acrost the river? It was a reglar *foe paw*, as the French say, all round.

It seams the rebil ackount of the navel engagement at Baylize was an onmitigated ontruth. The causalties on our side sums up as follers:

Killed—nix.

Wownded—nix.

Vessels sunk—nix.

And when the secesh cumadore slips his wind, and drifts inter Tofit (whar he belongs), *nix cum arouse* will be the word, and every member of Bellsabub's family will hev a shy at him.

Hopen sun to send yon intelligents of a hevvy blow on the Potomac, I remain, as on prevus ockashins,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXV.

[It will be seen by the following queer epistle that our eccentric friend has been visited by a remarkable and, in fact, eminently diabolical dream. He would seem to have been in the state of trance described by Sir Bulwer Lytton in his "Strange Story"; at least so we infer from the extraordinary manner in which what he *seemed to hear* in his vision was afterward repeated in print.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, November 1, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

In common with the ginral publick, you air in coarse awar that Saint John, a profit of the Christian perswashin as reported fur the angils sum sentries ago, ses in his Revelashins as he seen Lucyfur, the Father of Lize, put in iruns for a thousand years, with a distink onderstandin that at the eend of that time he was to be "loosed for a little seesin," and hev full swing at "deceeving the nashins." Now Ime not supperdishus, but last Saturday night, as I laid perfoundly slumberin on the sofy arter my ushil repast of fride iceters and Borebung whisky, I had a very supperisin dreem. Methort the old critter's term was up and he was out on firlo, disguysed as a relieabul gentleman, and was issooing instruckshins to the currys pondents of the dalie press. Wotever he sed *rite* they *rit*, jest as reddily as Saint John rit the deskripshins of the lowcusses with the stings in thar tales witch was to torment the airth under the direckshins of Abadun. (See Revelashins, Chapter Nine.)

Methort the evil sperrit, with a sinstir smild on his bloo lips and a malishus skwint in his wether eye, tutched the *Herald's* "Speshil" on the sholder and told him to indite a full ackount of the sailin of the grate Union Armady from Hamton Roads. Ses Bellsabub to the Speshil: "The informashin, my frend, will be three or four days in advance of the trooth—but the *Herald* is my favorite sheet, and Ime bound by a solem oath registered (here he skwinted downards) in a place onmenshinabul to ears perlite, to keep it in advance of everything. The currys pondent winked a cent to the order, and at wunst began to skribble like a money-maniac. Immediently arterwards I notist old Meffystufferlies in conversashin with the *Eggspresses* "speshil," tellin him to notify his prenciples to hum, that Ginral Scott, notwithstandin his fizical infirmatiz, was in boystirus helth and sperrits, harty in fack as Hale Columby; also that he wurked fourteen hours a day

and was a killin off all his clerks and amenuensenses to the chune of "Old Virginny never tire." The curryspondent lucked kinder doutful, but the Tempter sed with a grin, "It's all right my boy, the publick nose the *Eggspress* and depreshiates it accordinly." The speshil ackwiest, and made his manyrandoms as rekwested. The old sarpint then meandered off to whar the *Triboon's* "Good Orthority" was sittin onder the shadder of a flapjack hat, strokin his coal-black baird as if he was tryin to cokes an idee outer out.

"Why so pensiv beluvid," whisperd the Old 'un.

"I want a subjeck for my necks dispatch," replide Good Orthority.

"Well," ses the other, takin out his snuff box and treatin hisself to a pinch of sulfur, "the *Triboon* hes helped *me* to a numerus number of subjecks, and as wun good turn desarves anuther, the resiprossity shant be like the handel of a jug, all on wun side. Tellagraft on that the Seckatry of the grate Navel Flowtiller hes jest eskaped to the enemee with all the sealed orders, maps, charts, plans, and cetery, of the eggspedishing, in his left boot, and that consekently the enterprize is broke up in toe-toe."

"Consider it, dun," ses Good Orthority, "for by Considerant He do it!" (All the *Triboon* fellers sware by Considerant—jest as the Turks do so by Mayhumit.)

"Do so," remarkt the Fo of Man, turnin on his heel, "and ef you was to state that when last seen, the fudgetive traitor was swimming cherfully and mity fast up the Cheespeak with a ship's biskit in wun hand and a bottle of Mungoheeler whisky in the uther, and wavin his hat in triump as he paddled along, it would mebbe add to the poplar eggsightment."

The vishin then peered to change to the tellagraft offiz here, and I seen the old cuss settin in the operater's cheer, srounded with firy flams, and wurkin the wires regardless of eggspence for the bennyfit of the masses. Methort at this moment the hull consarn bust into flinders with an orful crash, and jumpin on eend to find out wot was the matter, I heerd Willard's all-defnin gong a goin like a yung airthquake for airly breakfist.

Now as I menshint afore, Ime not a blever in the supernatural, so at fust I only larft at my dreem, witch I sot down to an overharty supper of icesters and too many pulls at the Borebung. But when I cum to see in the collumes of the New York daylies, eenamost the same stories as I hed heerd Old Brimstun subjest to thar curryspondents in my sleep, ses I to myself, "a

few extra horns doosent ackount for the develish kweer coincidents; the words of the drammer is true—thar *is* more trooth in hevin and airth than is dreamt of in your filosofy."

Evryboddy here is in a narvus fever about Commydore Dupoint's fleet, and all kinder conjecters is afloat as to the pint it is goin to a sail to. As it will ondoutedly be heern from afore the *Sunday Merkary* containin this letter ken reach the rebels, I may venter to say, by way of a flyer—

Let the chaps at Fort Macon
Take keer of thar bacon,

for sumthin will be heerd to drap thar or tharabouts in purty short meter. Likewise I predicate that—

The gents whose full dress is two spurs and a collar
Will be licked till they find it convenient to holler.

I wisht I could giv you the hull programmy, but a sojers brest is the seat of honor, and Ime onder a promise not to reveal it. Consekently Ive hed to put my predickshins inter misterus rimes like the negromansirs of antickwitty, whose proffersighs is sumtimes kwoted in the perioddiculs as heving ben curusly fulfilled.

Ginral Scott is now a confirmed valleytudinarian—wotever the flippant informant of the Eggspress may say to the contrary—and is sed he will sun resign the milentary supervishin of his fatherland to a yunger son of Mars. The brave old vetran has airnt a right to repose, and his kentry would be pleased to see him kwietly restin onto his lorils.

Honest Old Abe is in high fether, and as full of jokehilarity as ever. I run agen him in Pennsylvany avenoo this mornin, and arter an old fashined backwoods shake of the hand, he axed me why the battle-field at Bull's Run was like the place whar Magna Carter floored King John. Not noin rightly wot he deluded to, I caved in at wunst, upon witch he gin me a slap on the back and sed it was bekase it was a *runny mead.*

The pint is rather obskewer, but hopen you'll be abel to see throo it, I remain, as on former ockashins,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXVI.

[Last week was particularly barren of events; and in the absence of anything startling in the way of news, the old soldier

is unusually didactic. His information respecting the time when, and the place where, General McClellan will make his grand attack, may be religiously trusted. The Disbanded, beyond all doubt, is as well posted in regard to the military plans of the commander-in-chief as any agent of the Associated Press; and, in fact, we have reason to know that whatever information he receives from head-quarters is special and exclusive.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, November 8, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Butchers shops in fly-time isent more invested with bloobottles than Washington is at present with pollytickle buzzy-bodies as pertends to be the mouthpeaces of the frens of the war. These humbugs huvvers about the guverment offizzes and skoots around the hottels, day in and day out, tryin to pisen the ears of good citysins with thar trumpary tails. It makes me wurmy to hear em blo about the leathergy of the heads of departments. They allow as the kentry long ago eggspected General Maclellin to tackle the rebels in the field, sholder and elbo, and giv em the *coo de grass*. "When air we to hev a forrard moovement?" "Is the administrashin asleep?" "This is *playin* at sogers"—and similar bolderdash is the burden of thar song.

The same kinder bray was heerd afore Manasses, and from critters of the same stripe. But its no go this time. The commander-in-chief is donkey-proof. The buty of it is that all the yawping and bullyraggin comes from shirkers and nuncumbertents; fellers not wuth a cuss for ennything but cawcussing; skunks as would dekline the swoord for the pen, even ef it was a pig pen; puzzlanymous shoats as would be the fust to save thar bacon by "mooving to the rare to the sound of the enemees cannon." But I needent tell *you* what they air. You hev heeps of the breed in New York, and they'll never be found, like Uriah, in the "fore-frunt of the battle." Keep em to hum and make sheriffs of em ef you want to; we hev an overplush of setch blatherskites in this market. Thars wun consolayshin, howsever, we shant hev em long—as sun as the conflick cummenses in airnest, the instink of self-preservashin will send em back whar they belong.

Nevertheless, ef enny sheep in wulf's clothin is overly ank shus to larn wots the fitin programme, he ken hev it. Ginral Macleilin is agreeabul that all the wurld should no *when* and *whar* he intends to strike, and I am orthorised to state the *time* and *place*. The time will be—when he's reddy, and the place—

whar thars the best chance to go in and win. This is offishal. Wun wurd more to make every thing purspickuous and enabul sporting men to bet on a sartainty. The day on witch the grand attact will be made may be found in enny relieabul allmynack, and the percise spot whar the battle will be fit is encluded in all the orthentic maps of the sete of war. It is oney doin justis to myself to menshin that the materials for this candid eggsposition was not sucked out of the clerks of the War Department, or in ennyways sirupdishously obtaned.

The President continnces to treat me with the same affeckshinit confidense as ushil, unbuzzuming hisself without resarve at our privit entervews. Last evenin we cum purty near makin a night of it. In fack, the clock struck two afore the lateness of the hour struck either of us. The witty statesman of the West was in a fine flow of sperrits, and got off numerus chunks of wisdom in the form of dublintenders, cannondrums, and cetery. Ef my memry sarved, you should hev the hull batch, but as it is, I ken oney tickle the rizables of your readers with the follerin:

Arter we had torked a spell about milentary matters, the venabul Illannoyan, regardin me with a beamin smile, axed me why the cummander of Freemount's Boddy Guard must be pernounced a nidiot.

As I thort he'd shode hisself an all-fired smart feller at Springfield, I sed I couldent see the nub of it.

"Well," ses the illustrus humorest, "wots his name?"

"Zagoni," I replide.

"Troo," ses he, "and don't we all *pernounce* him a nidiot when we say he's *a goney?*"

"Wots your privit opinyun of Ginral Freemount?" I inkwired, with tears in my eyes, when the larf hed sobsided.

"Well," he responded, "*I* say nuthen, but Seckatry Chase thinks he'd be an all-smashin Pathfinder for enny guverment as wanted to diskiver a new road to ruin, and Camerun allows that he doosent keer about hevin Price redoost at setch an alarmin pickayunery sacrifiz."

The conversashin then turned on the New York eleckshin, and he remarked that New York appeerd from the returns to be a wunderful lawless city.

"How so?" ses I, raythor riled at the insinnerashin.

"Why," ses he, "I find that mor'n hafe the peeple as voted for sheriff was reglar *Lynchers.*"

It was even so, Eddyturs, and I could oney hang my head in shame.

We then tutched on the embargo, and I axed him wot would be the consekense ef the British merchints was to send out armed ships to brake it.

"D. V.," ses he, in his dry way, "ef they cum for cotton, we'll giv em plenty of *batting*."

Thinkin it was time I put in my ore, I rekwested to no why American prodooce in famine time was like the approachin London Eggsposishin.

"Bekase it's the *World's Fare*," he ansered, kwick as a flash.

Its onpossible to stump the destingwished woodchopper with ennything in the raillery line.

Referring to the Navel eggspidishin agen King Cotton, I inkwired, by way of a feeler, ef he sposed it hed got inter Port Royal without damidge; to which he replide, with a solem wink, that he hoped for the best, but Port Royal was a place whar it wouldent be surprisen to heer of Rex. Seein he was non-cummittal in regard to the Armady, I axed him what he thort of the steamer The Adorer runnin throo our fleet inter Savanna, and a rebel man-o'-war takin nine prizes inter Charlestun in opin daylite. I was eenamost sorry Ide put the kwestin, for the honest ole man shuck his hed glummily, and aloud that he onderstood the blockheading ships hed sheered off in consekense of the sea runnin mountins high, but he considerd that was a poor way of smoothin it over.

At this stage of the conversashin he fell inter a musin fit, and seein wot a clock it was, I bid him adoo, and moseyed for Willards. And now biddin you the same, I remane, with three cheers and a tiger for the North,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXVII.

[Our correspondent gives us a rousing letter this week. We *know* it will suit our readers to a dot.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, November 15, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

"Three cheers and a tiger for the North!" was the conkludin frays of my last letter, and to day, ef vokil intercorse was possabul throo the males, I would saloot you with three setch thun-

derin stunners as ud make your litenin presses dance Juba—tailin off with a growl like a hull jungle-full of royal Bengals on a bender. Ile do it in pen-and-ink, ennyhow. Weve tetched Old Secesh in the raw and weve got him on the hip—and so hip! *hip!* HIP! HOORAW! Eggskews eggstravagance. The trooth is Ime in setch a state of elevashin, that I feel as ef I should bust my suspenders and rise boddily outer my boots like a Fenicks from its ashes. All the Unionites here is as happy as coons in a cornfield; while the rebel simperthisers are so blamed down in the mouth that the smilds they take at the bar to drownd thar sorrors doosent put a mite of life inter em, and every fresh rummer as cums in cawses em to groan laudably.

Last night I couldent git no peace for warlike dreams. Queen Mab was with me, as the play ses, and a crowd of red legs, bagnets, quarterdecks, munkey-jackets, smoke-pipes, dead rebels, and cetery, illoominated with crimson fire, floted afore my sleepin eyes in one bluddy phantasmagory! Drums was in my ears, and the atmosfear was flagrant with sulphur. I stood on the combings of a hatchway and seen the seccesh vermin flyin outer Hilton's Head, as the fleet crackt away at em. Then I was at "the eminent deadly breech", as the More of Venus ses, firing inter thar rare. Anon I was haulin down the baby-bunting of Treason, and hysting the full-grown standard of the Union in its place. Finerly, I headed a brilyant cavalry charge from the forecassel of the Warbosh, throo Cumberland Gap inter Kainturky, arrivin jest in time to help the galliant Nelson put the rebels throo at Piketown. The yells I gin doorin this explite broke the nightmare, and I woke up not a little horse, I ken asshure you.

Hevent the owdashus skunks got an all-crucified belting? Didn't Dupoint make em see ***? Didn't he punktuate thar lines butifully? Who douts now as the shiverally was all "born onsensabul to fear?" Captain Steedman allows that nuther man nor steed can overtake em in a starn chase. He ses the way they put out from the forts was ekwil to Jackson the "American Deer", ef not ekwiller. He tride to foller em with his tellascope, but the pace was too all-rushin fast to keep em even for a moment within the scoop of his field of vishin. Sevral of the poor devils was found ded in the woods without a skratch. I axed Captain Steedman yesterday mornin wot he thort they died on, and he sed galloping consumpshin.

About a fortnit ago the *Charleston Merkary* intermated as the brains of the Administrashin must hev gon a wool-getherin, to

think of attacting South Caroliny. Wal, thar *hes* ben a *wool-getherin* and no mistake, and I'll go tall thar'll be a *cotton-getherin* too, afore long. Whars the "bluddy hands" and the "horspitabul graves?" They warn't on hand at French's Island, and Bay Pint, and Bufort. No sirrees! Thar warn't noboddy in them diggins to "welcum" Uncle Sam but Uncle Sambo. The pomp of war vanisht suddent, and left oney black Pomp behind. The galliant offsirs even went off without thar arms, relyin on thar legs alone. A trail of muskits, bagnets, shakoes and haversacks, shode the way the sojers run. Oney wun shiverally remaned and he wus so disguysed in licker that he sposed noboddy would reckognize him. His condishin may be imadgined from the suckemstance, that when taken he was tryin to light the rong eend of his seegar at a pump, and shakin hands with the handle supposin he hed met a frend as would pertect him agin the "orful Yankees."

But while Nuthern heroes is kivering tharselves with glory in the South, wot is sum of your white-livered Nuthern eddyturs dooin to hum. Givin "aid and comfort" to the enemee that our troops is discumforted in every battle. By Jeehosyfat! it makes my blud bile. Right afore me as I rite lies a coppy of the *Independent*, published in your city. Wot does it say? Why that the eddytur is informt as Seward ses the war kant suckseed; that the Europian powers will reckognize the C. S.; that Weed is gon to England to ax the British ministers ef they mean to cotton to the South; that ef they do, our Guverment, bein hopeless of keepin the Union together, will sue for a piece; and that tharupon the kentry will go to destruckshin as ef the devil kickt it. Git the paper, and see ef I hev eggsagerated. In fack it lowers us more than the abuv. Whoever perpetraitord the paragraft, should be sent at wunst either to Fort Laugheryet or to a Loonatic Assilum.

"Then thars that "Muff" of a feller as rites letters here for the *Triboon*. Honest old Abe, Camerun, and Maclellin, hes all gin him the cold sholder, and ef they gin him the *foot* insted of the *sholder*, he would oney get his jest desarts. *He* ses *thars not wun raaly well dessiplind regiment in the kentry*, and that the army is a *mere mob*—both offsirs and men! This is the liebellious stuff he rites for the *Triboon*, a paper as pertends to be paytriotic! Darn setch snaix in the grass, I say. Let the nashun put its heel on thar misabul heads. But no—let 'em *crawl*. They're not wuth crushin. They kant hurt old *E Pluvius Unum*—long may he rain!

Knowin that my vews in this letter will goinside with yourn and the public's, I remain, as ushil.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXVIII.

[The old war-horse pitches remorselessly into the Administration—and not without reason—for its tenderness to spies and traitors. Why should not the *lex talionis* be applied to the traitor eaves-droppers taken within our lines? Union men are harried out of house and home, tarred and feathered, tortured, and in many instances put to death, by rebel ruffians; while Southern spies, caught in the North *in flagrante delicto*, are treated as prisoners of war! We think, with our indignant correspondent, that *rope* is not as prominent a feature as it ought to be in the martial policy of the Government.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, November 22, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The thousands of dollars dispersed by the Guverment for resting spies and pervidin em with evry cumfort at the fashinabul milentary hottels of Fort Warren and Fort Laugheryet, mought better be infested in shot and shells. It would be jest as eesy to sprinkle down a prayery fire with a New York water-cart, as to stop the rebels' spygame by setch delicut treatment. When we sees a traitor we ushir him inter a plesent and commojus kage, whar he whissels and sings and smokes his meresham, and enjies his *osham cum dignitraitor* on the fat of the land. But ef wun of our emiseries is ketched within the rebel lines, up he goes to the neardest limb strong enuff to bare his wait. Noboddy tries to git out a rit of *Have his Corpus* for *him*; and ef they did, the presence of his boddy in court, arter his sole hed left the airth, would be a useless form. Why kant we take a leef outer the seecesh book, and string up thar spies like inions, as they do our onfortnit Pilgarlicks? Insted of permitting em to admire the prospeck from the loopholes of our forts, make em breefly ackwainted with the landskip through the loophole of a hafe-inch rope, and send em to jine Benny Dick Arnold in a futur State, whar seecesshin is onpossabul—that's my doctering!

The oney cheep, conveenient and effectall way of dealin with traitor spies is to hang em. They merit death and should be treated cordingly. I wouldn't be afeard to bet my Crymean medal again a South Caroliny major's shirt-collar and spurs, thars more'n a hunderd of em in the Deestrick at this moment in reglar entercurse with the enemee. Sum of em is said to keep carryer pidgins, and no sunner is a grand *coo* detarmined on by the guverment than the particklers is on the wing to Richmound.

The fassility with witch suspishus carrickters gits appointments is a caushin to Cabbynets. I met in Pennsylvany avenoo yestday arternoon a Volunteer Kurnil—and he's kwite poplar with the war department too—as I heerd with my own ears torkin red-mouthed seeceshin in a newspaper offiz in New York not more'n six munths ago. And I could tell you of a Kwartermaster, a feller from Tennesee, who sed in my heering arter the takin of Fort Sumter, that he was goin back to his nativ State to take up arms agen the U. S. guverment. Mebbe they're reformed traitors; but ef so thar convarshin was amazin rapid. Howsever I shall keep my eye onto em, and onto three or four more cases of a simildar nater, and ef they sho enny simtums of a relaps, they'll be heerd on at Head Kwarters almity suddent. In the meentime I take the libty of advisin the Seckatry of War and Ginral Maclellin to keep thar eyes skinned, for *to my sartin nolledge* pollytickle intreeg and pursonal asshurance hes obtaind commishins for men who oughter hev solid masonry and bar irun atwixt them and the honest porshin of the publick.

The seeser of the two rebel plenipenitentiaries continnees to be the universal tropic of conversashin, and is warmly disgust. I understand Lord Lyons ses they must be restored right side up with keer to the British Guvment, and in coarse all the jackalls belongin to the legashin barks up the same tree. I hope they'll hev a good time perswadin honest Old Abe to give em up. By the way, Wilkes got off raythor a good thing, Ime told, when axed by his Lordship's privit seckatry how he dared to board a British steamer.

"Wal, my frend," ses the Commydore, in his solem way, "I thort as the Caroline was *Mac-Nabbed* in American waters, I was jestified, onder the suckemstances, in *nabbing* the Trent on the high seas."

The legashin feller dident see it.

Sumboddy told the story to Prentice of the *Looisville Jernil*, at Forney's party tuther evenin, and that vetran joker remarkt that

the rool of tit-for-tat dident seem to be the *Rule Britannia*. Assistant Atturney Ginral Coffee sed he dident cunsidder England hed enny grounds of complaint, and Ginral Porter felt sartain that the hull affair would eend in froth.

It appeers that a curus mistake oridginated outer the fust dispatch as arrove here announsin the capter of Mason and Slydell. It is stated that Wilkes, knowin they were passengers on the British steamer, made up his mind to "*bring her too*." This gin rise to a report that the San Jasinto hed ackilly brort the Trent inter Hamton Roads with the plenipenitentiaries on board, and the Washington Tellagraft, which never misses a lie by enny axident, would hev spred the preshus noose from here to Californy afore this time, ef the wire-pullers at the offiz hedent ben stopt by a speshil messinger from the Navy Department! Setch moddest fabels as the romance of the Three Black Crows would be considerd in these diggins near enuff to gospel trooth to administer the oath of alegions on!

We hev plesent informashin from Kaintucky to-day. The rebel Ginral Zollycougher's troops are desarting bekase they kant get thar pay, and it is sed he finds it onpossabul to raise the wind to replenish his milentary chest. In fack desarshin hes made setch a hole in his army, that he's hed to beat a retreat throo the Gap.

Intellegence has also ben receved at the War Department from Bufort that the *delirium trimmings* prisoner as was tuck with fits arter the fight, is sloly rekiverin from a state of sincopy and hes exprest a wish to take the oath of fidelity to the constitushin and a glass of red-eye.

The revew of sixty-five thousand sojers by Maclellin on Wensday was a high old specktickle, and ef the raal tragedy wen it cums off is ekwil to the rehearsal, Bull Run will be tearabully revenged. Trustin as the fitin of our troops will be as good as thar faintin, I remane, wulfishly,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXIX.

[It is evident that our patriotic correspondent is fully in the confidence of the Administration; but, like a man of honor, he neither discloses the information imparted to him under the seal

of secrecy, nor prowls among the understrappers of the Government seeking intelligence from disreputable sources. We commend his amusing account of a morning at General McClellan's head-quarters to the attention of such of our readers as are "troubled with humor."—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, November 29, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The hurry-up-your-cakes fackshin hes wunst more opend its saft-shell battrees agen the administrashin. "Doos Ginral Maclellin ever mean to stir?" is the cry of the misabul spoons as got us inter hot water at Bull Run.

O! my "forrard movement" frends, dont let your bile overflo. Paws, O milentary Eddyturs; hold your hands, O sevagarus curryspondents as sheds your ink so freely on your native foolscap, for three cents a line—paws and simmer down. You air wastin stayshinnery in attemptin to drive things ahed. The Cummander-in-Cheef doosent keer a bullrush for your dietribes. He's not "a reed shaken by the wind," and you kant bamboosell him inter raisin Cain afore he feels sarsy abel to fite and conker. Tharfore, you mought as well dror in your horns and stop soundin your battle trumpits.

Howsever, tho all seams smooth and cam, we air on the eve of mity events, as Adam remarkt to his wife when they fust got thar eyes skinned in the Gardin, and began to look around for a reddy-made clothin store and a mantoomakin establishment. Oney wait tell the rebel meatropolis is removed to Gnashveal and the mouths of all the Suthern harbers is choked with cobble-stuns drapt inter the chaps of thar channils, and then you'll see the grand army showin its teeth in airnest.

Honest Old Abe is in closte confabulashin with Ginral Maclellin every day, and as I hev the confidense of both, they sometimes permit me (arter hevin repeated the oath to sport and sustain the Constitooshin and give no sucker to the enemee) to take peart in thar counsultashins.

A few mornins senst I went with our poplar cheef madgistreet to call on the Ginral at his head-kwarters, and a very plesent, and in fack jolly palavver we hed together; for altho both is church-members, they think, like the famus methodest domino, that the Evil Wun hes no right to hev all the funny games to hisself. When me and the President arrove at the Ginral's house, he warn't up, hevin ben out on a cruse among the rebel posts the evenin afore, besides consumin the midnight tle the night

arter his return, in ritin letters. We sent up our keards by an orderly, and he brung us wurd that as sun as the Ginral hed shaved, and tuck a shower bath, and hed his coffee, and red mornin prayers with his milentary famaly, our case would be attended to. I thort it rather curus that he should keep the representative of Uncle Sam watin hafe an hour in the aunty-rum, as ef he'd ben a kentry cussin, but the President oney larfed and sed it was Mac's way—he was a simple-minded republican, and didn't stand on ceremunny with him or enny uther man.

Presently the Ginral made his apperiance in his dressin gownd and slippers, and a cigar in his mouth, and shuck hands with us as corjally as ef we'd both ben his bruthers in arms. We then sot down, and the conversashin at wunst took a gay and spritely turn.

"Mac," ses the President, "do you know that Seckatry Welles is a gay old boy, notwithstandin his gray hairs and his grown-up famaly?"

"Howd' you make that out?" replide the ginral, in his short, sharp way; "I've allus onderstud he was considerd a moddel Christian in the land of steddy habits."

"For all that he's a *Giddy-un*," rejined the wittyest of woodchoppers, smilding vialently.

"Wal," ses I, wishin to let the seckatry up eesy, for he's a frend of mine, "you mought jest as well hang a dorg as giv him a bad name." I sed that by way of defendin the absent, but I thort the President considerd the remark raythor *otray*, as they say in France, altho he dident say so.

We then begun to tork of the Port Rile affare, and I axed Mr. Lincoln why Guverment wouldent allow Senitor Simmons, of Rhode Island, to turn a nonest penny by sendin a cargo of noshins to Bufort. Quick as a wink he anserd, "that altho the troops was in want of many things, it warn deemed advisabul that they should hev enny *per-Simmons*." I judged from the reply, that mebbe the spiritalist Senitor hed ben overly ankshus to repe the frutes of rebellyun. But arter all, why not giv him a chanst? Ef he doosent skin the onfortnit sogers, some sutlerman will.

The subjeck of Bucannon's defense of hisself by Ex-Aturney Ginral Black arterwards came up, and Maclellin, who is kwite a skollard, remarkt that considerin who it was ritten *by* and who it was ritten *of*, the motto oughter be—from Horace—"*nigger est.*" I spose its to be found somewhars in the *Triboon*, but darn me ef *I* know what it meens, for I was too proud to ax.

Howsever I larfed for cumpany's sake. I knew they was runnin a saw on old Buck, and that was enuff for me.

At this pint of the conversashin the Venabul Abe, who would rayther get off a good joke than eat, enny time, inkwired of Ginral Maclellin ef he was awar that Ginral Rosecrans was the gratest blackleg in the kentry. Maclellin turnt verry red, and sed twarnt so, sumboddy hed ben slanderin that galliant offsir.

"My dear sir," replide the President, mildly, with a sly wink of his wether eye at me, "do you considder Floyd, the cannon thief, a gallus scoundril?"

"I do!" said the Ginral emfatically.

"Wal," rejined Mr. Lincoln, "and warn't he more'n a match for Floyd on the *Cheat?*"

I thort Maclellin would hev caterpillerd. He rored tell he was black in the face, and the President had to pat him on the back to bring him too.

In this kinder dimond-cut-dimond small tork we wild away mebbe an hour or so. Ef it warn't "a feest of resin and a flo of sole," thar never was wun. I wisht I could oney remember hafe the brilyant flashes of genus of every speshis as was got of. It was an exhibishin of humorous firewurks more eesily emagined than deskribed. The November meeteors doosent cumpar with it.

Subsekwently we went inter serous bizness, and setteld on an actyve programmy for the rest of the camppain. But for the oath prevously deluded to, you should hev the particklers. Suffize it to sey that the rebels will get it hot and hevvy. Lucking ankshusly for the blessed crysis when we shall be in a condishin to tickel thar toby, I hev the honor to be,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXX.

[The account given by our quaint old friend of the altercation between the President and Secretary Cameron is particularly rich and racy. The most implicit confidence may be placed in the general accuracy of the dialogue. The hints in the daily papers in relation to the quarrel—or, to speak gingerly, the difference of opinion—between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Cameron, are,

we are assured on the best authority, very wide of the mark.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, December 6, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Thars ben an improovin time here atween Abraham and Simon. I mean, in coarse, atween the Hed of the Nashin and the Hed of the War burrow. These two heds hed a lively brush on Sunday. Thar idees clashed on the subjeck of arming the woollyheds, and arter considabul iffing and butting, they both hauled off without hevin made the slytest impresshin on wunanuther. Honest Old Abe, who deerly luvs his own way and hes a hart as tender as a biled turnip, wanted Camerun to alter his vews about setting the blacks onto the whites, war-upon, as I onderstand, the Sekatry declined to make the alterashin and the follerin altercashin ensood.

ABE.—Sir, the Slavery mancipashin questen is a notty pint. Thars a split on it now in the North, and what you say in your report about armin the niggers and settin em on to mall thar masters, would oney act as a wedge to widen the fisher. You air not axed for *opinions*, sir, but oney for *statements*. Ef your dockyment was to go to Congress ondockt, all the consarvativs would say I was barkin up the same tree as yourself, and I should be railed at as onworthy of my post by all the Suthern Unionists. You must dock off that porshin of the tail eend of your report whar you say it may be the "dooty" of the Guverment to "arm and ekwip" the darkeys. Sir, I *insist* upon it.

SIMON.—Mister President, I owe it to myself to say it kant be dun. I wont take back a sillybull. Ive sent the report to the papers with orders for it to go in, and tharfore it must cum out. *War to the nife and the nife to the hilt* is my watchword, and ef you want to play at push-pin with rebellyun, insted of smitin the Fillistins hip and thigh, you must git anuther Seckatry of War.

ABE (*sourcastically*).—The jaw of an ass, Mr. Seckatry, isent as powerful a weepin now as it was in the days of Samson and the Fillistins, and tharfore Ime ankshus to hev the objeckshun-abul claws struck out. It is onwurthy of your talons as a statesman. Suppose your blud *is* up—it is your bizness as a pollytishen to dror it mild.

SIMON.—Mr. President, the remarks you kwarril with in my messidge to Con—I mean my report to you—was not dictated by mollevolence nor wicked annymosity, but by a Simon Pure regard for that high old morrill precept: "The eend sankshins the means." The whining pollytishins as blubbers at the idee

of armin the blacks, is a set of hypercritical Charlotans, and nuthin shorter. Could the bluddiest of Afrikins act more like devils ingarnet, than the white blackguards of South Caro liny, and Georgy, and Alabammer hes acted. Why should we treat them with *bon hominy* and considerashin, when they thretten to hyst the black flag, and refuse to giv up the ded boddies of our slain frends, and thrust thar prisners of war inter unholesum dungins, whar they shoot em throo the winders, and lear with butcherly eyes at evry Nutherner that passes throo thar streets, cryin "Kill! kill! kill!"

ABE.—Enuff of this Mister Camerun—and raythor more. *I* am President of these United States—not *you*. Ef you think Ime a poppit to foller the moshins whenever Simon ses wiggle-waggle, youve mistaken your man. Ef twenty four millyuns of honest Nuthern Unionists kant flax out six millyons of ongrateful Suthern rebils without a servile war, the angler-Saxon race isent fit to hold the rod of Empire even on this side of Mason and Dickson's line.

SIMON.—Well, Mister President, all I hev to say, in conclushin is, that even ef my report should caws my discharge, I wont alter it.

ABE.—You needent go off at hafe cock, Mister Seckatry. Ime not goin to dismiss you—at least not rite away; but I shall wipe out your nigger-armin subjestshin, previus to sendin the dockyment to Congress.

SIMON (*raythor sulkily*).—Well, do as you like, I see we kant set up our hosses together.

ABE.—Never mind, my frend, so long as you fatten yourn at the public crib.

SIMON (*savagely*).—Say, Mister President, you're fond of cannondrums, ken you tell me why youre like the North Wind.

ABE (*playfully*).—Mebbe its bekase you find me purty cutting, Mister Camerun.

SIMON (*malishusly*).—No, Sir, its bekase youre a "blusterin railer."

ABE (*coolly*).—Very good, Mister Seckatry—and do you know why youre like a sartain profit as was swallered by a whale?

SIMON (*reflectively*).—Prehaps bekase I shall be hard to keep down and may turn up all right when least eggspected.

ABE (*in his usual sly way*).—No, but bekase I shall throw you overboard whenever setch a sackrifice is nessesary to asswage the storm. You would hev to go, my frend, ef the publick good

reckwired it; so you'd better squar your pollysee by my wishes, my Simon, ef you want to be Simon—*bar* Jonah!

Eggsit Simon. Abe whissels, and the curtin falls.

The President is in better luck than the old man in the Donkey fabil. His Messidge tickels eenamost evrybody, without it is the rebels, and in coarse it is intended to tetch them in the raw.

Within a fortnit, mebbe within a week, you'll hear of a big thing in the way of a skrimmage not a hunderd milds from these diggins. Onless Bowerygard and Johnstun back down, thar'll be a battle on the Sulphurino skale afore New Years, jest as shure as Bellsabub beleeves in broilin brutal braggarts in brimstun. I could say more but mums the word ontil the fo is beaten to a mummy.

You hed a jolly time in New York I larn over Opdike's eleck-sin. Well you hev a right to holler now youre outer the Woods —both Fernando and Benjamin. Thar was plenty of cheatin on thar side I spose, but the lottery policy doosent dror a prize in pollyticks every time.

Hopin that a new erie is commensing in witch all time-sarving humbugs will be swampt, I remain hopefully,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXI.

[Our old friend seems to be a good deal exercised on the negro question, and although we may not exactly agree with him, we have no objection to his ventilating his opinions through our columns.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Ime afeard the omnipleasant nigger is goin to make trubble here this winter. Thars sed to be a congresshinal majority in favor of placin our arms in his hands and makin a milentary cumraid and bruther of him. A sartain New England Sennytur hes redooced the propersishin to black and white, and intends to interduce a woolley-head Bill in the Sennit, embracin his idees. Wun thing is beyont contraversy—namely that publick opinyun here is very *vicey versy*. Ef Congress passes the meshur, the

President will probly cum down on it with his offishal niggertive. Mutch as I admire our Afrikin friend I don't think we could afford to swop the best white sojer in the Union for him, and as Ginral Maclellin would onquestenably resine of Sambo was put in uniform, I predicate we hed better let our ebony feller creturs shell corn, and our white brethren with har on their heads shell the rebels. The *Sunday Merkary* I bleve is slitely inklined to carry Afriky inter the war, and so far as sholderin "de shovel and de ho" to dig ditches and raze airthwurks is consarned, I go in for it too; but when it cums to sholderin the musket, thars no culler of resin for it, when we've got six hunderd thousand white fokes in the feeld. Prehaps the best thing we ken do with our Ethiopian cussin is to wurk him and pay him doorin the war, and send him whar he ken keep hisself too hisself afterwards. Sum years ago we was goin to buy the Sandwitch Ilands. Why wouldn't that be a fust rate locashin for "persons held to serve us," as the Constitooshin hes it? Arter bein treated all their lives as Sons of Ham, they would in coarse be glad to be colonized among the Sandwitches.

Good tidins is looked for frum the Mussysippy purty recently. The gunboat squadrun is now reddy, and ef the flowtiller doosent git inter a tight place, or run agen a snag, the Father of Waters will sun be ourn from St. Louis to whar it debauches inter the sea. The advantidge of this moovment must be a parent to all, for at present we oney hold the river to Cairo, heving so far found it onpossabul to get a step father.

Orders hes ben isssod, I onderstand, to raise the rebel blockhead on the lower Potomac, and Bragadear Ginral Sickles is sed to be on the *Key veve* for a brush with the disunionists in that rejin. He's a fine man is Ginral Sickles, and ef he's as mutch beloved by his sojers now as he was when on Staten Iland, thar isent wun of em as wouldent cherfully foller him to his deth.

Abe and his lady is both in salubrus helth, and feel confident that the North and South will shortly lay down together as the lion and the lamb did in Pairodice, afore the lamb was awar that the lion had a hankerin arter mutton. The venabul Head of the Nashin hes been a good deal intersted in the Bible kwotashins lately published in the noosepapers. He was naterally indignant to find em bogus, and that he had sairtched the skripters in vain. But it warnt altogether in vain nuther, for he informt me he hed drived great consolashin from the Book of Sams, and speshily from Sam Forty, verse seven. On turnin to the passidge I found these sole refreshin words "MANASSES IS MINE," witch I hope

it will proove so. I subjested howsever that ef we kommence firing texts at the Sutherners they mought giv us as good as we sent ef not more so. Frinstance ses I, run your eyes over Isayer, and in wun of the chapters youll diskiver the follerin sentence "*I will say to the North giv up.*" He peered to be rather tuck aback by the langwedge of the profit; so I told him by way of a flyer that accordin to Doctor Cheever, it meant as the North should giv up to the abelishinists.

The yung grandsuns of the late Loose Fillup seems to enjoy tharselves here, drinkin thar bumpers of shampain and shatter margo, and actin as *aids* to the ginral-in-chief. No dout they'll do thar dooty when it cums to hard nocks, and realize the hopes of thar galliant uncle the Dook of A Maul. The Prince of Sam Sam, late of Prooshia, is also figgering around considabul, and thars several Hungry counts as wants to be counted in when the time cums for pitchin inter the secesh humsteds. Sum on em I suspeck warnt of much a count whar they formally belonged. But war brings all sorts of furrin ware to the surfiz. I met a German in a major's uniform in Willard's *Sally Manger* yesterday, as I seen standin opposit Saint Paul's church in New York not more'n two months ago, with a basket full of young puddle dorgs for sale.

As was to be andizzypated, John Bull was tuck with a verteego it seems when he heered of Slydell and Mason's captor, but I reckin arter tossen his horns a spell he'll dror em in. Nobody here is skared a mite about the maggot he's got inter his head. Let him take keer we don't hawl him over the coals for aiden and cumfurten the vile incinderary, Pegram and his feller pirits.

Trustin that a collushin with the enemee will come off afore the contractors hev sacked all the Guvernments reddy rino, I remane with grate devoshin to the *Sunday Merkary*, the President, and the Nayshinal Egul,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXII.

[We place the firmest reliance on our correspondent's confident prediction that peace will be preserved. His opportunities

ır ascertaining the intentions of the President on all important oints are of a kind not enjoyed by any other writer for the ress in Washington. There is no danger of a collision with ingland at the present crisis. But, as the "Disbanded" hints, *time may come!*—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, December 20, 1861.

Iddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

So the British lion's tail's a waggin, and the wun horned ıblus animal as doos the Circus pony bizness on the uther side f the English diedam has assumed a buttin attitood and the ıunkey of the hull Rile menadjery is considabully up. The allybrated American War Fowl, as makes his nest in the thun-er cloud, and roosts on a streek of litenin, and looks the blazin un right in the eye, is also eggsighted—sum. But Ile bet a gold eace to a Bellona sossidge, thar wont be no war. I spose all he Wall street fineseers and stock-jobbers is brakin out in oose pemples at the thort of it. Tell the misabul moneymaniacs o cam thar felines and not let the threts of the British press to ive us rats wurry em enny.

Evrybody sposed that snakin the rebel plenipenitentiaries rom onder the British flag would caws an angry crow from vry cockney Chapman. When the Trent reached the Thames a coarse thar was an orful moovin of the waters. But tho John Bull's choler was up, his best stock went down, witch shows hat altho a stiff-necked animal, the idee of a fight with the Yan-:ees gin him a pain in his pocket. Thar'll be an allmity big ork, but no shindy. Weve no time to tend to outside bizness ill the Cotton States is flaxed out, and John, arter considerin he barings of the hull matter over his pipe and his pewter, will ind out that the game aint worth the taller, and be in no hurry o pitch inter his best customer without resin. I calkilate thar-ore that arter an all-thunderin waste of paper and red tape, it vill all eend in asshoorances of the most distingwished consid-rashin.

The thing hes got to be argufied, ennyhow. I like Wilkses ;rit, but ef that son of Neptin went further than he'daughter, he missdeed must be disclamed and Brittania mollyfied. Loose Napollyon proposes, they say, to act as abittraitor, and as he vunst was a London perleeceman he aughter know how to keep he peace. Sum thinks he'd be glad to jine England, ef she's nklined for a crewsaid agen us, to give emplyment to his sir-lush navy and divert the publick mind from hum affairs. Its

my opinyun as the nevvy of his unkil *is* raythor in a bad fix; but with an empty treshury I dont see how he ken help England or even hisself, onless he goes to his unkil at the *Mount de Piety* and puts his regaly up the spout to raise the wind.

But ennyways its our place to calkilate all the chances and keep cool. In the present crysis, brutherly felines and consilly-tory purceedins tords furrin powers is our dooty as devoted Christians. When weve roped in the South we kin tend to the Europyens (darn em!), but not afore. "Peace on airth and Good Will to Men," should be the nayshinal watchwurd ontil arter Jeff Davis, Floyd, Pickens and cumpany, is hung.

Bennett I notis is dooin his darndest to help his Suthren frends, by urgin the North to get up a war with England. The seeceshers here say he's the trooest frend they hev on the foot-stool, and that altho the Suthern pus is raythor low, he hes oney to speak ef he wants more of the yaller stuff outer their corrup-shin fund. They're not without gratitood—these rebels. I hope no harm will ever happen to Bennett; but if thar doosent, its a pruff that the "wages of sin" hes ben considabully redooced sense the New Testament was issood.

I hed a long confab with Honest Old Abe yestday arter he receved the dispatches by the steamer. His spirts was as good as wheat, and he got off several cannondrums of the loudest kind. He was about hafe way throo with a speshil messidge to Congress and he axed me why it warn't like the Bible. I caved in without a neffort, and he sed with an engagin smile, that it disresembled the Bible bekase it warn't *wholly writ*.

Then he worked away on his onfinished messidge for a wile; but held up suddently, as ef sumthin hed occurd to him, and inkwired ef I knew why his pen was like his cabbynet.

"I reckin," ses I, "it's bekase it's fust rate and goes along smooth and easy."

"No, my slo frend," he replide sharply, "the resin is thars an onwriteous big *split* in it."

"But," ses I, "obnockshus Cabbynet advisers isent like pens."

"Why not?" ses he.

"Bekase," ses I, with a confidenshal wink, "they hev never ben considerd *stationery*."

The blessed old man larfed all over. It doosent take much to tickel him.

When he hed cumposed hisself, I axed him wot sort of an anser was goin out to the British guverment to-day, remarkin that ef it was onderstood the Canarder hed carrid out an onta-

vorable reply thar'd likely be some lame ducks in Wall street afore long.

He promply rejined that thar was nuthin in the dispatches per Afriky to warrant enny black forebodins.

"Is the blasted plenipenitentiaries to be gin up?" ses I (I couldent help it).

"We shall purtest agin it ef we do it!" he responded.

"So will the nashin, Ime afeard," ses I.

"Mebbe so," he exclamed, thortfully; "but it's all for the best."

"Couldent we keep *wun* of the hang-dog raskils?" ses I, feroshusly; for I felt real wurmy at the idee of thar squirmin outer our hands. "Couldent we giv em Mason and keep that slippery son of a soap-biler, Slydell, who's as full of lies as wun of his father's vats?"

"Ah!" ansered the venabul statesman, "I know wot your felines is, old boy, and mine's jest as wulfy. But we kant afford lucksirees at present. We must finish one shindy afore we pitch inter anuther."

He was right, Eddyturs, he was right; but rath will keep ef its bottled up keerfully for futur use; and in the meantime we kin let the South hev a few vials of it, hot and hevvy.

All the bar-rum pollytishins here is torkin turkey about seesin Canady, and smashin things genally, in the *Herald* stile; but thar'll be no war, and that ile gambol on.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXIII.

The fire and vigor which usually characterize the letters of the spunky Old Soldier are not as conspicuous as usual in the following communication. It seems as if the concessions made, or to be made, by our Government to John Bull, on account of the Trent affair, and the do-nothing policy of the military authorities at Washington, had produced a depressing effect on the spirits of the brave old man. We *fear* that the Grand Army of the Potomac is destined to inglorious inaction for the next three months—though we *hope* otherwise. No wonder that our vet-

eran friend chafes at the idea of *hybernating* within a few hours' march of an enemy inferior in numbers, poorly clothed, and by no means a match for the Federal cohorts either in artillery-practice or in close encounter. He cannot understand it—neither can we—neither can the People.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1861.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Poplar fury sun rises to a grate hight in this kentry, but altho we git up a tree allmity rapid (as is the case ginally with peeple in ardent climes), yet our eggsightment kwickly sobsides, and then we air willin to consider the subjeck cooly in all its branches. Setch has ben the case in the Sam Jasinto and Trent dissentshun. At fust our Ebbynesir was up, and even I went it on the loud for an emute with England. Naterally enuff in the fust instants, we thort John Bull wanted to take advantidge of our differculties, and we called him a mean cuss; but as sun's we sor he manyfisted a dispersishin to disgust the matter in an amacobble sperit, our guverment sed at wunst with the utmost libralty and afability—"Spit it out, Old Buffer, and ef youve been ronged in a matter of ettiketty, we'll make it all right, right away." John, who isent a bad feller, considerin he's a furriner and doosent speak English as good as we do, was mitily sweetened up by this mark of candysenshin, and replide, "Hi hassent —Hime satisfied." So the rumpuss may be lucked on as over, and all dannger of a bluddy catastrophy at an eend.

Seward, they do say, hes played his keards all-thunderin crafty in this bizness. He represented to the British ambassydor that nuthin would please Loose Napollyon better'n to see England and the United States pitchin inter wun anuther, hopin, in coarse, that Brittannia, in the eend, would ketch a tartar. As Lyons hates the Empror wus than pisin, this vew of the case gin a soft and silky turn to the negoshiashins, and the way they handeld the kwestin was so all-flatterin smooth and plesent that noboddy could a sposed thar was enny sharp claws onderneath the velvet.

Ginral Scott's letter, too, dun a heep of good, and his return from Payris with a sekrit messidge to our Guverment from L. N. was jest in the nick of time to prevent an internayshinal mill, or, as a Cockney sed to me at Willard's to-day, it was "singlarly hoppertune."

The sojers at Arlinton Hights feested high on Christmas Day. Ime afeard thar isent poltery enuff left for seed in that neybrood,

Gobblers was cornfisticated, ducks was abduckted, fouls was onfairly dealt with, and I calkilate from wot I heerd of the explites of our brave defenders among that speeshy of birds as wunst saved the Capital, that most on em is sound on the goose.

Every entrenchment was a Fort Pickings, and when it cum to an attact on the wings and brestworks evry ridgement dun its dooty.

Wile the rank and file was eggsirsizin thar teeth on the fetherd creashin without distinckshin of age or sect, the offsirs was bankwetting at thar kwarters, and by all ackounts they dident do things by haves. They sellybrated the jovil ockashin with *few de joys* of shampain and wished wun anuther menny happy returns, tell thar skins was as full of hidesick as Low's balloon is of hydrygin when he goes on a lark inter the clouds. Not as enny on em got tite and went in for a bust. They kept tharselves right side up with keer; and ef the fo hed cum they would hev found em *cummy fo.* In coarse the gals they left behint em was drunk with the biggest kinder "hips!" and nuthin was wantin but the actil presents of the safter sect to make it as jolly a nannyversery as ever cum off anywars. All that eucherd the galliant yung offsirs was they hed to go it alone.

Sum of the tosts (both reglar and volunteer) desplayed considabul gumpshin. A list of uppards of fifty hes ben kindly furnisht me by the orthurs, from witch I hev cut the follerin. The spellin is theirn, not mine, so Ime not responsibul for errors.

By an officer of the Sixty-ninth—Our *Sell-tick* friends—the Sutlers.

By a Zouave Captain—The Pet Lambs—so called becaus they always lam their enemies.

By a Lieutenant of the Seventy-ninth—The Kilt. (Owing to a slight misapprehension of this toast, it was drunk by the officers of the Sixty-ninth standing and in silence.)

By a Boston artillery officer—Federal shells—wherever they burst in the land of slaves may the *yoke* be broken.

By a romantic aid de camp—Soon may the winter of our discontent be cheered by a glorious *march.*

By a Major in the Rifles—May we soon have something better to shoot at than Folly as it flies.

By a cavalry Colonel—Heaven send us manlier work than killing Time.

The rest is purty much in the same vane—most on em bein clamrush for a forrard moovement. The hull army hates the idee of layin asleep all winter like a doormouse. They air

wulfy ankshus to make the enemee's fur fly, and kant see the objeck of setch a long paws.

Hopin they will be allowed fitin enuff to keep thar blud in sirkelashin and thar weepins from bein eaten with rust, I remain, with grate contempt for sartain slow coaches that shell be nameless,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXIV.

[When the old fellow plants himself, rolls up his shirt-sleeves, and "goes in" for a rough-and-tumble assault on corruption in its strongholds, it is worth while to stand by and look on. We call attention to the body-blows he pours into official thievery and all its pets and myrmidons. No carpet-knight is he, when Wrong is to be challenged, denounced, and assailed. Brave old boy! we like your spunk, and say Amen! to your righteous maledictions.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Sartainly we Americans air Jobs, every man of uz. Sum few may chafe and feel sore at the idee of never cumming to the scratch with the enemee, while the kentry is goin to the devil, but the Nayshin in ginral bares it all with a payshint smild. A millyun of dollars is payed out daily, and wots to show for it? Wunst a week or so, thars a skrimmidge sumwhars, and mebbe twenty or thirty rebels killed and wownded and mebbee not. Evry secesher we rub out costs the North about a hunderd thousand dollars, and prisners of war, at the lowest figger, fifty thousand dolors a peace. Ef you no of enny mathermatishin as ken calkilate the cost of flaxin the South, accordin to that skale of prices, I wisht you to hev it dun, bekase I think a skwint at the sum totil mought wake up the American peeple, and show em the pressopeace tords witch thar drivin.

An aiveridge dividend of not more'n thirty ded rebels a week, on a weekly dispersement of millyuns of dolors, peers at the first glanst raythor a slim return. But I hope noboddy wurries about it, bekase purty sun the tacks-getherers will be along and then we shall pay all our dets down on the nail, and ef we chuse to give the hyest price for milentary lucksirees, whose bizness is

it? Hevent we all ben makin our piles for the last kwarter of a sentry, and aint we eenamost tired of seein em grow and mountin gard over em? Isent thar gold enuff in Californy and Oregon and cetery to remunnyrate the brave defenders of our kentry and satisfy the multitood of all fired theeves that naterally belongs to a grate milentary establishment? Can t we dig it up and fork it over jest as eesy as shuvelling peach-blows outer a tater-patch? So ef we want to play at war on the protracted meetin prencepul, wots to hender us?

The last parrygraft is intended sourcastically. Sourcasm, they say, is a powerful weepin, and ef I ken use it so as to gode my kentrymen outer thar leathargy, and indooce them to lift up thar vices and make tharselves heerd by the slow-comotives and doo-nuthins at Washington, I shant waste my stashinery in vain. Cheatin and robbery of a nater as would dror tears of indignashin from the eyes of State Prison convicks, flurishes in evry department of the public sarvis, from sutlers up to seckatries, and thar's no chanst of the conflicks bein brort to a close while it continnees.

As long as the War Goose lays goldin eggs in the nest of corrupshin, thar'll be plenty of cacklin, but no concloosiv fightin. Upon the honor of an old sojer, as never tuck the vally of a chaw of tobacker over and abuv his jest doo, I bleve that ef sum twenty of the mercynary hangers on of the guverment could be strung up without mercy on Capitol Hill to-morrer mornin, it would do more to shorten the war than a big victry over the insirgents. And mark wot I say!—it will cum to sumthin of that kind in the eend. Ef the guverment doosent make a vertoo of necessty, the people will. When the skrews is put to evry man's individyal pocket by the federal collectors, let the all-plunderin vagabones of contractors luck to thar necks. The hemp's growd and twisted that'll strangel sum of em yet. Isacur is an ass that stoops atween two burdins. He ken stagger along cherfully onder stagnashin in trade and the fare cost of a war, but ef on top o' that you keep a pilin the devil's own extrees till his back bone begins to crack, up goes his blessed old heels at last, and then bewar of the exassprated animal.

I reckin that outer the three hundred and odd millyuns of dolors eggspended senst last March, a good seventy-five millyuns hes gon in cheatins, shavins, and theevins. The itums will never be known tell the grate day when all ackounts is balanced, and the sheep hes the satisfackshin of seein the billy-goats as butted them on airth sent whar they belong.

I persoom the swindel on hosses alone amounts to considabul over a millyun, and as to the shoddy shave, ef you put it down at the moderat aivridge of five dollars a man for the hull army, thar's three millyuns more. Evrything else hes ben furnisht on the same paytriotick skale of profits, and in the West it is sed a very purty bizness is dun in sellin fewill to the guvernment agents at twenty per cent above its vally, and then stealin it and sellin it to em agen at a small advance on the oridgenal swindel. I hevent heerd of ennyboddys bein hauled over the coals for pursuin this new cut-and-cum-agen sistem of diggin inter the treshury, but I larn on the contrary from a frend in Congress that it is spoken of as a remarkabul speciment of American genus by sum of the guverment offishalls, and that ef the inventor was to apply at the paytent offis he could git the right skewerd to him for all the Nuthern States without the slytest trubble.

Honest Old Abe's hands is clean, but wot ken he do? He pilots the ship of state as well as he nose how, but the pirits is too strong for him. While he stands at the hellum theyre all the while brakin cargo, and onless he hed as many eyes as he hes hars on his skalp, he couldent watch the theeves on the kwarter deck, to say nuthin of the gangs of villins continally swarmin up the sides, and snakin thar way throo the port holes, and swimmin around to grab wotever thar frends on board lets down over the starn and bulwarks, and throo the cabbin winders. Congress, howsever, ken do sumthin, and onless it takes meshers to save the owdashis skoundrils from poplar fury, by providin for thar saift-keepin in jails, why then, as I sed afore, thar'll be a hangin match wun of these days that'll astonish all corrupshin. Ef the peeple wunst takes the job in hand, I dont seem to think as high conneckshins at Washington will save sum of the cheef plundermungers from makin an improvin eend onder the awe-species of a vigilants committee. Ive seen better men jerked inter eternity in Californy, for stealin hosses and setch, and thar bodies pitched inter a trench like ded dogs by the peeple in Committee of the Hole.

It is rummerd around that thars to be an advance of the main army in about two weeks, but I shell never bleve it until I hear the drums beat and the trumpets blow. The ginral opinyun of thortful men is that the *last* trumpet will sound afore thars a forrard moovement.

Hopen for the best but eggspectin nuthin, I remane in disgust,

Yours, allus,

A Disbanded Volunteer.

No. XXXV.

[In the following characteristic letter, our veteran friend and correspondent completely refutes the implied charge of a morning journal, that he was guilty of having invented the conversations purporting to have taken place between the President and himself, which have at several times appeared in his Washington letters, published in this paper. The formal document, establishing the fact that the remarks attributed to the President by "The Disbanded" *are as authentic as anything of the kind that has appeared in any of the leading presses of the country*, sets the question entirely at rest.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, January 24, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

A sartain small beer Washington curryspondent as delites in brewin mischeef, fizzles out the follerin in yestday's New York *Times*. He ses Mr. Lincoln remarkt to a frend "that his privit conversashins" was not for noosepapers," and likewise that "nuthin from him was wuth repeatin onless it hed 'Abraham Lincoln' sined to the bottom."

In coarse this spurt of bitterness is intended as a slop at me. It is fablus and liebellious—wun of the numerus shoddy statements witch the "relieable gentlemen" as wurks by the yard for the daylie press is continally manoofactoring outer hole cloth.

The fact is that the ornary noosepaper curryspondints here is jellus of the eggsalted opinyun entertained of me by the Eggseggative. My standin at the seat of guverment is higher'n theirn. Mr. Lincoln never axes enny of that class of suckers to a teat-a-teat with him in his privit sanktum. He doosent waste his cannondrums on the critters, for he is well awar that ef wun of his button-busters was fired amung the crowd from the mouth of a ten-inch Parrot, the hit wouldent be appreshiated.

I hev the highest orthority for sayin that my frend Abe never remarkt, or thort, or suspeckted, or hed the idee, or eggspects to hev, that nuthin from him is wuth repeatin onless it hes his name to it. Contrarywise, *he* thinks, *I* think, and thinkin men in ginral thinks, that the offishal dockyments baring his signatoor doosent cumpair with sum of his wittyschisms published in the SUNDAY MERKARY. He doosent desire to disown 'em; and in order that setch envyus and mendashus statements as the abuv from the *Times* Curryspondence may not hev undoo inflewence

on the publick mind, I hev ben faverd with the next offishall triboot to my voracity, for insershin in your collumes!

"DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *ss.*—Know all men by these presents, that the statements of conversations between 'The Disbanded Volunteer' and the present Chief Magistrate of the United States, published from time to time in the New York SUNDAY MERCURY, are entitled to as full credence and belief as any reports of the sayings of the undersigned, grave or gay, wise or otherwise, which have appeared in the New York daily papers and other influential American presses instituted for the diffusion of knowledge among men.

****
* L. S. *
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"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the broad seal of the Republic, this twenty-third day of January, A. D., 1862. A. L."

Thar—a short horse is sun curried, and I reckin the currespondent aforesed will be mity keerful how he pervokes anuther rub from me. Wun wurd more in vindicashin of Mr. Lincoln. The ties subsistin atween us will not permit me to see him dragged afore the publick in a false posishin. A New York jernil ses he deklard last week as he hedent peroozed a noosepaper for a munth. Taint so. He reeds the SUNDAY MERKARY evry week, and the Newport News tellagraffic dispatches evry day. and bein as oncapabul of an ontruth as Metamora the Forrest Child, its not sposable that he made the remark a scribed to him.

The affair at Mill Crick, Kaintucky, hes elevated our sperrits. The tedeum of suspense hes ben sucksceded by the songs of Victry. It will thrill the hull kentry from the Chain Bridge at Washington to the Goldin Gate of Californy! Fourteen hunderd mules tuck, arter an obstnit resistance! What will Manasses say to that? Ken the rebels continny the war for meany long 'ears at that rate? I predicate not. And the flyin fo couldent wait for the waggins. We've got em all it seems. As to thar artillry forces, our men smasht em and skewerd all thar heviest pieces.

Ginral Thomases name is on evry lip here, and Ginral Schoopf's would be ef enny boddy could pernounce it. The oney way to do it is to say Shope, and then put your upper teeth over your onder lip, and giv setch a puff as the old wumman did when she tried to blow the candle out. Wal, it desarves a puff at the eend, ennyhow.

The fust ackounts of the fight, bein exofishy (like O. C. Kerr's from the Mackarel Brigade), was not bleved by a single sole, but evry shadder of dout was soon dizzypated by dispatches from hed-kwarters. The fact that our Ginral Fry hes settled Zollycuffer's hash, creates more feline amung the aristocratick

rebel sympathisers here than the suckumstance of three hunderd of the rank and file bein made mincemeat of. Seecesshin hes hed a lofty fall, and no mistake. A few more setch Somersets, and its back-bone'll snap.

I onderstand that Mrs. Greenhow and Mrs. Baxley, the two captive dullsinners as feels setch a deep intrest in Jeff Davis and the uther Suthern Nights of the Rueful Countenance, hes worn crape on the left arm sents the noose of the Union victry arrove. Ef they mount a fresh strip evry time Unkel Sam's right arm strikes from the sholder; I gess they'll be purty nigh smuthered in weeds afore six weeks is over.

Hopin thar'll be anuther batch of glorious intelligents by post and wire afore this reaches you by post and rail, I remane, triumfantly, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXVI.

[The following letter seems to have been written in a somewhat gloomy frame of mind, and we don't wonder at it. The proceedings at Washington are not of a character to elevate the spirits of an honest patriot, like our correspondent. God help the country if its sole reliance was upon the wisdom and honesty of some of its executive officers and representatives.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, January 31, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Peers to me ef this war continnees long enuff, Floyd and Toucey may loose thar repitashin as A number 1 theeves and skoundrils. Thars fellers here as is hard onto the heels of them hullsail depredators, and onless sum of em is brort up with the hangman's lasso purty sun, I dont no but theyll be chorks a head afore the Union's saved. Menny thinks as the Navy Department wants swobbing out. Sendin honest patryits to see in setch traps for the onwary as the transports as was nocked to peaces, or rayther as fell to peaces, on the cost of North Caroliny, and furnishin of em with water in Kerosene oil casks, is a combinashin of enterprise and wilful murder, as wouldn't be past over in silence by Nayshins in ginral. Mebbe its the folt of my Californy edicashin; but it doos seem to me that whar orful sufferin and loss of life cums of theeving, a

little hangin would be an improovin spocktickle. When I was prospectin at the mines, I used to think that Lynch Law was uncivilized and perumptory, but senst Ive mingled in sosity at Washington Ive cum to vew it in a milder light.

The buty of the raskality that prevales onder our enlitened guverment is that the sponsability rests nowhars. The swindlin in the War Department hes ben of a natur and extent to make a saint blastfeem, but the Seckatry cums outer the sink of inickity with outer a stain on his offlshall garments. He hed nuthin to do with the contracks. It was the heads of the burrows. And the heads of the burrows puts it onto the guverment agents, and *they* put it onto the devil, I spose. Then the Navy Department begins to smell fishy, but the late Postmaster and small politishin of Hartford, as navigates the consarn, doosent ketch the flavor of it even when Congress stirs up the corrupshin onder his nose.

As to Congress, it seems to be takin a cumfortable snooze rite on the edge of a fienanshil volcany. Guverment credit is goin to Tofit both to hum and abrod, and the tax bill witch is the oncy pennysea for the evil, hangs by the ilids in a doo-nuthin committy. O! its enuff to make enny troo American swar in church, to think how this great and glorus kentry is bully-ragged and molltreated and kwack-doctered, in her hour of differkulty. It doos seem as ef the breed of our great men and troo patryits had gin out with the Clays and Websters, and that oney rubbish remaned behind. The idee of puttin a stomp dooty on noosepapers shows what sort of critters hes been sent to Congress from sartain deestricks. Howsever I dont bleve the House hes arrove at setch a pitch of loonacy as to pitch hed foremost inter the press. Ef it should I reckin the Sennit would hev the gumpshin to put a stopper on the meshur, and failin that surely Old Abe would stomp his foot down on setch an act of wus than furrin desputism.

But I ken tell you, Eddyturs, thars a gang of onscroopalus raskils here, as is wurkin day and nite to git a claws inter the ginral tax bill that'll kill the kentry press. The heads of the moovement is the emiseries of a sartain New York press whoos artickles recommendin the confisticashion of English property hes ruined our credit in England and indooced the holders of our skewrities thar to sell out as fast as they ken. This consarn eggspects to make $200,000 a year by a stomp dooty ef it ken be put throo, and more'n a duzzin agints is lobbyin like devils ingarnet to effeck that objeck.

The President is in a cherful frame of mind, but Ime sorry to say hees gettin to be raythor obstnit. The old man and the Sennit doosent goinside in thar vews. Frinstance they censhur his partickler frend and former pardner Mr. Layman, the marshil of the Deestrick, and the Eggsegative by way of hittin back, makes him master of the serimonies at the White House, when the Sennyturs call to pay thar respecks. Sum ses this is acten with dignifide firmness, but uthers as hev no axes to grind, give it a diffrent name witch my intimit relashins with the President up to the presont time, forbids me to put in black and white. Possably he may giv me the cold sholder for makin these remarks—but publick interests afore privit frendship.

I notis by the late noose from Dixie that the buty and fashion of seeceshy is invited to contriboot the old woolins of thar wardrubs, to make cattridges to shoot the northin mudsills. Flannel pettycotes and Balmorall skearts thankfully receved at the rebel war offiz, witch bein in a pawper condishin cant afford to buy the stuff to rap its ammynishin in. This fack takin in conneckshin with the sad intelligence that the childrin of the F. F. V.'s is runnin about the streets of Richmound bar-foot, and that the toes of the highest sirkels is, as a ginral thing, throo thar boots and gayters, must be very gallin to the natral aristocrazy of the land. Ime afeard ef the war lasts a year longer, thar'll skarse be duds enuff for decency among the shiverally and thar wives and darters. When it comes to takin the wimmins pettycotes for gun waddin, thars no sayin what shifts the army may be put too, or what artickle of female onderclothin may be next reckwired.

Every boddy here is on the look out for startlin bulletens from sum of the numerus seats of war, but whether they'll cum or not is another kwestin. Thars ben so menny disappintments that it isent wuth wile to flap wuns wings in advance. Ankshus to crow and waitin impayshently for a chanst, I remain, raythor onder the wether Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXVII.

[Bitter as myrrh, and twice as wholesome, is the letter from the "Disbanded" which we lay before our readers to-day. Not

content with touching corruption with caustic, he rubs it in. If the process hurts, so much the better.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, February 7, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

In the present condishin of the "sakrid sile" it would be onpossabul for the grand army of the Potomac (altho composed of patryits as would stick at nuthin in thar kentry's caws) to take the field at enny pint without bein immediently stuck. It would be eesier, in fack, for a collume of young mush-rats to make railroad time throo sugar-house merlasses, than for our troops to accomplash a forrard moovement in the eggsistin state of these mushy diggins. Doorin the past week Ive ben acrost the river takin soundins in the butiful shampain kentry around Alexandry, and I ken oney say, that ef the peeple was hafe as yieldin as the sile the contest atween Sam and Secesh would be a saft match and sun eended. Merryland, now, bein of a sandy nater, issent near as deep in the mud as the Old Dominyun is in the mire. Frinstance in Prence George I found a solid bottom eighteen inches down, while in Ann Arundel, on the opposite side of the river, I could barly reach it with a four foot pole. It seems therefore, as a Clay State, like Virginny, offers more obstruckshins to an attact on the rebels than rejins with more grit and less tenassty. Its my blefe that ef that slushy miry commonwelth was sot up eendways in the sun to dreen, from now ontil the fust of April, you'd find jest as menny leeches and suckers inter it as at present. I calkilate, howsever, the rodes wont be more'n ankel deep in May. Ef thats the case and thars enuff left alive of Camerun's teams and chargers to snake the guns along and mount a few dragons, I shouldent be mutch disappinted ef a Quickshotish eggspedishin was to start sekritly for sum place onknown to enny boddy but the guverment and the enemee. Guvner Letcher, when on a drunk in Richmound tuther day, is sed to have bosted that he got informashin of all our milentary plans weeks in advance of the New York papers, and I predicate wot he sed was the naked truth onembellisht by *delirum trimmings*.

A sartain porshun of the Union men here—I meen the horse-flesh hounds, shoddy swindlers, beef banditty, riful raskils, provishin pirits, blankit belzebubs and the gallus birds of that fether—thinks June would be full airly for the army to perpair for a march. Washington dident leave Volley Forge tell June, they say. Wall he dident; but then he hed ony leven thousand

half starved, barfoot sogers (warn't they clar grit tho?), to fight Clinton und Niphosen with twenty thousand vetrans as hed ben fattenin like turkey gobblers in a pen, at Philadelfy all winter and spring, expectin what the French call a grand *coo domain* in the airly summer. Taint so with our Potomac army. The starvashin and the bar feet is all on tuther side, and we outcount the traitors more'n three to two. Besides Washington could afford to wait for the waggin, seein as Gates hed flaxt out Burgoyne and tuck six thousand prisners the prevus fall. *We* haint performt no setch eggsplites, hev we? I gess wen the Father of his Kentry was wanted, he was allus thar. Dident he cross the Delawar Crissmass night, 1775, and lick the Heshins, at Trenton, and then turn round and smash the British at Princeton two days arter New Years? I dont want to swar, but I wisht I may never live to see Floyd hanged—and thats an orful wish for a troo patryit—ef I dont mount the nex guverment contractor as venturs to cumpar the sojerin on the Potomac with the conduck of the old war onder Ginral Washington, in my hearin.

Report ses as the poor sojers placed *horse de combat* (as the Parishiners hes it) in the horspittle at Alexandry is onmarsfully treted. It is sed thar vitals is bad and not enuff to fill thar bellies, and that they air kept in dirty onventilated rums, with no proper medakill keer, nor medasin, nor nussin. It is onderstood that the ded boddies of the deceased, and in coarse they air numerus onder setch a sistem of die it and regiment, is pitcht promiscuss inter pits, ennywars whar the grounds eesy to dig and shuvels is handy; and when fathers and muthers, and wives and sisters, cum to ax for the remains of the dear wuns as they gin up with sore harts to thar kentry's sarvice, noboddy nose whar the boddies air, and the oney privelege they hev is to open the pits and take thar chice. Congress has tuck up the matter it seems, and ef the tale's troo, as Ime purty shoor it is, I oney wisht thar was a San Fransisky Vigilent Committy here, to tuck up the gilty parties.

I hop you hev got a copy of the report of the Van Wyck Committy on the stealins of the Guverment agents. It forms a page of criminil history that doosent cumpar favorably with the Newgate calender. When the Recordin Angil transkribes the dockyment, I persoom he'll put sum of the names in big capitals, and when the individyals distingwished in this way gets on "tuther side of Jordan," its not onprobabul as they'll find out *why he dun it.*

The furrin dispatches to the Guverment by the last 'rival was all right I larn. A report was currant yestday that Lord Pamerstun hed rit to Mr. Seward that he should be mutch pleased ef we wouldent leave wun 'stun upon anuther in Charlestun. It seems, howsever, that on luckin at the dispatch a seckind time it was notist as the wurd "*harbor*" follered the wurd "*Charlestun*," witch makes a slite diffrence in the meanin. Setch mistakes is onvoidable. They occur evry day in the hurry of bizness.

Ginral Lane's "separit command" still hangs by the ilids. Opinyuns differs as to the nater of the powers conferd onter him, but it is unannymously agreed that Ginral Hunter hes made an everlastin Jewdy of hisself. Ef he is raaly ankshus to sarve his kentry (and I spose he is), he hed better resine his commishin. The actil reason why Ginral Lane is forbidden to go it alone, peers to be an idee that he mought hurt the rebels.

Yestday was a Bright day in the Sennit. Evry honest Union man in the land will rejice that the Indiana traitor has got his desarts. I hope Villaindigham wont be long arter him.

You'll probly hev noose from Burnside and from Grant afore this goes inter type. Trustin itul be of a nater to raise the sperits of the peeple and lower the discount on Treshury notes, I remain, on the ankshus bench,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXVIII.

[The glorious news from the South and West seems to have acted like a dose of nitrous oxide on the old militaire. He writes in high spirits, and if there are any extravagances in his letter that seem unbecoming the gravity of age, our readers—who are all in ecstasies over the Union victories of the past ten days—will not be disposed to censure them.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, February 14, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The patryotic hellabloo in this city is tremenjus. We air all in the Seventh Heaven, and the salvashin of the Union is konsidered sartain. The oldest inhabitant, a venabul Aunty Diluvian as knew Joyce Heth in her infancy, ses he never seen setch

rejiceins. Not a seesesher is to be found anywhars to-day. I dont bleve Diagnosis with his lantern could diskiver a symtum of wun. They hev suddenly changed thar colors like the cornelian. The feat of Burnside is in all mouths, and the fact that Foote is in the enemy's rear asshoors us that rebellyun will soon be kicked out of Tennessee and Kaintucky.

The tall and talented Abe goes setch lenths in his hilarity that he seems like a high old boy beside hisself. From the time the late bulletens of victry began to drap in, he hes gon outer wun cannondrum fit inter anuther, without enny let up or intermishin, throwin menny of his best frends inter convulshins. Nun of the Cabbynet ken resist his joaks but Stanton, whoos mind is too strong and cam to be disturbed by ennyboddy's humor. As to Welles, ef the President oney casts his farseeshus eye onto him, and makes a correspondin jester, his sides begins to shake and kwiver, like a Morgan hulk in a topsail breeze.

In coarse the vivashus readers of the SUNDAY MERKARY will hev no objeckshin to jine in the eggsploshin of larfter witch agitates the Deestrick whenever the Momus of the White House fires off his 11-inch rib-ticklers. Wall, onderneath I send you a small assortment, thrown right and left within the last forty-eight hours, sum of witch is onderstood to hev creatid ginral devastashin among buttons, suspenders, ladies cursit laces and cetery, in this city and subbubs. To releeve the publick mind from narvous anksiety, and prevent the public from stayin awake nights gessin at the truth, I send the offishal auser to each, so that the greenest gander may see throo em; and ef I am not mistaken they will be red by evryboddy with considabul goostoe. I forrard em as I am told they was tuck down from the distingwished orther's lips by two littery slebrities who air about to publish a lively vollum, onder the titul of "The Rail-Splitter's Railleries, or Wedges of Wit from the White House at Washington." These gentlemen take it ride and tie, as the sayin is, wun or tuther of em bein constantly in attendance, so that nuthin sourcastic as falls from the American Juvenile may be lost to posteriority. I larn as the satyrs they hev already collected takes the shine out of Wood's Minstrels. The book will be excloosively dedicated to Jock Hilarity, and sooperior as a humorous *more so* to Joe Miller. But I beg pardin for detainin you from the cannondrums and cetery. Here they be as they was gin to me, with the kinder demonstrashins adapted to each.

What is the difference between a park of artillery and the crust of a custard pudding?

One batters in the walls, the other walls in the batter. (*Piano* snigger.)

Why is Stanton like the youthful David?

Because he has slung a Stone to the right spot, and struck terror into the Philistines. (Laughter *fortissimo* accompanied by clapping of hands.)

What cannon have the most magical effect on the enemy?

Weird Guns. (A *pianissimo* smirk.)

What are the title and arms of the Suthern Barron at present in Mudsill custody in Boston Harbor?

He is Barren of Hope, and his arms can't be seen on account of the *bar sinister*. (An inward smile *à la Leatherstocking*.)

The point opposite Point Comfort.

The point of the bayonet (a moderate grin).

Wise's favorite Latin quotation when referring to himself?

Sic-passim. It is to be feared our troops did *pass him* while *sick* on their way to Elizabeth City. (A slight twinkle of the weather eye.)

What is the most extensive "forward movement" yet reported?

An advance of *one Foote* up the Tennessee River. (He! he! he!)

A contradictory coincidence.

The same telegram that states the Richmond Blues were destroyed at Roanoke, asserts that the rebels have got the blues at Richmond. (Ha! ha!)

Worse than the Roman Corruptionists.

Our "Cataline" Cabal. (Oh! oh!)

Is Grant going on conquering and to conquer *à-la-Napoleon*?"

No; he is only going to conquer A-la-bama. (Ah! bah!)

Why is a U. S. Storeship like a treasury note?

Because it's a Government tender. (O! la!)

What style of ancient minstrelsy does the whiz of a rifle bullet resemble?

Minnie-singing. (Only persons who have read Froissart expected to giggle.)

Why did the rebels fire one side of Elizabeth City?

They wanted to show what *they* could do in the *burn side* way. (Ho! ho! ho!—slow!)

You air to onderstand, eddyturs, as I dident hear the abuv myself, and I wouldent swar to em enny more'n I would to the jottins and pencillins of N. P. W. or enny other man, but ef poplar opinyun is wuth ennything, I ken oney say they air

kwoted as reglar Lincoln callembores by all the Pennselvany Avenoodles. Ef they air sham Abrahams, they air so well calkilated to deceive that the best counterfeit-joke-detector in the univarse might take them for genuine A. L.'s. By the way talkin of cannondrums, here's wun as was sent on from Kaintucky by a sojer who hed three brothers killed at the battle of Somerset.

What dance was utterly forgotten at Mrs. Lincoln's *sorry dansente?*

Answer. The Dance of Death!

Solem, isent it, and too troo. Peers to me the caperin at that ball was eenamost like polkin over new made graves.

My opinyun is that thars goin to be setch an openen up of intreeg and tretchery afore long as'll astonish the nashin. Ginral Stone's case is a mild wun in cumparisun to sum that will be heern tell of in the civil sarvice, onless the truth is choked down.

I keep my eyes skinned and my ears opin, and whenever it is safe to tork right out in meetin, expect full particklers from

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XXXIX.

[Our sanguine correspondent seems to consider the spinal column of the rebellion broken and its strength utterly paralyzed. Perhaps he is right; but we apprehend that the monster will die hard, and do considerable mischief in its final flurry.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, February 21, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The Suthern cornfedracy as was so hungry for a fight a spell ago peers to hev got a bellyfull allreddy. We air puttin em throo the mill purty rapid, I predicate. It is reported here that when Cobb heerd of Fort Donelson bein shelled he acknowledged the corn, while Toombs lucking as grave as a sexton, sed he was prepard to berry the hatchet. Even the fire-eatin South Caroliny Shiverally—menny of hoom is redooced to thar last spur and shirt collar—admits that the prospeck ahed is raythor chillin.

It must, in course, be aperient to evry boddy that the evacua-

shin of Missoori, Kaintucky, and Tennessee, is a foregon conclooshin, and that Eastern Virginny will sun be relieved by a rear and flank moovement. Setch is the beginnin of the end of our intestin differculties!

I bleve the rank and file of the rebel army would gladly file outer thar own ranks inter ourn. By resortin to arms they hev reaped nuthin but shame and ruin, and now it is sed they want to stack em and quit the field. Solomon ses that in his day you couldent nock the foolishness outer a fool with a mortar; but prehaps the mortars in Jerooslum warnt thirteen inchers and dident carry two hunderd pound balls.

It is whisperd around in pollytickle sirkils to-day, that the President is goin to issoo a proclamashin grantin a ginral amnasty to all the sporters of the rebel dienasty, as chooses to wash thar hands of that dirty consarn and begin the world anoo with a clean record. The manyfesto is intended for the multitood, not for the ring leaders as rung em in.

The guvernment doosent intend to be niggerdly in its mercy to enny but the nigger-drivin aristocrazy as sot the ball of Rebellion in moshin. With all the rest it is willin to smoke the calamus.

To-morrow bein the Berth-day of the Father of his Kentry, the hull city is to be striped and starred. The troops is to hev extree rashins. A nayshinal saloot is ordered at the Navy Yard and it is calkilated that not less'n a thousand speciments of the Star Spangled will kiss the breeze. Watts-his-name, the gardiner at the White House—him as prigged pairt of the President's messidge for the New York Herald—is getherin fresh laurels to-day, to twine round the trofiz resently sent from Roanoke Iland. At night thar will be an illoominashin on a skale worthy of the capital of an enlightened kentry, and ef enny disloyalist should decline to light up on ackount of thinken the game not worth the candle, he will be likely to git his winders smasht for his panes.

About the time we air listenin to Washington's Farewell Address, onder the folds of the federal flag here, Jeff Davis will be deliverin his interductory *cunard* onder the rebel rag at Richmound. Wot will the God-forsakin critter hev to say for hisself, I wunder? I persoom his speech will be a jewel of the fust water—a perfeck *bougie* as the French eggspress it. As he is reported to be the cheef eddytur and wire-puller of the Richmound Inkwirer, I dessay the following parrygraft witch I sisserd from Monday's edishin of that interestin and relieabul prent,

givs a purty good ginral idee of the stile and substance of his inaugerole:

"SPLENDID VICTORY AT FORT DONELSON.

"This splendid feat of arms and glorious victory to our cause will send a thrill of joy over the whole Confederacy! It comes at the right place and at the right time! All honor to the brave officers and soldiers who have shed such lustre upon our arms, and added such prestige to our flag! We shall delight to publish the full details when they shall reach us. What further we are to expect on the same ground we know not. * * *

"We trust that the stand so brilliantly commenced we shall be able to make permanent, and to roll back the tide of invasion."

Possably Floyd, the cannon-cribbin coward, and Ginral Giddyun Whitefether Pillow, may reach the traitor capital by tomorrow with the "full details". Ef so they will sartainly arrive at the "right place and at the right time", and ef the noose doosent send a "thrill over the hull cornfedracy", thars no thrill to it.

The rebel simperthisers here is in despare, with the eggsepshin of Mrs. Greenhow, who bares evrything like a man. Menny of the leadin seecesh funkshinaries is in an offal funk. Stephens, the rebel vice, feels very bad. Wise, it is sed, hes becum a nidiot, and fancies the goste of John Brown is continally glidin arter him with a slip-not in its skellinton hands. Twiggs is ankshus to put out. Gustarvus Smith would be willin to sweep the streets of New York gratis to escape the besom of destruckshin. Letcher weeps over his red-eye. Benjamin thinks he hes made a mess of it. The Guvner of Georgy allows he is dun Brown; and Jeff would no dout be off in a jeffy ef the feeld was clar, and he hed a good chanst to run. Indeed, all the head rebels sees wot is hangin over em, and would be very glad to stand from under ef they could.

Trustin that they hev purty near reached the eend of thar tether, and will soon be in a tight place, I remain, hopefully,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XL.

[Particular attention is invited to the following graphic sketch of Jeff Davis's inauguration. It is really a fine piece of "word-painting", and worthy of implicit credence.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, February 28, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

In compliance with your rekwest, onder date of February 18, I sent an accomplisht and relieabul spy to Richmound to make keerful manyrandoms of Jeff Davises inaugurashin. He hes jest returnt, and represents the speckticle as moanful in the extreem. Menny sobbed aloud. The President tuck the oath as ef it hed ben a doste of ruebub or salts and sinner. The hull affair, the spy ses, reminded him of an eegsecushin he wunst seen on Gibbet Iland in New York Bay, of a pirit by the name of Hix. The platform, he allows, was percisely like the scaffold used on that occashin, and nuthin was wantin but the ropes and the waits to komplete the allushin.

Jeff Davis was presceded and follered by sevrall gentlemen in black, that hed evry aperience of a sheriff's percesshin, and when the two as sported him on each side let go thar holt, he cum forrard jest as Hix dun to make his dyin speetch, oney luckin mutch more brokin down and desperated. The resemblants was so perfeck, that the spy ses he started in sirprize when he seen Jeff s arms warn't pinioned, and when the speetch was dun, he couldent help luckin around for the feller with the white nightcap to dror over the culprit's visedge. It seems that jest as the onfortnit critter hed got off his last sentence, a messendger rusht throo the crowd and sunk allmost faintin on the platform. My informent declars he was so full of the idee of an eggsecushin, that he couldent help hollerin "he's saved! he's saved!" "a repreve! a repreve!" But it warn't a repreve. Contrarywise, it was the noose of the ockipashin of Gnashville by the fedral forces, in the teeth of all oppersishin. When Jeff heerd it, he kullapsed with a grone inter the cheer behint him, and the surroundin multitood gin a despairin yell. The crowd of moaners then disbursed in sairtch of steamalus, and the leadin funkshinaries stole off like a theef in the night or a morording bed bug when he smells daylight.

The maskline traitors here hes concluded to play the hypocrit senst the rebellyun was skwelched in Tennessee, but the femmenines, as I menshund in my last, is as savedge as ever. They oney regret that the flower of the South hev to bolt from a passel of Northern mekanicks. A lady from Georgy told me tuther day she onderstood that jurneymen blacksmiths and setch formed the princepull porshin of the Northern files. I told her yes, and them was the kinder files we spiked the Suthern guns with, witch raythor shet her up. Anuther she Secesh remarkt

to Seward that she was sorry the gentlemen of the South had to contend with shoomakers and taylors; to witch the galliant seckatry replide, in his onpretendin way, that it must be very tryin to the shiverally to be whipt by setch degraded beins outer thar boots and britches, at witch she gin her hoop a venamus sling and mizzeld.

I spose the censureship of the tellagraft will be oney tempory; but in case it shouldent, I am organizin a flock of carryer pidgins. I keep em in a coop in my rum at Willard's, and ef a *coo de tar* occurs, you may expeck to find wun a peckin at your winders, with the noose tied to his neck, in two hours thararter. In coarse you won't publish the flyin ruminers I may send, on ackount of the standin order—but you ken bet your pile on em, and operate in the fancies to advantage.

Corjally hopin and belevin that a forrard movement is in progress that will nock treson eendways, I remane, with a hart palpitatin with patryotic emoshins,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLI.

[It is pretty clear that the blunt old soldier was not in a particularly placid frame of mind when he sat down to indite the following letter. The news-embargo, the President's proposition to bribe the Southern planters to liberate their slaves, and the suggested fourfold tax on newspapers, seem to have been too much for his usually equable temper, and to have curdled his milk of human kindness considerably. Still, his sarcasms are not undeserved, and we incline to believe that his views, though expressed in homely language, tally with those of a large portion of our readers.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Ken ennything be more rilin to the currypondent of a live jernil than to be full up to the neck of the most eggsitin matter and onable to spit it out for the bennyfit of an impayshent publick? Wal, setch is my all-aggravaitin predickymant at present, and altho I hev a fair share of cheek for an old sojer, Ime

obligated to keep my mouth shet, notwithstandin my desire to make a clean brest of it. A stain upon my honor would play the juce with me as a contribitor to the press; consekently the advices I send you in cypher, for your own privit use, I advise you to keep dark, however mutch your readers may sigh for suppress intellagents. Stanton gin me the facts in a faint whisper, onder a pledge of privacy, when I dropt in at the War offiz yesterday, and tharfore tho I forrard it to you, it must go no further. He ses the crysis demands silence, and that the publickashin of the Guvernment's sekrits can't be aloud.

Howsever, tho orthentic dispatches is withheld, you hev a perfeck right to publish all the conflictin rummers in sirkilashin—no gag law for the human imadjinashin heving yet been issood by the Administrashin. In the absence of the offishal trooth I hope the follerin reports, which is drivin the coolest and most flagmatick citysins of the Deestrick to the verge of loonacy, will be satisfactry to your reflectin readers. It is bruted abroad to-day that Memphiz has ben gin to the flames—John Minor Botts blowed from the mouth of a canon—and Gnashville attacted by the rebels tooth and nail. That the Union elefant is *on root* for Tuskalooser (Allabam); that Jeff Davis hes ben assassnated, with severell more of the same stripe; that Guvner Letcher was shot in the neck on Sunday, in consekens of his intemperit percedens (witch is ginally bleved); that our troops air approachin New Orleans by the shell road; that Floyd hes becum a moneymaniac and Pillow turned soft; that John Brown's goste appeered to Ginral Banks as he was marching on to Charlestown; that Guvner Pickens hes ben hung on a palmetto tree; that W. H. Russell hes jined wun of the outlying devishins of the rebel army; that Savannah is gettin hail columbiad; that the Mobile peeple are on the moove for the interior; and that William Lied Garrison, desguysed as a chattel, is at the head of an ebony conspurracy in Louseanna, with plenty of the yaller boys in his pocket to carry it out.

Famishin for facks as we air onder the guverment embargo, it is plesant to hev a large assortment of flyin reports to seleck from. We air an ingenuous manufactring peeple, and when the trooth is suppress by the supreme orthority, the market for that artickle is purty sure to be sublied with setch substitoots as air gin abuv. As long as the Censers hes thar swing over the press, the publick is sartain to be led off on false scents. Sum may smell a rat and refuse to foller em, but the majority when deprived of informashin from more relieabul soarces, is oney

too reddy to swaller the most horrebul catstrophies invented by the dredful axident makers. It is consolin to think, howsever, that our Suthern brethren will have the trooth and the hull trooth, while we air denied it. *They* git it as ushil, by the shortest cut from Washington, acrost the Potomac. We never hev hed enny consealments from *them*, and never shell hev as long as dubblefaced traitors in the Sennit and the House, and men well known to be hand and gluv with Secesh Jessybells and Delielies, is permitted to hold responsabul offizzes.

How do you like the messidge of the President proposin to bribe the Sutherners to manspate thar brethren of the cullerd perswashin? Peers to me that when an evil's jest as shoor to die a nateral deth, as Floyd is to git his goose cooked tuther side of Jordon, its hardly wuth while to pay a bonus for its eggstinkshin. The yoke's eennamost broken now. Ef the South hed hollered, and sued for peace, why then indeed it mought be all right to make setch a tender, but onder present suckemstances its raythertuff. Ime opposed for wun, to enny consillytory meshers, ontil she caves in and cries copavi. Why should we offer to pay her to free her slaves, when they air bound to free tharselves gratis for nuthin ef the war continnees two years longer. Let the South back squar down, and then it will be time enuff to be magnannymus; but as the case stands at present, millyuns for war—not a cent for triboot, is my motto. Badly as the North's ben treted, Ime not agen dooin the hansum thing if the offender repents, and eats humble pie—but as to tryin to *bribe armed traitors*, it seems to me about çkwiverlent to offerin a premium to pirits to sirrindir thar prisners and thar plunder, when youve got em foul and they hev no chice atween hauling down thar infarnal flag and bein blown to blazes.

No dout the President writ the messidge with the best intenshins; but it's an orful *foe paw*, as the French say, and Ime afeard the enemee'll make a handle of it. It is imminently calkilated to raise the droopin sperrits of the rebel leaders, and ef they don't make capital outer it at Richmound, theyre greener'n grasshoppers.

The mean way the Committee on Ways and Means picht inter the noosepaper interest in thar tax bill, is univarsally condemd here. Oney think of saddlin the Pallajum of our Libties with four distink taxes. Why its a step backards tords barberism that's enuff to make the har of the civilised world stand on eend! Besides its setch a parshil, spiteful meshur. Ef noledge is to be taxt, why not inclood public skools, collidges, univarsities, privit

seminerries, the Smithsonian Instytoot, and all uther consarns for the 'fushin of useful informashin, as well's that grate poplar teacher, the cheap noosepaper. I kant bleve that setch an attemp to brake down the independent press will ever be sankshund by Congress. Hopin that the vile projeck may git a lofty fall, and that whoseumdever sports it may be a target for Eddytorial rath tell the day he dies, and be tormented by printer's devils when he gets to that burn from which no travler returns, I remain, disgustedly,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLII.

[Our veteran correspondent is on the march. He represents the SUNDAY MERCURY and the Principles of '76 on General McClellan's staff. If no unfriendly ball perforates his patriotic person, and sword, bayonet, and bowie-knife let him alone, our readers may expect some graphic sketches of actual war from his pen. His descriptions of the battles in the Crimea were considered far superior to Russell's by everybody except Russell; and though old, he has lost none of his epistolary fire.—EDS.]

HEAD KWARTERS IN THE FIELD, March 14, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Cumming events cast thar shadders afore. The grand haul of the milentary seine witch is to ketch the big Devil-fish of Rebellion, is goin briskly on, and ef the strands doosent brake sumwhars, we shall sun see the *commensment de la fin*, as the French hes it. Accordin to the drorings of the strutigy net in the noosepapers, the skaly wretches hesent a loop-hole to riggle out at, but droring the net of strutigy is sumthin like lottery droring, nuty onsartin. The Burnside korner of the *cool de sack* peers to be raythor week, witch is sartainly onfortnit, and menny thinks as the army that moseyed outer Manasses may make a gap in our lines at that pint. But I bleve Burnside, with the assistants of hot shot from the gun boats will be able to nock 'em cold ef they try it on.

In coarse you hey seen the announcement of the divishins in the Union army, and that Ginral Maclellin is at the hed of em. I jined his numerus milentary famaly by speshil order, on the forth

of March, and marched forth with my cumraids to glory or the grave, singin the Hollerlooyer Corus, on Monday last. Prevus to startin, the oath of seecressy bein tenderd me, I hed to swar. By the condishins of the bond, I am not aloud to breeth a wisper of wot is goin to happen, but arter it hes tuck place I am at libty to spit it out. Ginralissimo Abe ses the old word-and-blow game is played out and that blows without words is to be the order of the day herearter. Ef posteriorty doosent do jestis to that man I dont want to go down to it. Evry boddy here lucks up to him. The Duc de Chatters told me over his soup the other day, that he considerd him ekwuil to Marshal Tureen or the great Dook of Guys. In my opinyon he is a seckind Father of his Kentry and I dont spose the son of Austerlitz, as the French is allus a crackin up, could hev held a candle to him. Stanton is sum, and I like his summery way, but arter all the President is a head and sholders abuv him in the esteamashin of peeple as onderstands his meshurs.

But a trooce to these desultry remarks into witch my warm friendship for the President has betraid me. Wot I wanted to git at was this—that you mustn't relie on me for enny informashin likely to proov prejewdishall to the plans of our milentary Solomons.

"Ef you was to let the cat outer the bag," ses Little Mac to me yestday, in his playful manner, "it mought prevent us givin Jeff Davis rats." And that warnt all; for he added in an ondertone, so as the uther staff fellers shouldent hear: "*Enter noose* old boy, ef you *do* tell tales outer skool, Ile suspend you!"; and from a neckspressive moshin he made and his emfasis on the word *suspend*, I considerd he ment morc'n met the car. Ses I in respons, "Ginral my oath is sakrid;" at the same time tippin him the wink to sho I new the ropes.

On Toosday I made a tower of the enemees wurks at Manasses, by order of Ginral Maclellin. My report—on forty pages foolscap—will I hope, prove acceptabul to the Head of the army. I found the airthworks at the Gap in pretty good condishin on the hole, but the railroad was all tore to peaces at the Junkshin. Sines of hasty evackuashin was visabul evrywhars. The rebels must have fled in great alarm. Wot a pity we warnt privy to the moovement. I pickt up several intrestin speciments of Suthern littery talent as was lyin loose around. Amung uthers the follerin. Don't destroy the mannyscrip, for I'me makin a collecshin of seecesh authorgruffs, and its the kleenest among the fudgetive pomes and other manyrandoms found at Manasses:

A SOGERS REFRAIN.

by Washington jackson jones first leftvetenant of the missippy ripstave Rangers, and late of natchez under the hill.

"jenral beauregards a Coon,
pillow hees a Grampus,
floyds a quarter hoss to Run,
and buckners Catawampus.

"we ken chaw abe linkun Up,
likewise gorge Macleleran,
were the sassy bull run Pups
as sot mac dowell Bellerin.

"evry buchus natchez Gal
wants a mudsill Trofy,
i must gouge an Eye for Sal,
and git an Ear for Sofy.

"Sofy ses we'll hitch our Teams,
dog her cats to Thunder!
if i bring hum skalps Enuff
for a bed quilt to sleep Under.

"soon weel finish up this War
if we go a head Quick,
and mebbce ile heve scalps and Har
enuff for a quilt and bed-tick.

"forrard then, to arms, to Arms!
hark!—"

At this pint the orthur of the abuv heroix must have heerd sumthin as onsetteld his narvous sistem, for he peered to hev fled in haste, overturnin the ritin flewid, and leevin his swoord and pen on the tabel.

The fortyficashins, on closte inspeckshin seemed to be composed cheefly of fryable sand and holy oncapabul of standin a hevvy fire. Sum of the brest works was barly knee high, and was mounted with cord wood, each log bein painted black to resembul a peace of artillery. I hunted throo the woods for masked battries, but found nuthin but a few snaix in the grass and harmless at that. The trooth is that the hull story about thar onsalabul persishin was an all-fired sell. Howsever we air onto thar trail now, and onless Providence interfears in thar favor and swollers em up with an airthquake, weve got em shoor.

I notis by the papers that New York was in a cold swet on Sunday, eggspectin the Merrymac would cum steamin up the Narrers and set the harbor on fire. Sartainly ef she hed cum you would hev ben in a all-crucified fix. Howsever, the little Monitor gin her a lesson, that I gess wont rekwire repeatin.

Hopin to smell powder afore I send my next epistol, I remain, ankshus to go in,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLIII.

[Although in the field, and holding a staff-appointment, and, therefore, of course, conversant with the important plans about to be consummated in Virginia, our correspondent is restrained by a sense of honor, sharpened by Secretary Stanton's order, from sharing his knowledge with our readers. A great battle, however, will unseal his lips (unless it should seal them forever); and we hope soon to hear of him "on the line of the Rappahannock", with a considerable wreath of laurel on his brow. In the meantime, by way of a sop to that news-craving Cerberus, the public, he has sent us one of those dry, quaint, sly, sarcastic missives which sometimes puzzle even those who think they understand him best.—EDS.]

HEAD KWARTERS IN THE FIELD, March 20, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

I spose youve hed wild rejisens in the North over the razin of the sege of Washington. Arter bein infested by land and blockheaded by water for months by the fo, we hev at lenth cut our way out, and the grand army and the fedral city may be considerd, for the present, comparatively saift. Our march so far hes ben wun unintrupted serious of cheerin tryumps; the enemee hevin plenty of locomotives to carry em off and no motives wotever for stayin. The noose of our approach seems to hev hed setch an effeck on thar sperits, that they immediently started by the thousand at a time on a train. Our Girals eggspected to find the rebel army well disposed, and detarmined to defend thar

posishins, as Price's forces did theirn at Shugar Creek, to the bitter eend. But, notwithstandin all thar blowins, they no sunner got wind of our sally than they fled without a blow. In follerin em, howsever, it will be reckwizit to perceed with eggstream cawshin, for fear of runnin blindly inter that "last ditch" whar, as the man in the play ses, they air resolved to "die nobly —die like demagogs." The late galliant seckind in cummand at Fort Donalson, who onderstands all about ditches, is bleved to hev gon South to dig it for em—arter witch he will ondoubtedly dig out for sum saifter place of refudge. It may be considered sartin that when the rebels sinks to rest on glory's bed they wont find a Pillow thar. In fact, its more'n probabul that all the heads of the Rebellyun will turn up missin at its tail eend.

You will be glad to larn that I hev ben in a slight skrimmidge senst my last, and cum out right side up as ushil. By permishin of the Ginral-in-cheef, me and the County Paris, and the Dook de Chatters, went out on a skout with Ginral Stunman tuther day, und a lively time we hed, killin menny and skarin more. Our force consisted of about five hundred cavalry, and we met, or raythor we overtuck the enemee, two thousand strong, near the Orange Railroad. "Go in lemons!" shouted the Dook de Chatters, who is fast ackwirin a nolledge of the American tung onder the tooterin of a New York Fire Zouwave. And at em we went, as fast as our Camerun-contract coarsers would carry us. Thar hosses was fleet, but those of our squadrun was fleeter. We pored down onto em like lava—indeed, I mought say, like Balaklava. We should hev ben glad to charge em in front, but as they wouldent turn round, to take em in the rare became a starn necessity. I was in advance of the line, and went in, as I allus do, on my own hook. Rememberin my youthful explites as a wild cattle-hunter in Texas, I put my reins in my mouth, and rushin my steed inter thar flyin ranks, ketched two rebel hosses by the caudle eggstrematies, and throwin the well-bred and doughseal animal I rode on his hanches, slung em both. To dismount and present a brace of Colts at the heads of the fallen seeceshers was the work of a seckind. They acknolledged thar discomforture when they seen the perswaders, and signifide a desire to take the Oath of Fiedelity. Bindin em over to keep the peace with thar own saddle-girts, I remounted my Cameronian charger, and agin follerin the horsteal fo, repeted the slingin operashin. This I continned for over an hour, when I returnt and pickt up my prisners—jest a duzzin—and druv em inter camp. I hed

eenamost forgot to state that I plugged a bushwhacker as was drorin a bead onto my yung frend the Dook, and parrid a fatal cut aimed at my brother-in-arms, the County Paris.

Ginral Stunman would hev complimented me on my bravery in a speshil order of the day, but as I prefered the SUNDAY MERKARY as a mejum of commoonicashin with the public, he gracefully yeelded the pint; bein the fust time that brave man ever yeelded to ennything human. Of all dragon offsirs I ever seen he's the trump. The Dook de Chatters was kind enuff to present me with a cupple of Legin of Honors he happend to hev about him, and the County Paris gin me as a *quid pro quo* for my sarvices a portrit of his grandfather Loose Fillip—witch he sed was the very spit of him—butifully sot in Californy dimonds of the finest water.

Most of the time senst the buv-menshent brilyant feet, I hev ben, as the play ses, "a looker-on in Vienna," or at least stayin in that naybrood with a detachment of cavalry. Bivowhackin in the field is plesent, when thar isent too much bushwhackin around. Offsirs that cotton to wun another sit by the campfires of an evenin, for hours together, spinnin yarns. Thars wun curus story that's like Old Virginny—it never tires. I have heerd menny a man tell a graffic tale, that hed no more trooth inter it than a tellegraffic messidge; but this story is as true as hisstory:

It seems that for sum munts past a misterus critter hes ben playin hob with the rebel centries and pickets in the woods below Leesburg. Sumtimes they hev ben found on thar posts shot in the neck and onable to make any response to the inkwiry, "How cum you so?" More'n twenty, I onderstand, hev at diffrent times been diskivered mortally wounded—and all too far gone in speechless aggerny to tell wot hurt em. At least an ekwill number hes ben killed outright, and the rongdoor cant be detected. Pinned to each victims brest is found a rood drorin of a bull on the rampage, from witch our men infur that the assassin hed sum deer frend or relashin slain at the Bull Run stampede, and takes this kwiet method of accommodatin his felines of revenge. A tall, spare figger, about the bild of our venabul President, is ockashinally seen flittin throo the brush in the visinity of the seen of blud, but all attemps to chase down the long-legged aparishin hes, so far, proved bootless. The soopersdishus rebels spose the "Speckter Scout" (as the mistery is called by our sojers), to be the goste of John Brown on the warpath, and they allow that he will never rest in his grave tell he

hes wiped out Guvner Wise. This idee seems to gain confirmashin from the fact that the airly victims all belonged to the Wise Legin, witch is sed to hev fallen back in order to git outer harms way.

While the currespondents of the New York papers is furbid to say a word about the advance as is goin forrard, rebel spies huvers about our camps pickin up informashin from varus kwarters—headkwarters inclooded. Wun hafe of the peddlers is nuthin better'n rebel jayhawkers in desguys, and the display of thar wars is oney a peace of subterfudge, a reglar sell. Statshinary venders hev repeetedly betrayed our moovements, and wunst, in consekens of a diskivery made by a pretended cookey-marchant, the Cummander-in-chief found his cake all dough. Shockin to relate, fellers blastfeemusly passin tharselves off as agents of Bible Sosities and setch, hes sumtimes gon throo the army distribitting the Sakrid Vollum with a libral hand, for no uther purpus than to entrap the onwary inter revelashins. The defeet of several important plans has also ben traist to coal-porters as perfest to emmanate from the Young Men's Christian Assoshiashin. Relidgin bein the weak side of most of our offsirs, menny hes ben suckt in by these wulves in sheep's peltry. Amung the vile pack of spies, thar is likewise not a few as deals in keards; and as our sojers are as hot for poker as they air for preachin, ef not more so, these ongodly sirkilators of the Devil's books hes hed considabul sucksess in the Poll Pry line. This is the way the enemee gets inter our sekrits, and not throo telle-graft dispatches to the noosepapers, witch they luck upon as little better'n invenshins of the wire-pullers.

You never seen a jollier set of fellers than the offsirs hev ben senst we took the feeld; and the Ginrals of divishin is onderstood to be now engaged in gettin up sum surprise parties witch it is thort will be brillyant affairs. In fact, I reckin wun of em must be onder way at present, for I hear the cavalry bugles soundin to boot and saddle. I must tharfore resign the pen for the swoord, and remain, eger for the fray,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLIV.

[Fatigued with victory, our eccentric military correspondent writes from the scene of the late rebel stampede. We have an

idea that his modesty does not stand in the way of his genius for description when his own exploits are in question. It cannot be said that he has not a word to say for himself.—EDS.]

STRASBURG, March 28, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Ginral Maclellin is aciduously preparin to giv the rebellyun a fatal punch, wotever the spoony agitators of the *Triboon* may say to the contrary. Purty sun the hull kentry will sing *Tedium*, as the French did at *Not a Dam*, arter the fight at Sulphurino, and over a victry ekwilly gloryus. The Anny Condy is around! The deth skweedge is approachin! In the meantime the Ginral, knowin that a negerness to carry the war inter Afrikey hes ben frettin my gizzard ever senst the sege of Washington commenst, kindly 'lows me to take a hand in the prelimindary skrimmedges. Consekently, in the late plucky affares at Winchester and Strasburg I was fortnit enuff to pluck a few lorils. The engagement on Sunday was wun of the hottest shindigs that hes tuck place doorin the war. No dout sum of your Sam-singin Sabbatarians will consider we tuck an ongodly libty in fitin for the Union on the Lord's day. But you kant ajurn a battle on ackount of Sunday, enny more'n you ken ajurn a soler eclepse or the Vernil Equalnocks. War doosent know enny setch thing as a *dies none*. And so on Sunday, the day when setch divines as your Revrend Doctor Hawks deklines to ax a blessin on our arms, we was "makin Mob howl," as the prophet I Sayer ses. I'm not an infiddle by no means, and though I don't harp as mutch on relidjus subjecks as sum fokes, I bleeve in keepin the Sabbath wholly; but an army, when attacted, must take its own part. Ef secesh will consent to stack arms and go to meetin wun day in seven, so will Yankee Doodle; but as the inspired Jerry Myer remarks (chapter 6, varse 14), wots the use of "sayin Peace! Peace! when thar *is* no Peace." When thars no chice atween fitin on a Sunday and bein nockt inter the middle of nex week, it stands to resin that sojers must forego thar devoshins rayther'n becum a pray for the unwriteous.

But a trooce to digreshins. As youre awar, nuthin of moment occurd on the 22d instant, eggsept that our gloryus Shield was so much injerd as to be onfit for sarvice the follerin day. The hull army regretted the axdent, but, as the Scripter ses, we relied on Providence as our "buckler and shoor defence," and went in on Sunday mornin feline as confident of suckcess as Saint Gorge did when a saltin the Fiery Dragon. The rebel ranks hed ben

sweld doorin the night by a new corpse five thousand strong, this fresh body bein led by Ginral Garnet, considerd by the seceshe a milentary jewill of the fust water. They thort the nolledge of Garnet's arrival would hev gin us a preshus stun, but we hed heerd aforehand that his men was a passel of misabul topers, and besides our blud was up, and like Heenan, or Sayers, or the New York Common Counsell, we was reddy for ennything in the ring. The rebels was headded by Ginral Jackson, who doosent claim enny relashinship to the late Hero of New Orleens, tho Ime of opinyun that his right to a descent from Old Hickry in a direct line—with a loop at the eend ont—kennot be disputed.

The cumbat opend with a lively artillery dooill. Our round shot smashed thar squars, and plowed throo thar collumes with harrowin effeck. Thar fire warnt noways slack nuther, and as we hed both got our ranges, we raked wun anuther like blazes. Purty sun thar right wing fainted, at the same time thar flyin artillery, follerd by a large boddy of foot, pitched in over on the left. Then our bands struck up and our playtoons advanced. It was a tremenjus struggle. But at last we druv em. Nex they tride to brake our center by an *eshellon* moovement, but they got a shellin as soon convinced em it was a bad egg, and they fell back at a Flora Temple trot. Then follerd a suckseshin of attacts and repulses till about 4 P. M., when the eggsausted fo findin wot a clock it was with em began to giv way. Doorin this interval, sum of our offisirs and men performed setch progenies of valor as is the nateral offspring of stout harts and a wholly caws. Wun Suppleturn, of the Eighty-forth Pennsylvany, acktilly jumped up behint a Virginny major as he wheeled his hoss to retreat, and ketchin the rains with his left hand while he choked the rider with his right, brort him in, black in the face, as a prisner of war. I never seen a prettyer feet of arms. The major blastfeemed orfully when he rekivered his breth, and sed it was a sircuss-rider's trick and nuthin better. I hed sevral pursenal runcounters myself, for whenever an extree charge was orderd, I tuck keer to be counted in. On wun ockashin a rebel kernil, armed to the teeth and carryin an Arkansas toothpick as probly weighd nine pounds in his right hand, spurred his hoss at me, and throwd his weepin with setch murderous force that it went throo my milentary flap-jack and inter the mouth of a key-bugle forty paces in the rare, eenamost sendin it down the trumpeter's throte. Ime not fond of blowin, but I wisht you'd a seen the back stroke that kernil got in return. It sheered off his coconut

as ef his neck hed ben made of vegetabul marrow or mangle worseill, and the charger dasht on with the raskilly carcuss upright in the saddle, jest as ef nuther hoss nor man was conshus of the cutastrophy, ontil the curus speckticle disappeered in the smoke of battle.

About hafe-past 4 in the arternoon the pursute began, and of all actyve pursutes that I was ever engaged in, that was the liveliest and most excitin. We druv em inter Strasburg, and outer Strasburg, and ten miles beyant Strasburg, like straws afore the worldwind. The milentary report ses: "Our artillery played continally on the rebels." But ef that was playin, I wunder wot Ginral Banks calls airnest? Monday mornin the same orful pastime was recommenst, ontil all thar survivin foot sojers hed got inter the mountins, and the hoss was either taken or cut to peaces.

Ime so stiff in the jints yet with hard ridin that I aint by no means fit for littery effort, and Ime afeard this letter isent in my ushil elastick vain. As sun as I git soopeld out I shell rite agen, and in the meantime I remane, on the key veeve for anuther skrimmidge, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLV.

[The old Cynic informs us in a private note which accompanied the following letter, that when he wrote it he was suffering from an overflow of bile. There can be no doubt of that. Some parts of it are as bitter as if he had dipped his pen in his own gall.—EDS.]

WILLOW GROVE, NEAR WOODSTUCK,
VIRGINNY, April 4, 1862.

That porshin of the milentary reptyle onder the keer of Ginral Banks, snakes along purty lively. Ef the tail and the rest of the boddy doos as well as the head, the rebels now flyin like sheep every witch way, will be lammed at all pints and finerly skwelched in its corntracted folds. Toosday bein the fust of April, Kernil Ashby, with his cavalry and sum infantry, sposed to be pairt of the Wise lejin, hed the foolhardeeness to despute our march, but in coarse we was more'n a match for em, drivin em eendways twelve milds and inter Woodstuck as ef Lucyfur

was arter em. On Wensday, hevin shelled the Kernil outer Woodstuck, and inter Edenburg sevin milds beyant, we stopt to mend the bridges burnt by this arch rebel and his incinderary follerers, and to-morrer or nex day, so we hop, we shall be arter him agen on the rode to Staunton. Ginral Jackson's mane boddy is probly saift for the present in the hills, but his rare is in the bottom land, and we expect to cut it off. The gait at witch these high minded, onsensabul-to-fear-fellers travels is a caushin to Jack-the-Joint killer's sevin-legged boots. "Old Virginny never tire," the song ses, and no more it doosent. Ef the secesh kant fight for the commonweal, they ken run for it faster'n enny common wheel you ever seen, and air eenamost ekwill to thar own locomotives. I've heern tell of the wunderful feets of Jackson, the American Deer, but I'll bet horns round for a ridgement, he couldn't hev beat Jackson, the American traitor, when he was on the full lope for Strasburg with Kernil Tyler and the Third Brigade at his hanches. They tork like Spurty-cuss in the Gladiater, these Suthern leaders, but they aint wuth a darn at closte kwarters. I onderstand that W. H. Russell, Hell, Hell, D.—as the cocknees calls him—speaks, in his last letter to his owners in London, of the "onyieldin South." Ef the Father of Fibs should ever go inter the travellin sircuss line, he oughter to engage that farseeshus gentelman as clown to the infarnal ring; his grimaces in black and white takes the shine out of all the odd tricks I ever seen played with the papers, and I've ben a speshil currypondent of the press for over twelve years. "Onyieldin South!" But mebbe he means the cotton and terbacker fields, witch sartinly is likely to be rather onyieldin for a seesin or two.

The noose from Port Rile is plesent, isent it? The "onyieldin" rebels hes scudded off from the Scudaway batteries, and bolted like thunder from Fort Thunderbolt. The bellygerents at Fort Poolasky also wants to evackyate, but thars no passidge open, and they'll hev to cave in. In the neybrood of Bufort, North Caroliny, the Last-ditchers is ekwilly ankshus to clar out, witch may be eggspressed in a single standsir as follers:

The cornered rebels in Fort Makin
Desires, in vain, to save thar bakin,
But bein man-and-God-forsakin,
Will by a salt be shortly takin;
For Goldsboro thar walls will break in,
While Burnside gives thar rare a rakin.
Oh! won't thar be a dry-bones shakin,
A reglar third-day ager kwakin,

When Yankee troops, for glory achin'
Knock Smith to smithers in Fort Makin?

It seems thars no feesabul way for the rebels to vamose from Fort Makin, eggsept by way of Rogues Sound, and Ginral Burnside sposin they would instinktively take that rout, hes headed em off at Morehead City, witch is jest oppersit. To use a favorit Suthern frays theyre "dun gon in." Captin Smith who commands the fortyficashin, is about as badly off as the coon that surrendered to his namesake, and he'd better cum down afore the shootin begins ef he wants to save his peltry. I scarsly think thar ll be mutch fushin of blud at Fort Makin, for Smith, as you will gess from his name, belongs to wun of the numerus fust famalies in the South, and probly wouldn't like to be wiped out by common Northern mudsills.

Charlestoun it seems is an orful funk, and the civil funkshinaries at last acknounts, was talkin of settin fire to the city, and runnin away by the light of it—a favorit dodge in the "Onyieldin South." The wimmen and children was leavin, and the men, notwithstandin thar wish to welkim the "Cowardly Yanks" "with bluddy hands to horspitable graves," felt as ef it was their dooty to foller on and look arter their famalies. The rebel ginral Evans recently marched from that visinnity in sairtch of the invaders, and on findin em, immediently "retreated in a masterly manner." The Onyielders is not introosive. Ef thars ennything for witch they *air* remarkabul it is their retirin dispersshins, and thar bashfulness in the presence of a Union crowd. Floyd, Pillow, Wise, Jackson, Johnston, evryboddy in fack, as is ennyboddy, in Dixie, retires in a masterly manner. Advancin backards is thar fort.

Mebbe afore this gits inter prent thar'll be a grate fight in Virginny, and mebbe thar wont. The moovments of the big army wurm as is to enwollop the rebels in its coils, is ambigus. Sum thinks it is of the same genus as the sellybrated mareen monster as visits Nayhaunt every summer and is conneckted with so menny tales. Uthers calls it a chunk-hed and allows thars nuthin inter it, but my opinyun is that the critter's of the Great Bore speshis, and will as sartainly swaller the Rebellyun as the whale bolted Jonah or Barnum's snake the blanket. Ef it doosent sumthin else will, so wots the odds?

Hopin that the general lickin, witch, accordin to nateralists precedes the boltin in setch cases, will sun take place, I remain, wurmily, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLVI.

[Humor oozes out of the old veteran as naturally as gum oozes out of a peach-tree, but it is by no means as soft and saccharine. The palpable hits at heroes who cultivate the correspondents of the press with the hope of figuring in print, will touch some body in the raw, and, in fact, a good many somebodies—or, more properly speaking, nobodies. There is also a sly, but not ill-natured, poke at the censorship—the *one mistake* of our energetic Secratary of War. The Disbanded, it will be seen, is now with the grand Army of the Potomac, than whom a finer body of men-at-arms never took the field.—EDS.]

HEAD KWARTERS, NEAR YORKTOWN,
VIRGINNY, April 9, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

In compliants with orders from head kwarters I cut my stick from Ginral Bankses divishin at Stunny Crick on Friday last, for the porpus of jining Ginral Maclellin's staff. My feller *a decamp* of the Fift Army Corpse, showed the most lively emoshin at partin, and I must say I was considabully mooved myself as I gallupped off. Ginral Banks was kind enuff to remark that he was sorry to looze the sarvices of setch a distingwished old sojer, and presented me with a pocket-pistil as a shootable token of a steam. Wun of my bruther offsirs gin me a flask as a cumpaniun to the pistil, and I now ware em about my purson as a mementor of the glorious sperits I left behind me in the Fift Divishin. Ginral Maclellin receved me with mutch swervity and perliteness, returnin my respeckful bow with the kwiet curtsy peculiar to that wunderful struttygist. I am afeard you will regaird me as little better'n a bag of wind in makin wot may seem to be vane pursenal illushins to myself, but I asshoor you I am not puft up in the leest by the oner dun me, but continny jest as condesendin to my ekwils as ef I warn't made mutch of. Atwixt ourselves, Eddyturs, I hev my douts whether I should be treted with setch a grate attenshin, but for bein the currypondent of an influenshil noosepaper. When a kernil gives me an oncommon hard squeedge of the hand, I put down two-thirds of the presshur to the fack that I am a member of the press, and I kant kelp thinkin as the little presents of segars and shampain sent so frekwently to my kwarters hes more inter em than meets the eye. As a means of obtainin promoshin, the pen,

us you are awar, is sumtimes mityer'n the swoord. I could add nore on this interistin tropic, but it shall never be sed that D. V. rilated the confidence even of the confidence kernils as reposed thar ambishus hops in his onabul buzzum. I would say, however, throo your abel jernil—witch is kept on file by milentary men of evry rank—that my sole spurns corrupshin, and that no amount of hideseek and regalees will indoose me to reckymend fether-headed boasters as proper persons to be made Bragadears. Incompetent offsirs as eggspecks me to write em up, leans on a brokin read.

But I am stragglin off from the matter in hand, witch is the proposed seeser of Yorktown. The path of Glory lays open afore us, but the road is bad. Ever senst the army left Cockletown the hevvy mud hes ben a severe trial to the mussels of the men. On Toosday it rained pitchforks and blowed great guns, witch, in addishin to the shells throne at us by the enemee, made the rout ennything but plesent. It is difficult to wheel a collume whar the ruts is deep enuff for graves, and eenamost onpossabul to wheel a gun-carridge, and in coarse with setch tremenjus engines of war we frekwently broke a shaft. Ornary humans would hev considerd an advance outer the kwestin, but this army consists prencepully of sooperhumans. They dasht at dubble kwick throo onpentrable woods, and fairly danced acrost bottomless moreasses. Ef a battery opened onter us we immediently shet it up. Skrimmidgin was frekwent on the march, but I hev heerd of nuthin to the enemee's advantidge. The press, as ushil, distingwished itself. I larn that on Sunday the curryspondent of the New York World brort in three prisners, wun onder each arm and wun on his back. Wot a corntrast to Russell's Bull Run from Centerveal.

Hevin overcum all prelimindary obstickles we air now encampt within two milds of Yorktown, gettin reddy to go in. But the works of the rebels is voloominus. They eggstend clar acrost the tung of land atwixt the mouths of York and James, and sho setch a formadouble row of teeth that to attact em seems like rushin inter the jaws of destruckshin. I menshin this fack that the publick may appreshiate the eggsplite, when these impregnable fortyficashins is carried with the bagnet. The rebel resarves behind the wurks is varusly estimated at from 15 thousand to 51 thousand vetruns. I dont know witch number is right, but Ile hev em counted ef possabul when the place is tuck, and let you know.

Balloon reckonnuisances is made frekwently. I went up

yestday myself, as high as the highest mounting in the ne[illegible]-brood, and obtaned important informashin, with I will send yo[illegible]u arter the sege is over, ef Seckatry Stanton doosent objeck. [illegible]It kant, howsever, be a vilashin of the 57th artickle to state, tha[illegible]t with the assistants of a dubble-ackshin paytent refractory telle[illegible]e-scope, I brort Ginral Magruder so near that I could eenamos[illegible]st hear him swar and could distinctly see him drink. He peere[illegible]d to be takin a horn about the size of the wun as bloo down th[illegible]e walls of Jerryco. The offsirs ginrally seemed to be engaged i[illegible]n similder ginastick eggsersizes. It was a butiful Spring day, wa[illegible]s yestday, and I hev seldum seen the swallers more numerus.

Among the spiles taken this week was a curus dockymen[illegible]nt found in the desarted shanty of a rebel engineer offsir. It was [illegible]a kompleat plan of Ginral Maclellin's forrard moovement, an[illegible]d the date shode as Magruder hed all the particklers from A t[illegible]o Izzerd, long afore the Nuthern press was awar that the gran[illegible]d army was going to moove at all. I merely elude to this little [illegible] incident *en possum*, as the French say, as a strikin pruff of the [illegible] saygassity displaid in institootin the tellegraft censureship, i[illegible] order to keep the enemee in the dark as to the struttygems of the [illegible] Commandin Ginral. Whoos the infarnal traitor as peeped ove[illegible] the sholder of the Guverment?—that's the kwestin.

Thars a rummer from the Roads as that tuff customer the [illegible] Merrymac and sevin steam tenders, is all reddy for anuther tu[illegible] o. war, and I spose by the time this letter reaches you the figh[illegible] will hev ben fit and the victry wun. I trust the Monitor wil[illegible] rip inter the old Turtle's iron shell; but ef she doosent, the[illegible] Vanderbilt's purty shure to run throo the infarnal cuss ef they[illegible] let her rip. But wots the use of speckerlatin when the issoc[illegible] will prehaps be decided afore these lines cums to hand; and[illegible] not onprobably the enemees lines, witch I ken see stretchin for[illegible] milds on ether side as I set ritin in my tent, will be in our[illegible] perseshin. Hopin we'll make anuther Cornwallis of Magruder[illegible] by nex week at the latest, and that when taken he wont be too drunk to be amusin, I remain, antizzipating victry,

Yours, allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLVII.

[The following letter from the dry old joker will bear twice reading. It will make appreciative readers laugh inwardly,

if it does not "set the table in a roar". Quiet satire is the veteran's forte, but the caustic stream runs deep.—EDS.]

IN FRUNT OF YORKTOWN, April 14, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

To use a eunick and novil frays, much patternized by the tellagraft, evrything is progressin favorbly. Sevral thousand conterbands is engaged to-day in draggin artillry mules outer the moreasses; and ef the wether continnees fine, the hevvy howitstirs as disapered in the kwogmires doorin our march will be razed by the last of April. Hevin takin the precawshin to plant boys over the places whar the guns went down, the men will no whar to dig for em, and tho even thar breeches has gone under, I hev no dout they will all be brort to the sirfiz. Here in camp, the mud is mostly half leg deep for light infantry, and sum of the German ridgements is up to the seckind jint in the saft and plastic sile. The ground about Ginral Maclellin's hed-kwarters presents the aperience of a cow-yard arter a three weeks' steddy rain, and the waity members of his millentary fammaly now and then sticks fast in the slow. Bein light and spry hisself, he manages to skip the bad places, and so avides bein stuck. As a ginral thing, the upper-crust will support a small drummer. A panick onder setch suckemstances would be onplesent, bekase it would be onpossabul to run as fast as on *terror firmer*.

Howsever, thars no danger of a panick. Not a man in this invinsabul army nose what fear is well enuff to diskribe it without a dickshinary. We air all as jolly as ef war was a plesent game at keards—tho we no not how sun the strongest harts amung us may be played out and kivered with thar cumraids spades. As to the shufflin and cuttin—we leave that to the "nateral heroes" of the Land of the Last Ditch. Wun of our amusements (I elude to the offsirs) is to get the darkeys to dance for us wen thar days wurk is dun. Thars a dry green spot about a pistil-shot from my tent, whar a passel of us gethers evry plesent evenin to see our cukumber-legged frends perform thar wunderful brake-downs, and with the help of a little "Crookshin lawn" [old Mungoheeler whiskey) we manedge to hev a very lively *feet shampeter*.

The sojers is strickly forbidden to plunder; but ef fethers and brissels doosent gro spontanusly in these swomps, Ime inklined to think, from aperiences, that seecesh chickens and shoats is considabully cornfiscated in a privit way by independent forridgin partees.

It may be as the owls cro like roosters in this regin, and that

the grunts I heer at night is the snorin of the German hevy dragons, but I hev sartinly heerd the same noises, whar thar was hen-rusts and pig-pens.

Balloon investigashins takes place daily, and a correck and relieable map of the hull airy of the enemee's wurks hes ben tuck by wun of our errornots. The seecesh, howsever, hes sot up a noppersishin, and sports neerly as big a bag of wind as we do. They call it the Giddyun Pillow, arter the inflated bein of that name as kullapsed at Fort Donelson. Yestday both consarns was up at wunst, and cum so closte together that riful shots was eggschanged atween the civil engineers in the baskets. It is thort that a bullet fired by wun of our topografical fellers perpetrated the bottom of the rebel gas bag, but it retired in good order to the frendly kiver of a nayborin cloud to hev the hole darned. The results of our atmostfearical scoutin, so far, is raythor startlin. The fo is reported at wun hunderd and fifty thousand strong, with six hunderd guns; but sum thinks the trunks of the trees they air haulin from the woods to bild brestwurks was mistakin for artillry. As the balloon estimit of the rebel force at Manasses was two hunderd thousand men, with fortificashins ekwill to the Mollycoff and the Manmylon at Seblastypull, and the actil number turnt out to be oney forty thousand, behint sum misabul airthwurks, it is sposed by reflectin minds that errorstatic observashins is allmity onsartin. Purfessor La Mounting ses that the refractoriness of the upper atmostfear is amazin, and that when the obsarver is elevated above a givin pint he is apt to see dubble. This skyentific vew of the case hes ben adopted, I bleve, by Ginral Maclellin.

Senst my last, I hev spent two plesent days with the advance, as a volunteer sharp-shooter. I never tride the tellascupic sites afore, and I consider em a grate conveenyance. At a kwarter of a mild they bring wun of the "nateral lords of the sile" so neer that the ornaryest backwoodsman kant miss him. I laid in ambush behint a chinkapin bush and plugged seventeen, takin keer, howsever, not to hit em in the hed, or the stummick, or enny vital part; bekase as it takes four well men to carry off a cripple, evry wownded man counts five outer the ranks, while a ded feller, rekwirin no assistants, is left whar he draps, and oney counts one. The most important strutegic manover in war is to knock a man over without killin him. Frinstance, when thars twenty-five thousand of the enemee, ef you kin wownd five thousand, it takes the uther twenty thousand to tote em away, by witch the feeld is left vakint and they air totally defeeted.

(See the Hull Art of War by the Curryspondent of the Sinsinater *Times*.)

Torkin of the press, the riters for that omnippertent institooshin is kiverin tharselves with glory on this peninslur. Ime proud of the frayternity. Pen in hand, they persoo thar inkwiries evrywhars. The curryspondent of the New York *Times* hed a fence rall shot onder him last week, while settin onto it galliantly takin notes of an affair of outposts. Anuther distingwished jurneyman jurnilist was chaste three furlongs acrost an open by a reckoshettin ball, and saved his life by fallin inter a gully jest as it hopt over. The world would hev regretted his loss, ef the missill hed put him throo. The artists for the pictoryals is also cool and cam in the midst of the most eminent dangers, and wun of em cum very neer bein rubbed out yestday while makin a sketch of sum skedaddlin rebels. A shell fell inter his hat, witch he hed takin off for coolness, but fortnitly, like menny uthers, it hed no fews.

The plans of Ginral Maclellin for usin up the shiverally at Yorktown air the most masterly that hes ever ben corntrived senst Siezir crost the Rubigun. Setch, I larn from a desarter, is the opinyun of Ginral Jo Jonstun, the rebel cummander, who hes hed em by him ever senst the middle of March. In coarse I am not aloud to whisper wot they air, but all the particklers is in the Norfolk and Richmound papers; Seckatry Stanton's standin order for the promoshin of lyal ignorance not bein respected by thar sassy eddyturs.

It is reported here that the Merrymac bust a gun when she was out in the Roads tuther day, and that but for the magnannymus detarminashin of the Seckatry of the Navy to take no advantidges of a genrus fo, she mought hev ben nockt eendways. Seckatry Welles is the right man in the right place. Dont you think so? I dont, by thunder!

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLVIII.

[Hampered by the Star Chamber edict of the War Department, our old correspondent writes this week with less than his usual vim. It is easy to see that he pines under the restraint

imposed upon him by the Senseless Censorship of the Press.—EDS.]

ADVANCE GARD, YORKTOWN PENINSLUR,
April 23, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Senst I rit last things hes gon on in the ushil rootin stile; but as the rains hes ceast and the sakrid sile is no longer an infarnal dam, its not onprobabul that the stormin will sun commense. Our boys, as you may conjecter is egur to take the shine outer the blasted Seecesh, and ef they cut up ruff they'll git polisht off in short order.

Sum thinks, howsever, that as the uther collumes of our army drors to a foecus on thar flank and rare, the cornfedrits seein no outlet from the intrickit maize, will acknollidge the corn as Cornwallis did, without waitin to be shelled out. Cobb, I onderstand, is in a desput way at the prospeck, and a kernil as was tuck prisner this mornin ses he would give his ears to be outer the scrape. He hes no confidence in the resent raw re-enforcements standin fire.

But my own idee is, that a bluddy struggel is brewin. The rebellyun is a hopless case, but they'll fight it out to the bitter eend. Ef our gunboats could git up the James, we'd put em throo thar jimnastics purty kwick. They'd find it raythor a hard row to hoe to hold thar present persishin onder a rakin fire from that kwarter. But the Merrymac is cock of the walk, and bein aloud to crow it over everything we hev in the Roads, thars no chanst for our turkles to run up inter the inteeryur and help us carry Yorktown by a *coo de main*. Our fleet hed the monster fowl tuther day, with its big gun busted and its beak in the mud, but the orders was not to attact, so the Monitor and the Nogotuck, and the Vanderbelt and cetery, hed to look on till the critter was got off, arter which it made a tact acrost the harbor and retired with drums beatin and cullers flyin as a triboot of respect to the asstoot head of our Navy Department. Isent it a shame setch a funkshinary should be the *alpher* and *onager* of our nobul mareen? Why doosent the venabul old Rip Van Winkle retire from the Naval burrow to Sleepy Hollow, whar he naterally blongs? We want a feller thar as nose beens, and not an auntydiloovian as nose nuthen but *has* beens, and barly that. Noah wouldent hev shipt setch an old fogy as a forrard hand to holystone his blessed decks.

The enemee in frunt. continnees bizzy spadin up new airthwurks, but the punches they git from our artillry raythor

damps thar ardent sperrits, often indoocin em to thro down the shuvvel and the ho, and dig for saifter diggins. Evry day thar wurkin parties fall back hafe a duzzen times for want of proper support, while setch is the eggsellent provishin made for kiverin our trenchers that they air allus full of pluck. The firing of Burden's sharpshooters inflicks hevy losses on the rebels. No sunner doos a gunner show than he's a goner. Thirteen was rubbed out yestday while spunging thar pieces, and still anuther who was sightin a Parrott loaded with grape, reseved a bullet in the ball of each eye at the same moment. The latter bein onable to see whar he was goin, walked strait inter the Fedral lines, and altho kwite blind, is thort to hev a good look to rekiver.

Our advance is now oney seven hunderd yards from thar outwurks, and when the wind is right we ken hear em blastfeem. Ef profanity was fatil at that distance, we should all hev ben to the devil long ago, for the retches swar at us like troopers. Misabul sinn rs—onackwainted with the provub that cusses is like chickens, and goes hum for the same porpus—they little thinkin what hell-roosts they air makin of thar onfortnit soles. Mebbe ef they hed hed as menny pius tracks to guide em as we hev, they would never hev wanderd from the strait and narrer path inter the broad way that leads to destruckshin.

We ort to make allowances for the fact that they air destitoot of mishinaries, and hev no coalporters to giv em informashin about the fire that is never kwenched. Indeed they must be pitably ignorant about setch matters, otherways Bowerygard would never hev eggspected to find water for his hoss whar it kant be obtained for no price. But how kin you hop to find enny relidjus sentiment amung peeple as hev no Sunday papers, and attends theayters on the Sabbath day, and parsecutes meek and lowly ministers of the gospel like Parson Brownlow?

These remarks, howsever, is less shootable to a camp than a camp meetin. To return to secklar matters: Purfessor Low has jest desended from the skies in his big balloon "Agasis," and reports that Jeff Davis has arrived at Yorktown with suckers to the amount of nine thousand men. He ses he counted the sojers, and he knew Jeff by his long neck; but then the purfessor is sumwot given to stretchin. I remember a few years ago, I gin fifty cents to see Low start from New York by the air line for London, but arter raisin the wind, lo and behold, as the Devil would hev it, he oney went as far as the Elysium Feelds. My own bleef is, that most all the big stories we hear about

seecesh re-enforcements and setch, amounts to nix; and, like the late rummer of a Union defeat at Elizabeth, purceeds from the Father of Lize.

Thar was a butiful shindy in the rebel lines yestday arternoon.

Two ridgements hed a pursenal differculty, and we could see em firin into wun anuther for hafe hour or so in a lively style, killin menny on both sides. It was a puzzle to all of us why they should riddle wun anuther in a plug-muss, wen they no well enuff that our men is spilin for a fight and reddy to put em throo at the shortest notis. Howsever, its not onplesent to witness a bluddy ruff and tumble atwixt two sets of ruffyuns, when wun reflecks that witchever of the skallywags whips its all right for our side.

A desarter who cum in about an hour ago, ses it was a skrimmidge atwixt a South Caroliny ridgement and a boddy of Virginny Volunteers as was resently enlisted agen thar will at the pint of the bagnet, and that the muttonneers hed the best of it. When troops of Sister States pitches inter wun anuther arter this fashin, its a sign that the ties of brutherhood is brokin, and that the affairs of the rebels is approachin a crysis.

The grand a salt was onavoidably postponed last week, on account of the rain, but the day is now fixt, and it will cum off at the appinted time, rain or shine, wether or no. In the meantime evrything goes on as agreeably as the most sanguinary frends of the Union could desire. I send you the oridginal plan of attact (which hes senst ben changed), but in coarse you hev tact enuff not to prent it. Seckatry Stantons standin order agen givin aid and cumfurt to the enemee by foretellin past events, is still in full force, and as I dont want you to git inter diffikulty by predictin wot might hev happened onder circumstances witch dident occur, you hed better not menshin to ennybody that if Ginral Maclellins first projeck hed ben carried out it mought possably hev ben consummated. I hev reson to no that I am onder the strick sirvillians of the Censer of the Press, and tharfore ef Yorktown should be tuck on or about or before Saturday the third of May, you musn't say I told you so.

Hopin to date my nex with a pen dipped in Ginral Jonson's inkstand, I remain, progressin favorably.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XLIX.

[The usually-buoyant spirits of the veteran seem to have been somewhat affected by the mud and miasma of Yorktown Peninsula. He chafes, too, at the delays which careful and circumspect strategists consider necessary to secure success. However, the great battle cannot be long postponed—always supposing that the enemy, while we are making preparations to defeat and "bag" them, do not suddenly decamp without beat of drum, as they did from Manassas.—EDS.]

IN THE ADVANCE, BEFORE YORKTOWN, April 30, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The clerk of the wether arter keepin the winders of Hevin wide open for three days and playin continnally throo all the orifizzes with two and a hafe inch pipe, suddently shet off the head of water, took in the seelestyal hose, and closed the sashes on Monday last, senst witch this everlastin bog hes ben simmerin down, dryin up, and generatin steam to keep the billyus fever bizness goin brisk and lively. The seesin is oncommon faverable for fever and ager and the crop is likely to be large. More'n two thirds of the wurkin parties engaged in erectin *shiver de freezes* and cetery hes the chills more or less, and buckets filled with a solushin of surfit of canine hes to be sent round to all the pianeer hands three times a day to enabul 'em to face the mewsick. Ef it warn't for that the jig would sun be up. As it is the shakedowns in the tempory lazyretters is all full. Roomattics prevails considerabul in the low kwogmires, and I kin ashoor you my asma in the chest hesent ben much improoved by wot the doctors call miasma in the air. In fack the atmostfearic eggshellashins is wus, by chorks, than the shells of the enemee. Ef we dont take the rebels down afore the reglar hot wether sets in, thar'll be sum hevvy mowin dun in our ranks by the old ripper Deth.

In the meantime, as you air aware from the ushil ofishall sorces, evrything is goin on to the entire satisfackshin of evrybody. The diffrent camps hes ben conneckted by blazing roads through the woods, and the sojers can now see whar they're goin, insted of hevin to ax thar way continnally in passin from wun post to anuther. The blazin was rayther a tuff job as it hed to be dun onder the enemees fire. Sevral thousand men is at present emplide in bildin corderoy turnpikes. These corderoys is for the

breeching pieces; but the moreass bein eenamost bottomless in sum places, thar constructshin is a wurk of amens labor. Sumtimes the tallest monarks of the forrest, when laid down as sleepers, disappears like a dream, and uthers hes to be embedded over em. Howsever the grate highway leadin throo the swamp to Warwick is nearly finisht and will be thrown open to the milentary publick in a few days. It is a bully road, about hafe the width of the bullywards at Payris, but skarsly as plesent to ride over. The ruts bein all the rong way, gun carridges passin over it purgresses by jerks, like the innoomerable hop-toads on the bog on each side, and about at the same lively pace. The fast crabs of the Third Avenoo couldn't make three minnit time over it—not eggsackly.

We've got to lick the fo, thats sartain, for this tung of land is too allmity saft and slippery to back down on; so, as the king ses in the play, we must push forrard, "seekin for Richmound in the throat of Deth." I spose the bumbardment will open in airnest next week, ef the wether is faverabul for firewurks, and Ginrals Banks and MacDowell hes by that time skewerd good places for recevin the rebels with outstretcht arms, as they rush from the eggsibishin. Wun thing you may relie upon—nuthin will be dun ontill the time cums to do it, and then should suckemstances prove onpropishus, it will oney be postponied ontill sumthin faverabul turns up. This informashin I hev confidenshally from a very high sorce, and I trust the Censer—altho I am in bad odor in that kwarter—will suffer it to pass.

The tidins from the Lower Mussysippi, witch hev ben current here senst Monday, hes defused a flud of joy throo all our harts. Lovill, it seems, cut dirt without showin enny inclinashin for a brush. I remember he did jest the same when he was Deppity Inspector in the New York Street Department. Gustarvus Smith, anuther gradeate of the same nobul institooshin, will probly flee in a simildar manner from the besum of destruckshin. The ackount given by the rebel leaders of the capter of New Orleans is raythor a frothy story, but its plain enuff that arter the vessels of Porter reached the city, nuthin more was seen of thar ugly mugs.

I went on a skout throo the air yest'day with the speshil airtist of a picter sheet named arter a sellybrated ferry in this State. The way of it was this. The airtist hearin as the Guverment Censer hed cum full swing from Old Pint to arrest him for givin aid and oumfurt to the enemee, by copyin an old plan of Cornwallis's and Washington's camps as they appered in 1781, detar-

mined to go up inter God Almighty's free and blessid air, whar they dont hev no Censerships and Seckatries of War hes no jurisdickshin, and to stay thar till the ofishall Poll Pry hed vamosed. I ackumpanid him, and a jolly time we hed; smokin meershams and sipping hidesceek in the rejin of clouds, and now and then directin our attenshin to the shampain kentry below, most of witch is adapted to the cultivashin of terbacker. We both agreed that no man of voracity in his senses would fix the census of the rebel army at more'n 70,000. We could see all the ridgmental camps, and Ime sartain as all the corpses put together dident number 70,000 souls. The seecesh as was off duty presented a curus specktickle. They seemed to be sittin without thar shirts perusin the papers. On vewin em throo a tellascope, howsever, we notist they were employin thar valabul time in the pershoot of vermin. Wot we at fust tuck for noosepapers, turnt out on closter inspeckshin to be thar onderlinen, and judgin by the way they acted, cattle must hev ben plenty and actyve in the dummestick market. My cumpanyun arter sketchin a bird's eye view of the remains of the old fortyficashins at Yorktown—witch he gin to me, and witch I intend to publish arter the war, ef not konsidered determental to past events—preposed to me to descend aloan and inkwire ef the Censer hed evaporated. I dun so. How did I desend aloan? you natrally ax. Wal, I shot down down in a parryshoot. Perhaps you never seen a parryshoot. Its wot airynaughts takes up with em as a safegard agen dannger in case of a kullaps. A balloon is but an "airy nuthin" as the poick eggspresses it, and so its as well to pervide for a rainy day with a parryshoot; witch is percisely like a big umbereller. Siezin this masheen by the handel I jumpt from the car and floted gently, with a wobblin moshin, to the airth, with no inconveenyance except a slite sea-sicknes, cawsed by the seesaw moshin of the consarn. On arrivin below I inkwired for the Censer and found he hed gon back to whar he belonged, wharupon I gin my frend abuv the spred eagle signal—an Odd Fellow's sine in witch the fingers and the nose takes a conspeakus part—and he immediently tuck the hint and cum down hansumly.

Hopin we may sun flounder outer this bog, kivered with lorils (witch is as common as sassafrax all over the swamp, ef enny boddy wanted to gether em) I remane, deep in the mud, but with curridge skrewed to the stickin place.

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. L.

[Once more the old soldier is out on the war-path, and, of course, in his element. Our readers will rejoice to learn that although his horse was blown to pieces by a torpedo at Yorktown, he was fortunate enough to escape unhurt.

FORMER HEAD-KWARTERS OF GINRAL JO JONSON,
WILLIAMSBUG, May 7, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary :

I rite this letter from a commojus manshin in Williamsbug, witch was suddently vakated on Toosday night by Ginral Jo Jonson and a few of his seleck frends, to make rum for Ginral Maclellin and his milentary famaly. The resent tenants was cumpelled by pressin engagements to start for the inteeryur and genrusly left evrything at our disposhal. I am now settin onto wun of Magruder's trunks, and dippin my pen (as I sed in a resent letter mought sun be the case) in Ginral Jo Jonson's inkstand. Immediently opposit to me sets Ginral Maclellin on a camp stool, inditin a dispatch to his wife, on the back of a haversack, and I no by the twinkel of his eye that he's puttin things in a light that'll make her feel as happy as a toad in a shower. He's too much of a worrier to wurry her, even if matters lucked skwally; but seein we hev given the pussnannymus cusses rats, in coarse, he feels like a bird, and rites boyantly. Our departed frends doosent peer to hev ben very tidy in thar habits. Empty whisky jugs, bucks on milentary tacktricks, charts of the peninslur drord on the whitewashed walls with terbacker juce, eppylets, boots as seems to hev hed thar soles run off with hard travel, and setch artickles of clothin as perfeshinal runners diskards in a match agin time, is prominent amung the embellishments of the apartment whar I am now turnin my idees inter black and white. The floor presents a disgustin speck-tickle, bein kivered with Confedrit kwids, no doubt spit out in a simultanus shower at the moment of departer, to avide swallerin 'em in the wild rush to a more conjenial locashin.

But enuff of the sourcaustic. Seens of blud and cetery setch as I hev to deskribe is too serous to be treted in my ushil vein. Regairdin the mane facks of the high old rebel hunt witch commenst last Sunday at York Town and hes ben in full blast ever senst, with allmity breef intermishins for recreashin, the tellagraft hes allreddy posted you in advance of the mails. I shall tharfor, like the sellybrated contraband in the play, confine my-

self to the "har bredth scrapes and moovin axdents" in witch I tuck a hand, pursenally, and witch the ornary currysponde nts of the press was too far in the rare to make a manyrandum of.

The vamose of the rebels from York Town on Saterday night and Sunday mornin dident take me by suprise. When the sege guns opend onto 'em to get the range, on Thursday, I sed openly "they kant stand these doses, they must evackyate." Saterday night, sun arter turnin in, I hed a curus dreem. It seemed to me as ef a most amazin critter rose up suddently out of the airth in my tent, like wun of the stage sulfursides in Don G O Vanny. He hed the aperience of a flyin sarpint, his wings bein in the form of a normous eppylets, and his boddy consistin of flexibul two hunderd pounders taperin down to four and a half inch howitzers at the tail eend. Ses he, rollin the red hot shot witch sarved him for eye-balls, in thar sockits, as he spoke—"Ime the Milentary Annie Condy or Army Devil, *I* am; wot Mephistufferlies was to Doctor Fostus, I intend to be to Unkel Sam, oney I dont want to by souls on enny terms, hevin more on hand now than I ken find fewil for. Would you like my fire-eatin frend," he continned, snappin his incinderary eyes ontil the sparks flue, "to no wots up in the seecesh camp at this junkter."

"Ef youre the ainshint snake as got up the apple riot in Pairodice in the year wun," ses I, "Ime no frend of yourn, for if it hedent a ben for your darned strutegy, this mutch-to-be-laymented frayternal shindy mought never hev cum off. Howsever," ses I, "I would like to larn how the blamed seecesh over to York Town enjies thar invitin prospecks, ef the things possabul, my old Bore Constructor."

"Siss-s-s!" ses the tremenjus reptyle, rattlin his metallick karkiss and makin annoys with his firy tung, like a duzzen hafe inch fuses goin on a blazin bender throo the air: "Siss-iss-s-s-s! youre a nice feller to be down on me for sirkimventin a cuppel of covetus, conseted upstarts, when your ginral wants to cum the same game with the hull Suthern Cornfedracy. But we wont quarl old Ruff and Reddy, ketch a holt of my tail."

I dun so, and with a few vigrus flaps of his eppylet-wings we wus in the oppersishin camp, when he muttered a few words too profane to be repeted in a Sunday paper, and we both becum unvisabul. A moment arterwards we was in the midst of a markee, in witch the head ginrals was holdin a consultashin on the rebel case. Magruder was makin a speech, and as near as I ken remember the vishin, it was as follers:

"I go in for fightin as Old (hic)—I say, I go in for puttin em

throo as Old (hic, hic) Hickory did at New Orleens." (Ginral Lee interruptin—"New Orleens be cust!—its gon to thunder!") "Gent'men, don't run; take a sober (hic) seckind thort, and stand firm." (Here he pitcht forrard and run his seegar inter Ginral Jonson's eye.) "Rains ses ef we stay here we shall be tuck by storm. Let her (hic)—I say, let her rip! Can we eskape the fate of Corn (hic)—of Cornwallis by flyin to Chickenhominy? No, gent'men, no. Ef we air to die in the last ditch, let em (hic) hack us to peaces here." ("Hear, hear!" from the sojers listenen outside.) "This is class (hic)—I would say classic ground. Ef we must fall, let us die all, die nobly die like demi (hic)—like demi—"

Here the speeker keeled over and sobsided, Lee whisperin to Jonson—"die like demijohns, I spose the drunken humbug means."

At this intresting pint of the vishin I was suddently awoke by the drum beatin the long role, and an orderly rusht inter my tent with his eyes as big as sawsirs and informt me that the seecesh hed abandoned thar wurks and it was a seckind edishin of Manasses. In less'n twenty minits I was ridin throo thar desarted camp. In coarse you hev larnt by the airly despatches, that it was as full of torpedoes and infarnal masheens as a rebel blankit is of like stock, and as I rode along I heerd em crackin on evry side. Wun of em cum all thunderin near cuttin short my curryspondence with the Merkary I ken tell you. Rite in frunt of the Rebel Head-kwarters a shell eggsploded onder my Busufferless, and the next instant I found myself sittin astride of a dismounted piece, with the saddle still onder me and my feet in the stirups, mutch suprised but parfeckly saift. Thar was nuthin left but me and the saddle. It was a merackalus eskape, and shows that Providence never sleeps; for this was about four o'clock in the mornin.

The hull of Monday I was with the right wing, with Hancock's brigade, in pershoot of the flyin fo. In the final shindy on Monday arternoon, when we turned thar left flank, I cum within a hars bredth of ketchin Magruder. Ef I'd oney hed a Californy laureat to hev sent singin throo the air arter him, I mought hev noosed him shoor. But alass I lost him for want of a lasso. His hoss was a *leettle* swifter'n mine, and bein drunk he swung about so in the saddle that I couldn't hit him with my revolver. Howsever, I hev his wallet witch he threw away as he fled, hopin to tempt me to stop and skewer it. I pickt it up as I returnt, but found it warnt wuth the trubble, containin

nuthin but a few dunnin letters, an obseen drinkin song, and a passel of Cornfedrit shin plasters.

Last night the rebels wunst more tuck up thar line of march, at a kwarter-hoss stride, and our troops are now arter em with a sharp stick.

I raythor surmise the old Annie Condy is throwin her larvee around!

Luck out for still more gloryus noose nex week. Nofolk is a gon case within a few days. The seecesh game's eenamost played out. The beginnin of the eend is closte at hand. In the arms of Victry (while the fo is on the last legs of Defeat), I remain, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LI.

[It will be seen that at the date of his letter (Wednesday last) our veteran friend was full of glorious anticipations. He seems to have enjoyed the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood of Cumberland, though the disloyal mocking-birds provoked his righteous indignation.—EDS.]

CUMBERLAND, VIRGINNY, May 14, 1862,
HEAD-KWARTERS OF GINRAL MACLELLIN.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

We air cornerin the Cornfeds amazin rapid. Desarters report as Howl Cobb is in favor of vamosin Richmound without waitin to be shelled by Maclellin. Magruder, who was so feerce for a stand when he was staggerin drunk, is now lyin on his back at Rumford with the shakes, they say, and fancies he sees lejins of Illanoy apes swimmin acrost the Pawmonkey River, with red-hot pokers in thar hands to stir up his innards. A contraband as cum in last night ses Mrs. Davis hes mutinid agen the Seecesh Presdent, slapt his face, and told the poor henpect critter that Seeceshin's a bad egg, and that she's hartily sick of setch a disgustin yokefeller. The citysins of Richmound ginally is represented to be in a revoltin state, and the saft soap of the rebel funkshinaries doosent appeer to hev enny effeck upon em. Menny thinks it will be onpossabul to bring the Suthern troops to the scratch, in consekens of the late disaster in Louscanna.

Cumberland, our present head-kwarters, is oney about twelve milds from Bottom's Bridge, whar Lee allows he's goin to whip us. He's got to fight or foot it right away, that's sartain, for we shell be in moshin at dawn on Thursday mornin, for the porpus of lettin daylight inter him and his Fly-by-nights. A currier hes jest arrived from the James, who states that the Monitor was around Gurl's Neck, and that the Gayleaner, witch got in a tight place by huggin the shore too closte, hed ben got off with a tug, and was hard arter her, with the Nogoduck cummin up hand-over-hand a short distans below. By refrence to the maps, you will see that the James is as full of elbows as the Mincio—the wun around Gurl's Neck bein the most dangerus bend of the hull, with the eggsepshin of wun near the mouth. Jeff hes appinted Friday, the sixteent instant, as a day of humiliashin, and I predicate our gunboats and land forces 'll carry out his proclamashin purty effeckshally.

The clerk of the wether, who seemed detarmind to drownd us out at Yorktown, hes stopt cutting shines, and now we hev rayther more sun then we want. But as Gloster ses to Norfolk in the play, "Wots that to us more'n to Richmound?" We ken stand 100 degrees of Foreign heat better'n one in a hunderd of the natives. And why ken we do so? Why, bekase we aint everlastinly fired up with red-eye. Tork of licker as 'll kill at forty rods! Blame my picter ef the stuff we found in sum of the whisky barls at Yorktown wouldent kill as far as a Dollgrin gun.

You never seen a finer kentry than this we air travellin throo now. Thars planters' housen atween Williamsbug and Cumberland, that the most pius Christian would hardly wish to trade for manshins in the skies. The corn's so flurishin that it gives me pain to tred onto it, and it stirs the pulse of a feller's stummick to luck at the green peas. As I set in the piazzer of Ginral Maclellin's head-kwarters, scratchin off this letter, the notes of the robbings steals plesently on my ear, and the mewsical catbirds tutches my felines with thar cherful and familyar vices. The oney things that anoise me is the mockin-birds, witch, in consekens of hevin lissent so long to the seecesh bands, sings nuthin but "Dixie." I giv em Hail Columby, evry now and then, with a handful of stuns, but, like the jail-birds as tootered em, they oney fly a little ways ahead and strike up the same infarnal toon agin.

We hev, as you're awar, kwite a number of furrin offsirs attached to this divishin, and they wun and all declar that a finer

core d'amme never tuck the feeld. The Duc de John Veal told wun of our John Bull captins, when he cum to see us at Barboursvil last Saterday, that "Villainton (that's the way the French pernounce Wellington) nevare had so mosh fine troops in hees life." "No," ses the Englishman, "that's a fack; and I dont see how he ever wun the Battle of Waterloo." He hed the Frenchman thar, I speckylate. The Duc de Chatters and the County Payris is both here. They air jolly, convivyal young fellers, and not averse to puttin down Old Bourbon when they git a chanst.

Thar was grate rejisin amung our men when the noose arrove that Cummodore Davis hed sent three of Hollinses Rams to Davys locker. He's a rambunkshus feller is Hollins, but senst Porter and Davis sheared inter his rams at New Orleens and Fort Pillow, I persoom he feels like a shepherd without a flock. Horns hes ben his rooin. The best thing he ken do is to rite an affeckshinit farwell letter to his frends (ef he hes enny), and then drap hisself inter the drink. I reckin he'd sink jest as eesy as rollin off a log, for they've ben throwin hunderds of hogsheds of whiskey inter the Mussysippi lately, and he'd go to the bottom arter it in obejence to his nateral instinks.

Our advance gard is now feelin the enemee, and the report is that he doosent feel good, and that he is tryin to slip throo our fingers. Ef that's his game, he'll hev to be as lively as a lamprey eel, for we are closte onto his slimy trail, and Maclellin's grip is a thunderin titan. Sum prisners sent in by the skrimmidgers this mornin, ses Lee is ankshus to meet us, and eggspects to cum off with flyin cullers; but Ime afeard he'll go off with flyin cullers afore we git a chanst to pitch inter him in the defiles. The oney cullers warranted to stand in these parts is black and yaller. Cuffee, Dinah and Co. waits for us evrywhars with open arms, and would gladly embrace us, but we eggscuse ourselves, on ackount of the warm wether. We air in good odor with all the darkeys, but for all thar perfeshins of frendship, they air allus tryin to get to windward of us, ef they think they kin make a cent by it.

Hopin in my next to be able to say like the messenger in the drayma, "Richmound is on the seeze," I remane, joyfully,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LII.

[Although the veteran's expectations of getting to Richmond were not fulfilled, he endeavors to sustain his reputation as a prophet by attributing the delay to the Fort Darling affair.—EDS.]

NEAR NEW BRIDGE, VIRGINNY, May 21, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Mcrkary:

Ginral Maclellin is a dissipul of Davy Crockett; he never bucks ahead till he sees his way clar; but when he doos moove, sumthins got to suckum. I hope this time it will be Richmound, and ef it hedent a ben for that thunderin blunderin bizness at Fort Darling, we should probly hev carrid it afore now, by wot the Californy blacklegs call a *coo de grab*. At the date of my last letter, thar was evry aperience that we should hev it afore the sixteent, the day sot apairt by Jeff Davis for a ginral humiliashin of the rebels; but Providence, witch apeers to play an open and shet game with em, jest to aggravate their misfortens, thort it best they should hev two days of humiliashin insted of wun.

Our advance is now near New Bridge, about nine milds from Richmound, and our cavalry pickets is closte enuff to hear thar hosses nay. We onderstand that remittent fever is playin old hob with em. Desarters report that from five to sicks hunderd is taken down daily, and more'n hafe the army hes the shakes, more or less. Thars considabul third day ager amung our fellers too, and buckets of surfit of canine and whisky is past throo the ranks twiste evry twenty-four hours, but the moment the cold stage is over the invalids is as hot as ever for a fight.

This mornin I went on an errornotic trip with Mr. Low and Kernil Stunman from this pint. We reeched an elevashin of five hunderd feet, and hed a fine vew of all the feeters of the landskip. Men, wimmen and children was running about the streets of Richmound, aperiently in a panic, and but few troops was visabel eggsept over the left near James River.

Ef wun could vote hisself a farm somewhars around in these pairts, it wouldent be bad to take. Ef thars to be enny confisticashin for the bennyfit of lyall heroes, I should rayther like to hev Kernil Lee's White House farm, whar we hed our headkwarters a few days senst. Its jest about the purtiest spot this side of pairodice. Two things reckymend it—Ginral Washington spent the fust years of his marrid life thar—and the land, eenamost without any pains, will perdooce thirty barls corn to the acher. Paytryotic recollecksbins and present profit both

reckymends it, and it peers to me to be jest the place for a Disbanded Volunteer to repose upon his lorrils. I must tork over the matter with my friend Abe. In the anshent fuddle times the estates of traitors used to be bestode upon lyall men, and I guess, as O Theller ses, Ive done the state some sarvice. Thars about three hunderd niggers belongin to the farm I onderstand, and I wouldent mind carryin out the ideer of gradjal mansipashin in relashin to em, by garanteeing the freedom of thar grate grandchilderu as fast as they arrive at the age of eighty years. I reely dont know ennything on airth more desirabul than a fine plantashin on the Pawmonkey River, with two or three hunderd likely "pussons held to labor" thrown in. I think I could do better by em than sum of the longfaced saints in white chokers as went to the Sea Islands about two munths ago to oversee the plantin of cotton seed, but oney suckseeded in spilin the seed of Ham. Pius yarns isent condoosive to the perduckshin of cotton yarn it seems.

The Seecesh on the peninslur, findin it doosent pay to plant torpedoes, witch thar own capterd offsirs and men hes to dig up at the resk of thar valabul lives, hes taken to firin on flags of trooce, as a saifter way of committin murder. Thar's jest wun way to stop these games, and that's hangin; and if it isn't resorted to, and that right away, our men will be apt to squar accounts with the cowardly ruffins thar own way.

I was with Ginral Stunman in the brush at Bottom's Bridge, and a very purty foot race it was. Ive seen considabul running in my day, but I never saw fellers mounted on setch misabul hosses make setch good time as they did acrost the Chickenhominy yestday; yet I warn't supprised at it when I seen the prisners we tuck. Setch onmassaful spurs as they hed onto em I never seen outer Mexico. Thar arms was all sorts and sizes, but thar warn't a pair of spurs among em as wouldent hev gon throo the hide of an elefant. Wot they cheefly depend upon in battel, is thar spurs. The hull line advances to-day, so luck out for great news about Saterday. Hopin for a fight, but fearin it'll be a fizzle, I remain,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LIII.

[The old boy was undoubtedly in one of his queerest humors when he indited the following letter. We particularly commend

his remarks on the Banks affair to the attention of our readers. It is the neatest bit of cynicism we have seen in many a day. The compliment to the Secretary of War does no more than justice to that distinguished functionary.—EDS.]

BEFORE RICHMOUND, May 28, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary.

Bowerygard hevin slipt up on the idee of waterin his Busufferless in the Tennessee, hes cum to skwench his thirst for glory on the banks of the Chickenhominy. Desarters say he reeched Richmound on Sunday from the Sow West with his brissels up like a Texas porkerpine, and swore he'd ether light his Havanner in our camp on Saterday night, or smoke a brimstun regaly with Belzebub in the Halls of Haidees. I onderstand that prevus to the war the Red Sulfur Springs in this State was his favorit waterin-place, and I persoom in a future state he'll be ackomidated at a Spaw whar the bevridge is of the same flaver, but hotter and stronger, and whar thars heeps of black waiters in constant attendance to giv visiters a horn. The probility is, the old blastfeemer meens fight—for the mane boddy of the Cornfeds now shows a horsteal frunt south of the city, and we larn they air in high sperrits over the retreat of Banks into Merryland. Onder these suckemstances, I luck for a collushin afore the week's out, and we air all hopin for a high old time, witch may cum off at enny moment. Ef we don't put em throo for the massacree at Bull Run and the torpedoes at Yorktown, thars no perswashin in saber bagnets.

In the intrim our Ginral, who, as you may hev heerd, is eenamost wushipt by the army, is by no meens an idol man. On Monday he put Ginral Porter at the head of a considabul boddy of troops, and told him to go to Hanover, witch he dun, and, arter a hevy skrimmidge, tuck the place. It was a big thing. and you will eggscuse me for crowin over it. Our loss when footed up will be a mere handful, as ushil; but I kant state the figgers, becase, altho menny of the troops hes cum back, we hev no returns. Our men dun well in the engagement, and the wownded hev ben dooin as well as could be eggspected ever senst. The fo left wun hunderd and nine men and a sutler ded on the field, and, singlar to relate, they were all shot in the eye with grape shot—showin the unerrin ackaracy of our artillry. This I hed from an eye-witness, a remarkbly clear-sighted volunteer from the Buckeye State.

Our men berrid the enemee's ded in thar own riful-pits, witch

came handy arter the fateeg of slorter, and capterd five hunderd head of seecesh alive.

The jography of Hanover, witch is the court-house town of Hanover county, and contains six whiskey mills, two churches, a constabul, seven squires, and a jail, besides about two hunderd white trash, that no jenteel nigger will assoshiate with, is as follers. It is right on the Richmound & Fredericksburg Railroad, mebbe twenty milds from Richmound; and so you see while Ginral Maclellin is menassing Bowerygard's frunt, he hes also opened a fire in his rare. This, I bleve, is what he sposed Ginral Macdoill was to do; but it seems that wunderful milentary cheeftin, who hes ben pickin his teeth and jinglin his spurs in the neyberhood of Fallmouth for the Lord nose how long, hes suddently ben ordered on a fool's errant to Manasses, arter Jackson. He's a sprisin man, is Ginral Macdoill. Settin aside Siezer, Hanna Bull, and Haveluck, he is eggsheld by few, and eggseeded by nun. His former masteerly retreet from Manasses fully entitles him, I should say, to be sent thar agen.

Wot do you think of the Banks affare? We regaird it here as an amazin peace of strutegy. A trap peers to hev ben sot for the rebels, and Banks and his five thousand left for bait. Jackson, the poor ignarunt old rat, walked inter the snare, tooth and toe-nail, and ef he happens to git off with *a claw* this time, in coarse we must do as the old wumman did when she used her husband's boddy for eel-bait—*try for anuther haul.* Boddies of men is of no consekens when the objeck of leavin em to be butchered is preyswurthy. The eend sankshins the meens. I trust, tharfore, that the reck of Bankses brigade doosent consider thar cumraids was recklessly sacrifised at Frunt Ryal, Winchester, and cetery; and that no wun is so inhuman as to blame the cam, considerate, high-minded, far-seein, libral, perfound, curtshus, and desarvedly poplar Seckatry of War. The hull army of the Potomac considers him a nincumpairable publick offsir, and altho sartain editors hes thort fit to call him a bag of wind, he is reely a man of grate saygassity.

Senst the abuv parrygraft was rit, informashin hes ben receved in camp that Ginral Freemount is to re-enforce Banks, witch will leeve the Mountin Deestrick at the marcy of the gorillas. But the cuttin of a hundefd or two Union throats, more or less, is naterally a seckindary considerashin to ketchin Jackson. They'll hev him, mark my wurds, jest as shoor as Paddy capterd the flee.

I notis thars considabul sed in the New York papers you sent

me about Union sentiment in Virginny. But we don't see it. Ef it eggsists in these parts, the peeple hes a high old talent for dissimerlashin They wun and all greet us with the kinder epithets ushilly applied to the skum of the airth, and nuthin but pursenal considerashins pervents the wimmen from runnin thar sissors inter us. I wunst was tuck prisner by the Cummanchy Injuns, and I must say thar squors treeted me with more perliteness than the ladies of the Fust Famalees shows to our sojers. They don't say mutch, but they spit with remarkabul force and ackaracy, and no longer ago than yestday a Massachoosets man who offerd his cheek to a volunteer saloot from one of em, hed the peace tuck out as clean as ef it hed ben dun with a gouge. Ef that's Union feelin, I ken oney say Ive no wish to put my mousetushes in setch a persishin as to procure me a simildar token of regaird.

Ankshusly awaitin victry or deth, but preferrin victry, I remane, with my sole in arms,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LIV.

[The last fearful battle near Richmond seems to have been almost too much for the iron nerves of the gallant old soldier. We do not wonder that the ride over the fatal field on Monday made him heartsick.—EDS.]

IN FRUNT OF RICHMOUND, June 4, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

As youre awar I was at the battel of Inkerman and also seen the famus charge of that impetyus British trump Lord Cardgain at Blacklaver, but the fightin in these diggins last Saterday and Sunday was sumthin to holler on even arter witnessin the rushin work in the Crymeah. Saterday the rebels druv us for a wile, thars no denyin that; but by Genesis! it was oney by the force of numbers. About twenty-five thousand of em pitcht oneggspecktedly inter Ginral Caseys Brigade in the midst of setch a storm as no rayshinall beins wuld hev thort of facin without injy rubber overcoats and umbrellers. It litened to that degree that youd hev sposed the biggest fool on airth would hev ben struck with the danger of carryin a musket; but, regairdless of the

legtrick flewid, they thunderd down upon our advance like a hurrycain. Ginral Caseys Brigade receved the fust shock. Drencht with rain, they was standin shiverin in a corn feeld when they suddenly found tharselves atwixt three fires. Thar persishin was singlarly pictoresk, bein purty mutch surrounded with woods, and altogether a nice seekwesterd spot for a picknick party. Ef the enemee hedent misfortinately got inter the timber in frunt of em, and on both flanks, they mought hev held the fo at a ded lock sum time, but as it was they bolted. They retreted in order—sum ses in good order, but accordin to the best informashin I ken git, it was in short order. Menny of our offsirs allows that a feeld with woods on three sides of it isent an overly saift place in a milentary pint of view, onless the woods is ockapied as well as the open, but in coarse when men meets with a reverse, evryboddy ken see how it mought hev ben *vicey versey*.

I was with Ginral Maclellin when the noose of the attact was brort to head kwarters, and as ushil on setch ockashins, the eggstent of the disaster in frunt was falsely stated by the fudgetives.

But it made no more impreshin onto him than the firy bolts did onto A Jacks. He at wunst sent two brigaids by the cars to the van, and the fresh troops goin in with cheers sun turnt the tables. The battel continyin with onabaited fury, the steam was kept up and other boddies dispatched from time to time, ontil Night hysted her star-spangled banner over the cumbertents, and the work of deth was suspended. When they could no longer see to shoot, both sides laid down on thar arms and tried to refresh tharselves with a littel sleep prevus to meetin on Sunday.

At daylight on the blessed Sabbath—long afore you city fokes had begun to dress for church—we dressed our ranks and went in. It was Unkel Sam's turn now, and we made old seecesh see stars. Hindsellman raked em fore and aft with his artillry and musketry, and Sedgewick and Richardson gin em pertickler fits. As sun as our men got the enemee outer the woods inter the open, whar they hed full skoop for the bagnet, they gin em the cold iron. The Sutherners dont peer to keer a chaw of tobacker for bullits, but they wont stand spittin. When they see the shinin steel cummin at thar brests, they loose hart, and run like deers for deer life. But runnin didcnt save em this time, for they was run throo by hunderds. Four hunderd is sed to hev ben wiped out by the bagnet alone. I counted more'n a hunderd myself in one peace of swompy ground, and at least fifty of em

was speered throo the back. It was an orful sight, and I wisht that sum of youre New York blud-and-thunder kwill-drivers as prefers slorter to circumvenshin, could jest hev rode over the battel-feeld with me last Monday mornin, and seen the glassy eyes and pale upturnt faces that bore silent witness agen war, wile the green airth was wet with dimond doos, and the birds was singin hims of peace among the bushes whar menny of the wounded hed crawld away to die.

The victry was cumpleat; but I dessay sum of your pen-and-ink Ginrals, as sets in thar editorial sanktums and plans onpossabilities, will take thar tex from Caseys discumforture and say "the Army of the Potomac was defeted."

I warent mutch in this last battel, hevin ben prencepally emploid doorin both days in carryin orders from the cummandin Ginral to the different corpses to moove forrard or fall back, as ockashin reckwired. This, howsever, is a critterkill kinder sarvice as you may simmise from the fack that I hed six hosses shot onder me; and wunst, wile lyin on the ground, a hoss shot over me, strikin a pistil I hed razed to plug him, with his flyin heels. Wot is most extrornary, the kick dischargd the pistil and the ball strikin the animil in a vital spot kild him instantly. In takin an order to Ginral Hindsellman I hed to ride throo a cross fire of grape and riful balls of a most eggsitin nater, dooring witch three bullits passed throo my milentary flapjack and wun ludged in my stop-watch, and I found on resortin to my terbacker-box for a chaw, arter gettin outer range, a fift hed perpetrated the lid and lodged in the Cavindish. I hev sent the box with the bullit and the terbacker inter it to Fortress Monroe to be forrarded to the SUNDAY MERKARY offiz, and I wish you to sho it to all inkwirin frends as a pruff that the old sojer dident srink from dooty in the face of danger.

Our advance line is now right in frunt of the intrenchments at Richmound, and not more'n three miles from Jeff Davises House.

If Richmound is tuck I shall get a furlo and go to Washington to recrute—I mean to recrute my sperrits, for wot with seens of carnedge by day and dreemin of em at night, Ime gettin to be wot the docters calls a hippocorndrake.

I larn to-day that our gunboats is wunst more asendin the James and that the grand attact on the enemee is to cum off within a week. Hopin that it will hev a fortnit issoo I remain, reddy for Glory or the Grave,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LV.

[Our venerable military friend is somewhat in the didactic vein, the lull which has succeeded the stormy battle of Fair Oaks not furnishing much opportunity for dramatic description. His letter is, nevertheless, a quaint and interesting one, and strongly marked with the peculiarities of style which have rendered his correspondence so generally popular.—EDS.]

BEFORE RICHMOUND, June 9, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Senst the battel of Fair Oaks (or Fair Hoax as wun of our line offsirs of the British perswashin calls it) things hes remaned stashinary, with few adventers to relate wuth pen ink and paper. Fact is, both sides was so all-slorterusly cut up in that sangwinary struggel that all hands felt inklined to paws for a spell, prevus to attemptin enny new feet of arms. The hull affair was as like the two days shindy at Shylow, as wun little nigger is like its bruther. The rebels dun a purty good six hours wurk on Saterday, and we paid em off, and sumthin over by way of advance, on Sunday. Mutch, howsever, depends upon the Seckatry of War. If that extrornary institooshin orders up the nessary re-enforcements, the seecesh army will be defeted and disburst; but ef, on tuther hand, he refewses the the reckwired suckers, we may find it onpossabul to git perssesshin of their formadouble brestwurks, ockapied as they air by the cream of the Suthern infantry. Its all very well for nOosepaper curryspondents to poke fun at the shabby aperience of the enemee, but it doosent foller bekase a sojer is drest in butternuts that he's a milksop, and I ken tell you the hard luckin cusses fight jest as hard as they luck. More over they outnumber us in the preporshin of more'n three to two, and ef the spasmudic Head of the War Department wishes to avide bein tuck with anuther panicky pericksism like that he hed when he rit to the Guvner of Massachusets for help, he'd better make shoor of a Union victry by puttin fresh troops on the rout without delay. Report ses that the Seckatry was orfully shagreened at the way merry Andrews larfed at him about the Banks *fieaskoh;* so prehaps he'll steer clar of simildar Tomfooleries in futer. He nose wot would make Ginral Maclellin's sucksess sartin. Will he do it? *Nose verrons*, we shall see, as they say in Payris.

Wen the losses on both sides at the battel of Fair Oaks cums

to be figgered out—ef they ever air—I predicate they will foot up a totil of not less'n sixteen thousand, witch is about wun thousand more'n the French and Ostreans lost at the famus fight of Mayrungo, whar Bonypart licked Ginral Melasses army *too de sweet*, as he eggsprest it. Richmound papers confesses to ten thousand on thar side and its well-known here that we hed over six thousand wiped out, wownded and captivated, besides loosin seventeen guns, of witch, howsever, nine was retuck tords the tail-eend of the shindy. It was ondoubtedly a Union try-ump, bekase the rebels faled in their objeck, but it was deer bought, and cum thundering near proovin an orful sell.

All the divishuns of Ginral Maclellin's army is now acrost the Chickenhominy, witch at present is a neverlaunch of foemin waters, in consekens of the late inondashun. The Army of the Potomac must take no steps backards, ses the cummandin Ginral, and I can oney say that if it skedaddles onder present suckemstances, its likely to sheer the fate of the Duck of Clarence, in the play, and g.t drownded in the drink.

Casey's divishin witch cum so near bein a case in the late engagement, is quitted of all blame for quittin the feeld in confushin. Few of the human race would hev dun utherwise. The outside presshur was equil to five to wun, and ef that isent a suffishent resin for caving in, then a man wouldent be jestified in jumpin off a high presshur Mussysippi steamboat, when he sor the firemen rollen barls of pitch inter the furness, and the enginear settin astride on the saifty valve makin his last will and testyment. The brigaid was put in advance to feel the enemee, and hevin felt of em and findin em too hevvy to handel, they let go suddently and fell back. "Setch things is common," as Hamlet's unkel remarks in the tradegy, jest afore he pledges the yung prence in the flowin bole. But thar'll be no more of these affairs, bekase why, the divishins is all within close sportin distans of wun anuther, and detatched boddies wont hev to fight for hours onsupported, on thar own hooks, as Hooker did at Williamsbug and Casey would hev dun at Fair Oaks, ef his troops hedent marveld to the rare.

Our line of pickets is now so closte to the enemee's that both hes to play possum all they no, and with all thar injun tricks to git a saift shot at won anuther, ten or a duzzin is put throo on thar side and about hafe as menny on ourn, evry twenty-four hours. Skrimmidging is also goin on purty mutch all the time atwixt the mounted reckonnoiterors, and last night twenty-five of thar light dragoons rode inter wun of our advance camps in

the dark, by mistake, and bein hemmed in, it is needles to say they was sewed up in short order. In coarse, these promiscuss brushes must eend in the mane boddies gettin inter each others har afore long, and nex time thar'll be no let up until wun side or tuther is a goner.

Two balloons was up to-day, and brort down informashin that at least forty thousand seecesh is onder arms within a mild and a hafe of our outposts, and that many of the ridgments peered to be corned and a salting wun anuther. Desarters also ses that things ginrally is in an orful pickel in the rebel camp, and that the sojers is clamrus for thar back pay, and grately soured by the treatment they hev receved from the Cornfedrit guverment. These stories may be on the squar, but its jest as likely thars no more solid foundashin for em than there is bottom to the infarnal pit. I remane, with firy ardor,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LVI.

[In the absence of stirring incidents, our venerable military correspondent sends some interesting intelligence from Richmond, furnished by refugees from that city. He does not guaranty its accuracy. The Disbanded seems to suppose that McClellan will be attacked before he has completed his arrangements for taking Richmond according to Jomini. We think it quite likely. The ignorant and stolid rebels have no respect for military science.—EDS.]

NEW BRIDGE NEAR RICHMOUND, June 19, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Spades is trumps. The shuvvel's mityer'n the swoord. In planer words, Ginral Maclellin is droring lines of circumvaluashin around Richmound and infestin it accordin to the rules of war. The seecesh Army onder Ginral Lee heving ben tremenjusly increast lately, this seems to be the saiftest way of redoocin it. Consekently we air advancin by reglar approaches and the sojers emplied in constructin the pairallels finds it rayther hard lines. The heat is so intens that the men in the wurkin parties drap down by duzzens. But regairdless of the firy suns of the

South, our brave fellers continny thar prodigus efforts and air gradjally hedgin in the fo with milentary ditches and uther wurks of afence. Laborin in the bowels of the airth perdooces menny vialent disinteric cumplaints, but thars no grumblin; evry volunteer bein desirus of dooin his utmost to eend this horrabul intestin struggel.

Onless we air attacted you needent luck for enny smashin wurk in these diggins for sum time, tho thars more or less shelling on both sides evry day, jest to keep the ball in moshin. The sege guns as carries the hunderd pound slugs ken oney travel at a snails pace throo the orful slows in our rare, and ontil they air all mounted no attemp will be made to mount the enemee. In the meantime our cavalry is scourin the kentry, and makin a clean sweep over the gorrillas in the Pawmonkey Swamps. Yestday Kernil Averill seezed a lot of hosses in the neybrood of Metapony Creek, also cuttin off severall waggins that the rebels was too much in a hurry to wait for, besides ketchin more'n twenty seecesh simperthisers as hed hed a jolly time givin informashin to Jackson's fillybusterin troopers, but is at present larfing on the rong side of their mouths. They hev ben put in irons for sheerin in the rebel steelins.

Three Union refewgeese from Richmound, who hed suckseeded in alludin the enemees sentnells, disguysed as contrabands, in curled hoss-hair and lam black—a dark night faverin thar eskape—arrove in our camp this mornin at daybrake. They broke outer Castil Godwin, whar they wur lyin onder sentens of deth, and thar noose, if correct, is of the hyst interest. The hull tail would be too long for your collumes, but the follerin is a few particklers of thar narrativ:

In the subbubs of Richmound the rebels hev a hunderd and ninety-nine thousand men—more or less. Thar air sum green recrutes, but upon the hole the men air all well drilled. Gustarvus Smith, the New York gutter-skraper hes charge of the provishin depoes, and by his advice the raw cornfederit conskrips is used prencepally in the cookin department. Longstreet's divishin is practisin the manover of formin in solid squar. This is the same Longstreet as was sent to the West with orders to stop all the avenoos of communicashin with our Lane. Smith and Longstreet doosent agree. Smith ses Longstreet orter hev swept Casey and Couch from the feeld, at the battel of Fair Oaks, and Longstreet allows that the oney sweepin charge ever made by Gustarvus was agen the corporashin of New York. Ginral Early's divishin is the latest milentary arrival at

the cornfedrit capital. A large majority of the peeple of Richmound is furious Unionists, but keep dark for fear of gettin hung by the Seecesh minority. The purceedins of the niggers is a nigma to evryboddy, but they air around in alarmin numbers, and a black cloud seems to be impendin over the devoted city. The place is not onhealthy, but the populashin is getting thinner evry day in consekens of the drafts. The jails air full of pollytickle prisners, who air fired at whenever they cum to the bars of thar cells, witch, in coarse, is gratin to thar felines. They air hafe starved, and all thar petishins for better fare oney illicit an eggative from the sentnels placed at thar doors by the provost marshal Winder, an offsir with a forbiddin mouth and repulsiv Roman noes. Randolf, the seecesh Seckatry of War, was formally a misabul shyster about the Richmound courts, and is a harder christian than his predecessor Jew Benjiman. Jeff Davis lucks orful pail. Menny thinks he will sun kick the bucket. He wares a long shabby sirtoot that was his weddin coat when he marred Ginral Tailor's darter. His har is iron gray, and his hat, witch is of the tallest stove-pipe pattern, is disgracefully rusty. Felin that he is brandied with etarnal infamy he hes recently taken to drink. Report ses he is a pray to remorse, and sumtimes weeps all night long, witch ackounts for the catarack in wun of his eyes. Mrs. Jeff, who is a bucksum lady, takes things more filasofacoolly. She drives throo the streets with a pair of fast bays, in a splendid bayrush, evry arternoon, and is got up with white and red cockaids in gorgeus stile. Most of the stores is closed; both the stock and the propriators hevin ben propriated for the use of the guverment. The rebel wimmin ginrally is ongodly sassy. They hev small speciments of the American flag nailed to all thar door-mats, for the conveenyance of wipin thar feet and spittin on the Star-Spangled Banner evry time they enter thar housen. They also assembul in large numbers daily in frunt of the jail, and spit at the Union prisners throo the bars. Thars wun set as calls tharselves the pro-slavery Amazons, who subscribes a five-cent shinplaster a peece at evry meetin, and the member as spits with the greatest ackaracy takes the pool. They hev named this pleasin divershin Eggspectorashin Loo. No licker ken be had anywhars but at Guvner Letcher's, whose black boddy-sarvant brings him six gals of the best Mungoheeler brand from public store evry twenty-four hours. Consekens is that his levies is attended by throngs of the *eleet*. Daniels of the Eggsaminer gives him a punch now and then, but that is oney bekase he is not invited to

pardizzypate in the whisky. Hevy cases, sposed to contain gold, is frekwently sent South by the rebel leaders on varus speeshus pertences. They air directed to Tuskalooser, Alabam, witch indooses menny to spose that thar jaw about conkerin or dyin at Richmound is all a lie.

The abuv items, coppid from my manyrandom buck, is jest as they fell from the lips of the refewgeese. You ken bleeve as mutch of em as youre a mine to, or as littel. The fudgetives hevin ben in close confinement for four munths, its wunderful how they pict up thar informashin; but far be it from me to accuse the poor beggars of wilful mendicity.

Ginral Prim visited our camp last week, and I was present at his intervew with Ginral Maclellin. He sed our troops was fully ekwill to the high-soled Spanish sojers as leathered the Moroccoes, and complimented the ginral on makin his approaches accordin to the rules laid down by Jo Minie.

Ef the rebels wait till our pairallels is completed, we'll bag em shure; and ef, on tuther hand, they hev the onpairalleled asshurance to pitch inter us afore were reddy, they'll run agen a snag. Awaitin the issoo with the most sangwinary hops of sucksess, I remain, ondawntedly,

Yours allus,

A Disbanded Volunteer.

No. LVII.

[The great fight before Richmond, our correspondent thinks, is close at hand, and his spirits rise with the prospect of an immediate combat. We invite attention to the diagram showing the positions of the two armies. If correct, the rebels are "outflanked", and in imminent danger of being "crushed".

In Frunt of Richmound, June 25, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Matters in this kwarter air rapidly drawin to a head—brushes is gettin more lively and frekwent, and onless the rebels skratch dirt mity kwick, we shell comb thar har afore the cumin Forth. Evry day brings us a little nearder thar lines, and enabuls us to form a better estimit of the strenth of thar collumes.

Jest as sun as Ginral Maclellin gits all his big Parrots up and his magazeens reddy, he will attact the rebel wurks without

further preeface. In the meantime reenforcements are daylie arrivin, and the Ginral-in-Cheef thinks we hev kwite as menny Helpers as the Crisis rekwires. Ses I to him no longer ago then last Sunday:

"Ginral, ef you oney hed all them Nuthern melishy whoos offers of sarvice Seckatry Stanton was deef to becase they declined to list for three 'ears, wot everlastin short wurk you'd make with Lee, Longstreet and Co."

"My brave and venabul frend," he replide, returnin my respectful saloot with his ushil curtsey, "sperrit makes good the want of numbers. Did you ever read Henry the Fift's stump speech to his army afore the famus battle of A Gin Court, whar the Constabul of France was killed?"

"Never," ses I.

"Wal," ses he, "Ile kwote you a passidge." And openin a vollum as lay on the camp table beside him, he red as follers:

> "'If we air marked to die, we air enuff
> To do our kentry loss; and ef to live,
> The fewer men, the grater sheer of honor.'

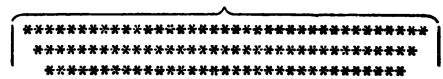
That's Shakespere," he remarkt, shuttin the buck, "*and that's me!*"

"Bully for you," ses Raymond of the *Times*, who enterd the tent at that moment, "you put me in mind of my grate annsister, Raymond of Tooloose, who figgerd in the Holy Land—by Jeroosalum!"

It isent offen the eddytur-in-cheef of the *Times* gives way to setch abolishins of enthoosiasum; for, like the Ginral-in-Cheef of the Army, he's remarkbly moddest and onassoomin; so much so that, altho he wunst headed a sucksessful and sellybrated retreet in Italy, he rarly boasts of his milentary eggsperience.

We hev hed sum sharp fitin to-day on our left, whar the enemee for sum time past hes ben pickin off our pickits purty noomerusly. Seecesh was spunky, and it was a ded lock for a wile, but finerly we carrid the key to wun of thar persishins. Thar was also a lively artillry dooil on the right, it which the rebel battrees got fits from Fits John Porter. It is the univarsal opinyun in camp that this skrimmidging may or may not proove the immejut prelimindary to a ginral engagement. We hev gained considabul ground to-day, and the rebels may try to re-ockapy it to-morrow. Ef they do, thar'll be a shindy ekwill to Sulphurino. I oughter menshin, as wun of the sines of an approachin battle, that a gang of Congressmen as hed cum to head-kwarters to pick up a few idees for bunkum speeches on

the conduck of the war, skedaddled yestday like a flock of harang-otangs when they smell a tiger in the jungel. I reckin its purty saift to profesy that the grand conflick will cum off within ten days. Seems to me thar *must* be ether a fight or a foot race twixt this and Independence. In the meantime, you ken form a graffic idee of the relative persishins of the two armies from the follerin ackarit diegram, witch I obtaned from a very civil engineer. I eggspeck the milentary censer will go inter asterisks wen he sees it, but arter he cums too he'll prehaps see that it isent desined to designate our desines to the enemee, and so let it slide. The upper seckshin of the plan repersents the persishin of the Nuthern heroes musterd in arms under the spangled flag, and tuther that of the Suthern Neroes standin in alarm under thar mangled rag:



Slowly but surely, ef nuthin occurs to spile the strutegic moovement, the upper seckshin will close in from the jint, like a pair of callipers, until the two eends meet and the rebel crowd is druv inter a promiscus heep, and completely enwollopt and cut off. This is a strikin improovement on the oridginal sarpentine plan, and it is thort will anser to a T. Ef the fo chuses to attact, so mutch the wuss for them, because then the strutegic masheen will close suddently with a snap, and the skweedge will be still more fatil. It is not onpossabul that the last menshint catastropy may happen within forty-eight hours, and that you may larn the trap hes ben sprung, by the wires, afore you git this missiff by the post.

Desarters continnes to cum inter our lines at the rate of forty to sixty a day, and ef theyre to be bleved—mind, I say *ef* theyre to be bleved—the Richmounders is in a blamed poor way. The lucksheries of life in that volupshus city consists of half rashins of corn-dodgers and wurmy pork; and sum of the F. F. V.'s indulges on Sundays in weevely hominy and salt fish. I reckin that part is troo, for a more lantern-jawed, herrin-gutted, grubforsakin, short-allowance-luckin set of ragged castaways was never taken off a raff at sea, arter the oridginal number hed ben redooced wun hafe by cannabullism. As to takin the oath, they'd swar a legions to Bellzebub for a bellyfull of beef and a horn of red-eye. They state that the peaceabul citysins is offerin fifty dollars a peace for substitoots, and that most of em turns out bad

eggs and skedaddles at the first opportoonity. They say also as the rebel ginrals encurridges the men to fight by tellin em thars plenty to eat and drink in the Union camps, and that thar desput charges is not caused so mutch by seckshinal hatred as feroshus hunger. Sum may larf at this, but for my pairt Ide raythor meet a feller in battle that hed a bone to pick with me pollytickally, then a chap as wanted to be inter my meat house becase he thort the way to dinner was over my ded boddy. Famishin retches would as leve hev thar goose cooked wun way as anuther.

THURSDAY, June 26.

This mornin I rode over the seen of yestday's runcounter. We druv the enemee over three hunderd yards, and our advance is now outer the saft swomp and tangled underbrush on solid terror firmer. Our loss is about twenty-five killed and mebbe about two hunderd wownded, be the same more or less—probly more. All is perfeckly kwiet at present, but the hull army will sleep to-night with wun eye open. Blevin that Seecesh is in airnest this time, and that a momentuous conflick may cummence at enny hour, I remane, with the steam up,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LVIII.

[Under the depressing influences of disaster and defeat, our veteran correspondent is less vivacious than is his wont. Nevertheless, he is stout of heart and hopeful. So must we all be. There is no such word as fail in the vocabulary of true men engaged in a righteous cause.—EDS.]

NEAR TURKEYBEND, July 1, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The issoo of five days of the most sevagarus fighten that ever tuck place in this hemispear may be skweeged inter three words. *We air whipt.* Its hard to say, and harder to bare, but we hev met the enemy and ben kompelled to turn back. The malishus fo will swar that we fled in dismay; the dispatches to the Guverment will claim that we retreated in good order. Make a ginral avridge of the two stories, and you will be as near the trooth as a noosepaper ken eggspect to git in these mendashus times.

Abuv all, don't place enny faith in the curryspondence of the daylie press, for to my sartain nolledge most of the quill-drivers for the New York jernils is, and hes ben ever senst Thursday last, in a mental condishin witch holy incapassitates them from collectin thar idees, and ef the collecksbin was made, it would be about as much like the facks of the case as a last years skarecrow is like the statoo of Ginral Jackson at Washington. As to the detales, it would take a vollum of your valabul paper to give em in full, or even hafe full—but I will say this, that senst grit was developt in the human fammaly, it never was more conspickusly displaid than it hes ben by the army of the Potomac, doorin its advance backards under the preshure of sooperior numbers, from the Chickenhominy to Turkey bend. We hev probly lost ten or twelve thousand men, and mebbe thirty or forty cannon, big and littel, but we air now saift on the banks of James River, whar the broadsides of more'n a duzzen gunboats will assist in layin the seecesh flat on their backs ef they renoo the attact. We mowed em down for two hours yestday arternoon, in reglar swaths, and I dont bleve they'll try it on agen on a suddent.

The carnidge in both armies doorin the six days conflick has ben prodijus, but I bleve that fur every two Union men wiped out about three rebels hes been squelched. They gin us volly for volly, and more too, but our aim was the best, and we hed the biggest lump to fire at, consekently the heft of the slorterus reciprossity was on our side.

The hull avalabul force onder Ginral Maclellin at the beginnin of the fight, was raythor less than ninety thousand men, while the rebels hed full a hundred and fifty thousand, and Ginral Stunwall Jackson arterwards rushed in with forty thousand more. He's a smart man, is Stunwall—eenamost as remarkabul as a skillful sojer as Freemount is as a nincumpoop—and that's payin him a high complement. In coarse we eggspected his case would be attended to by the Shunandoor Ginrals, but they patterned their tacktricks arter Ginral Patterson, when he was orderd to pitch inter Johnston, and the consekens was that Jackson cum down upon us jest in the nick of time, as Johnston did on Macdoill at Bull Run.

I spose the same wunderful saygasity as weakened Bankses army when Jackson was re-enforced, hes afforded this ruff and reddy rebel this new opportunity to destingwish hisself at our eggspense. Westurn Virginny is said to be the Seckatry of War's pet milentary deestrick, his speshil manoverin ground;

and I trust when the histry of that immens statesman, accomplisht sojer, and imminent telygraft operator is ritten, his brilyant sarvices to his kentry in that rejin will receive doo honor. Ef I was good at panijerk, I wouldn't mind pronouncin a ulowjim on him in advance; but Ime afeard it wouldn't be appreshiated by the awjence by which I am at present sirrounded. Indeed, the probility is that if I was to venter the eggsperiment, I should be linched by the foot-soar, powder-siled, bleedin, groanin thousands who hev jest ben ordered to prepair for anuther retreat of ten milds, from Turkey bend to Harrassin's Bar. Setch is prejewdice. My cumraids, wun and all, bleve that Seckatry Stanton is at the bottom of all thar misfortins, and responsabul for thar discumforture. A minister in Japan, under a simildar cloud, would whip out his swoord and hurry-skurry hisself at wunst—the idee in Japan bein that when an offishal is thort to hev made a stab, axedental or otherwise, at the vitals of the State, he is bound to insert a few inches of cold iron inter his own. But in this kentry thars a more massyful way of gettin outer the diffikulty. An onpoplar minister may resign or he may be kickt outer offis inter everlastin obskewrity. Prehaps ef the illustrus head of the War Department was to take the former method of retirin on his lorils, it mought be satisfactory to an ongrateful kentry. Republicks is setch thankless consarns that I shouldent be sprised ef three-forths of the commoonity would rejice at setch a catastrofy. Sumwhars in profane history, I reckin it must hev ben in Pluto's lives, Ive red of a feller of the name of Arestidees, who was banishd bekase peeple was tired of heerin him crackt up for his honesty. Possably the Seckatry of War's feller citysins is tired of heerin him crackt up for his energee and cetery, who nose? Arestidees was tride by ginral eleckshin with oyster shells for ballots, and the verdick was "skedaddle", witch he dun. I wunder wether Seckatry Stanton wouldn't be shelled out of the kentry ef he was put to vote in the same way.

To-morrer, or prehaps this arternoon, we shall start for Harrassin Bar, and eggspeck to be harrasst by the rebels on our retreat, but we shall keep along the bank of the river, pairtly onder the proteckshin of our gunboats, and the commandin ginral thinks that if we air attact we ken hold our own. Yesterday arternoon we gin em fits at this pint, drivin em like sheep and takin a hull raff of em prisners. Sum say Ginral Magruder is among em, but I hevent seen him yet. As you air awar, I cum thunderin near baggin him wunst myself, but his drunken luck

saved him. Hopin we shell sun receeve re-enforcements, and be agen in a condishin for a forrard moovment, I remain, sincerely but savagely,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LIX.

[The following letter from the soldier-satirist is in his best vein.—EDS.]

HARRASSIN BAR, JAMES RIVER, July 9, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Considerin the way this army was pitcht inter doorin the late ripstavin fights, it recooperates amazin rapid. Bein posted on risin ground, we air abuv the reach of myasmatic inflewences. In the onhelthy wilderness from witch we hev eskaped, the men sufferd with agar, for it rekwired the constistooshin of a hoss to stand the moreasses; but in our present cool and deliteful summer retreat, the sick and wownded is progressin favorably, and I larn from the docters that thars but few deths from deceases of the liver. Prehaps this is owin, in part, to change of treatment, as no blue pills hes ben administerd to the troops for sum days past. Nothwithstandin our losses, it was well we dug out when we did, from the swomps beyont Gains' Mill, utherways ninetents of us mought hev found our graves thar.

Cullerd refewgeese from the rebel camp represents that thousands of thar sojers was thrown inter a state of halloosinashin by the gunpowder cocktails with witch they refresht tharselves doorin the recent cumbats. It peers that a kwart of red-eye stiffened with hafe a pound of powder, was sarved out to each vetran, and a dubble doste to the new conskrips, evry day doorin the struggel. In coarse the solushin of rot-gut and saltpeter kept em continally corned, witch ackounts for thar makin a salt arter a salt with the vigger of fresh troops, when we sposed all the grit hed ben taken outer em. But last week, arter the final acshin, reacshin commenst, and setch a bellerin and rorin as thar was in the seecesh ranks (ef the fudgetives is to be bleved) was never heerd afore outside of an insanitory institooshin. They all sposed, as is ushally the case in *many a potyous*, as the Grate Incinderary was in pershoot of em with a red hot poker

and bein awar that the contents of thar stummicks was highly cumbustabul and extree-hazardus, they naterally dredded to cum in contract with setch a weepin. Accordin to the contrabands, sum fansid they was bumshells, and puttin thar tungs out, rekwested thar cumraids to eggstingwish the fuse. It seems tharfore that altho gunpowder punch may be an all-feroshus fightin beveridge, yet ef a man takes it till he gets shot in the neck, it is liabul to play the devil with him.

Our lines eggstend from jest belo Harrassin Landin about seven milds up streem, and the current report is, that we air to remain on the banks of the river ontil the new levees is razed and drilled, and we ken advance with the sartainty of overwelmin the insirgents. In the meantime, re-enforcements is reachin us in transports, and the hull army is as happy as Irishmen at a wake. The rashins is bully, as plenty of fresh beef cums up from the Fort evry day. Consekens is, we air all gainin flesh. On the march from the Chickenhominy, we hed nothin but the hardest kinder crackers, and its a wunder we dident fizzle out on setch repulsive fare. More'n five hunderd contrabands is now emploid in the cookin department, and no one complains that animal food is meated out with a niggerd hand. The opertoonity to bathe is also a fine thing for the men, and hunderds of em may be seen cuttin up thar jimnasticks in the James, at all hours of the day.

In short we all feel in boyant sperrits, and sink or swim, sirvive or perish, we are reddy to strike out wunst more for Richmound at the word go. We could drive the rebels like deers ef we oney hed Fort Darling. The plan is for the gunboats to git a brest of it while we open on its rare with our breeching pieces, but this kant be dun without a bigger force than the Ginral now hes at his disposhal. When Darling yields to our arms, a few powerful rams will sun clar the channel from piles and uther obstruckshins, and the strong hold of Virginny will be ours. Howsever its idol to count chickens afore thar hatched, as I confess I did when we began to shell the rebels on the Chickenhominy. I crowed a leetle might too kwick, thats a fack.

Nuthin ken be luvlyer'n our present elevated lowcashin. The gentle slopes over witch we lately retreated is a perfeck panorammer of pictoresk buty, altho in menny places the rebel corn hes sufferd from the tramplin feet of our sojers. Feeld larks sings in the meddows all day long, and all throo these moonlight nights the encurridging notes of the "whip-her-well" seems to foretell the cumming fate of the Suthern Cornfedracy.

On Toosday evenin last the hull army was thrown inter convulshins of delight by the suddent apperience of the President. He is in fine helth and sperrits and is heving a tall time, holding revews and treting us all to a perfeck *few de joy* of cannon-drums.

This mornin he axed me why he resembeld Ginral Maclellin. As he meshurs six feet five in his stockin feet and our glorius little Mac is oney five feet six with his boots on, I couldn't see it, but he immediently releved me from the angwish of suspense, by statin that it was bekase he hed jest left the White House for James River. Seein he was in the humerus vain, I gin him the follerin: ses I "Why is the Seckatry of War like a lame letter carryer?" He couldn't wool it, so I hed to eggsplain to him that the Seckatry of War was like a lame letter carryer, on ackount of not bein the right Man for the Post. He wouldn't see it, but I told him the peeple did. Arter remainin silent for a few moments, doorin wich I persoom he was turnin the Seckatry over in his mind, the ushil plesant twinkle cum back to his eyes, and he inkwired ef I could tell him wot to do with Freemount. "My venabul frend," ses I, "ef you want to do the clean thing, and wash your hands of him altogether, giv him the entire cummand of the famus basin in the Rocky Mountings, witch he ses he diskivered, and send Kit Carson with him to show him whar it is." That fotched him—he larfed till he kwivered all over like a bean-pole in a thunder-gust, and remarkt, that ef the Pathfinder would strike a bee line for ennywhars outer sight, he wouldent mind treatin him to a coach and four, witch he onderstood was his favrit travellin eckwipedge and re-instatin old Saygoney as his a decamp.

Arter an hour or so's conversashin of a similder improovin carrickter, we pairted with resiprical eggspreshuns of affeckshin and regaird. He will leve for Washington this evenin or tomorrer, and we shell all be sorry to hev him go. Honest Old Abe! he desarves the name. As a paytryit, he cums up to my standard. Long may he wave!

As the strait jacket rools of the War Department prevents me from sendin you enny informashin of importance, I must refer you to the Richmound papers for all the perticklers witch it is desirabul should be kept sekrit from the rebels, and hopin that a time may cum when all gag-laws will be repceled, I remain with sincere contempt for offlshal humbugs,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LX.

[The following letter has some bitter pokes at the politicians who would rather see the Union go to the dogs than have it saved on any other plan than their own.—EDS.]

HARRASSIN BAR, July 17, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Seecesh, arter flutterin around for a fortnight as ef he calkilated to make a dart, hes withdrord to his old roostin place in the ney-brood of Richmound. Ginral Lee findin it onpossabul to haul the grub for his amens army throo the swomps, conclooded to fall back to his hog and homany, and now I spose, things will remain in wot pollytishins calls a state of "masterly inactivity" ontil we get re-enforcements enuff to risk anuther shindy. Wether that blessed consummerashin will take place afore the fall, or then, or when, is an open kwestin, or rayther an open and shet kwestin, witch I leve to the pollytickle profits, for its altogether beyant me. Mebbe the Seckatry of War nose when sumthin that *means sumthin* is likely to be dun; but its my bleef that the fog as sirrounds the hull matter is thicker in the visinity of the War Offis than ennywhars else onder the canopy. The poick ses "thar is a Providence as shapes our eends"; but it peers to me that our eend is shaped by the agents of the uther feller, and it wont be long afore its whittled down to a pint ef it continnees in setch infarnal bad hands.

The sojers of this army isent fools. They ken dror an inference as well as dror a bead, and when they see by the papers as the cussed pollytishins is dishartnin the peeple and stoppin recrutin with thar misabul quarls, they feel as ef a few rounds of grape drapt inter thar ranks, without distinkshin of party, would be eenamost ekwil to a Union victry in the feeld. The South is chucklin over the disputes of your torkin traitors in the North. Thars nuthin seecesh likes better'n to see radicals and consarvatives buttin wun anuther like two flocks of billy-gotes, insted of layin thar heds together and clubbin all thar energees for the porpus of strikin a decisive blo at the rebellyun. Why in thunder kant the slangwangs on both sides hold up till the fight's over? Not wun of the kwestins as agitates thar pettifoggyin minds ken be settled ontil the South's whipt. That's the bizness on hand now, and thars oney wun way to finnish it up, and thats by the sledge-hammer argyment of sooperiur force. Ef I hed absloot power for about a month, Ide draft evry purfeshinal pol-

lytishin inter the army, and put em to work as team-drivers and trumpet-blowers—its about all theyre fit for. The flower of the United States Sennit mought prehaps be usefully emploid in the new army bakeries, and sum of the blud-and-thunder fellers of the House of Representatives mought be set to butcherin beef for the Army of the Potomac.

As Eddyturs is noways responsabul for curryspondent's subjestins, prehaps youll allow me to prepose that Chandler, the paytriotic Midgygander, who hes ben follerin up the rebel attact on Ginral Maclellin by assailin him in the rare from a saift place in the Sennit chamber, may be made chief of balloons to this divishin, as his nateral taste for gas would no doubt render him a first-rate airynaught; and he mought take Freemount with him as an assistant to pull the valves. Freemount resined his cummand in the presents of the enemees of his kentry, and Mister Chandler went a leetle furder, by pitchin inter Ginral Maclellin, jest arter he hed repulst em. Two setch conjenal sperrits would be kwite to hum together in the clouds, and ef they should never cum down I ken oney say that better men hev disappeard sence the time of Elijah. Ef the Seckatry of War wants the right man in the right place, let him by all means puts his frend Chandler at the head of the gasbag department, and send him up, with the Pathfinder, to take a birds eye view of the Conduck of the War. Should the wind be in the direckshin of Richmound, thar would be no harm in cuttin the balloon cord, so as to make it smooth sailin for em to the rebel capital. Its easier to go thar by gas than enny uther way.

While the North is beatin up recrutes to enabul us to beat the rebels, we air takin it easy on the banks of the James. Whisky is perhibited eggsept as a medsin; but as the number of sick is large and the sutlers supply the well, few suffers from the use of onholsom water. Thars very good fishin jest below the Bar, but it ken oney be enjide from the decks of the gunboats, as the seecesh fires inter all unarmed craft from a mud scow to a horspittle ship. I tride for sum rock fish tuther day, but hed hardly ankerd and bated my line afore a minnie ball smasht wun of my skulls, and a four pound shot went throo my starn and cum allfrightful neur sinkin me. Sport's sport, and Ime naterally brave as well as fond of anglin, but if ever lively paddlin was dun by a white man, it was in that emergingsee. The prencepul amewsment of the men is poker and old sledge, tossin coppers, crack loo—a streek in the sand sarving for the crack—and checkers. The offsirs discurridge gamblin as in dooty bound;

and setch of the chaplins as doosent take a hand tharselves pints out the conneckshin atween bettin and Belzybub; but wots the use? The sojers pockets the papers and tetches thar caps outer respect to thar offsirs when they go by, and two minits arterwards theyre at it agin regairdless of thar immortal soles. Its astonishin, considerin the number of relidgus pamflits thars ben distribited to this army, that it doosent no better; but I spose the resin is that the misabul sinners use the tracks to fold up thar small stores, insted of layin em to hart and feedin on the bred of life they contane. Strange to say, howsever, skores and hunderds of em hes Bibles, and I wouldent be sprised ef they found thar way to Hevin, poor blunderin critters, ennamost as well as ef they was allus turnin up the whites of thar eyes and groanin onder the effecks of a secktarian colic.

I onderstand thars a report goin the rounds at Washington that the rebels tuck cannon enuff from this army to plate Fort Darlin eighteen inches thick, and that the Treadagur iron works is meltin em down for that porpuss. The same relieabul and conshyenshus parties as stated as the White House would make a fust rate horspittle for five hunderd payshents, is sposed to be at the bottom of this ironwar story. Thars enny kwantity of talent for eggsitin fickshin atwixt the Capitol Hill and Georgetown Hights, and nowhars doos it seem to flurrish so lucksewerusly as in the plesent shadder of the War Department. The Seckatry of War hisself is remarkabul for his poetick biass, so much so in fack that the tellegraft onder his control lres ben ekwil to a lyre with a thousand strings.

Hopin as the printers will make no mistake about the spellin of the last wurd but four in the preseedin sentens, I remain, awaitin the march of events, but not expectin em to moove afore the Fall,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXI.

[As we feared from the intermission of his communications, our correspondent has been sick of the fever, and although convalescent, is still suffering from languor and debility. He gives an amusing account of a phantasy that possessed him during his

delirium. The ravings of the fever-stricken brain are curious psychological phenomena.—EDS.]

HARRASSIN LANDIN, August 7, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Wen conjestive fever gits hold of a feller its no joke. It nox you down and sets onto you like an inkabus, forbiddin the use of the pen. I speak by the keard, for senst my last Ive hed a life-or-deth-rastle with this bog-bear of the South, and cum all-blazin near gettin the *coo de grass*. Hed I ben tuck with it in the Pawmonkey Swomp, no dout I should hev got my everlastin furlow, but this high ground is more faverabul to valleytoodinarians, and tho mutch broken, I am gradjelly mendin. At wun time my mind wanderd to that degree that the doctors considered me a goner, but thars a Providence as shapes our eends, and mine warn't shaped, it seems. Consekently, here I am settin up on my cot in the sick shanty, with a swimmin in my hed and an orful sinkin at my stummick, tryin to get sumthin lively throo my har for the collumes of the Merkary. You musn't andizzypate ennything, very brilyant, howsever, for I feel as ef my upperwurks was whizzin, and jerkin, and snappin, like a Yankee clock outer gearin.

Its extrornary wot strange things the most sensabul man may say wen laborin onder the helloocynashins of delirum. Ef the fattest offis in the gift of the guverment was offerd by advertisement to the purest paytryits, I don't bleve a truer friend of the Union than I be could be skared up atwixt the fedral city and Funnel Haul; and yet I larn that when the fever was on me I acktilly blastfeemed the administrashin and even spoke in disporridgement of that Playdum of our Libties, the mighty wurrier and statesman of Illanoy. Ef it hedent a ben that the cumraid as nust me tuck down my raven words in black and white, to reed to me wen I got well, I wouldn't hev sposed it possabul that setch langwedge could hev passed the lyal lips of your curryspondent. But when a man's not in a sanitory state of mind in coarse he isent responsabul for his railin wurds, and noboddy don't oughter take a fence at him.

It peers I thort I hed the President and sum of his constitooshinal advisers caged in a carryvan and was totin em throo the North, for a sho. My nuss ses I addrest the imadginary awjinces as follers:

This feller citysins (pintin inter vacancy) is Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, called for shortness, and bekase,

he was never addickted to petty larceny, Honest Abe. He's an astonishin man at axin chesnut trees and cannondrums, and ken split rails or sides with equil cumplaysensy. Mr. Lincoln, my poplar frend, be kind enuff to favor this enlightened awjence with a button-buster. He wishes to no, ladies and gentlemen, why his boot is like an ainshent Greek republick? I dessay you ll never guess, for it lucks considabul more like the kingdom of Italy, a few sizes less than life. He eggsplains. His boot is like an ainshent Greek republick bekase it has a Sole on. Prehaps the answer is obskewer. Agen he will eggsplain: Solon was a wise man of antickity, but at the present day Solan geese may be found in Greenland. You see his nollidge is univarsal. Ef time permitted, he would be reminded of a story, but unfortnitly he hes to be returnt to the seat of guverment before the commensment of the Fall camppain. Observe, his eye twinkles—he hes an idee. Wot is it, your eggsellency? He wishes me to state to this intellecksbal assemblidge witch I considder the most wunderful of all his stories. It s onpossible—thars setch an innoomerable number on em, and theyre all so mutch alike. Wunst more he eggsplains: The most wunderful of all his stories, is his *upper story*. Thars no repressin his humor, you perceeve; it spurts outer him like patroleum from the mouth of a Pennsylvania ile well. His waggish tales would make a dorg larf, and its a pity thars not time to git em off. Mebbe you would like to larn why this cherful citysin was eleckted to the Eggseggative Cheer. For variety, ladies and gentlemen, for variety. All our prevus cheef madgistrets hed ben grave and dignified, and we wanted a rib-tickler I spose. We've got wun, ennyhow. Like the man in the drayma, he peers to think as all the world's a stage, and he wants to star it as a low commedian. He preposes to save the Union on jocular prenceples; but I'me afeerd the larf wont cum in at present. In the meantime, howsoever, it is a consolashin to know that wotever disasters may overtake the nashin, the White House will allus be as merry as a circus. The President nods and winks in the affirmative, and would offer a closin remark. He says that care killed a cat, but never averted a catastrophy; and that even the solem old Roman Emprors, wen they went to the sennit, had a set of fellers called lickters, that carrid thar farces before em. You ken set down now, Mr. President, wile I stir up the Seckatry of War.

This, ladies and gentlemen (settin up the cot bolster) is the head of the War Department. Wot he doosent no about milen-

tary strutegy and setch, all the ginrals in the wurld kant teetch him. He is an inch taller than the fust Napollyun, and considabully heavyer. You air awar wot the results of the conflick hes ben so far. Well we owe evrything—incloodin the masterly back down in the Shunadoor Valley—to this extrornary critter. Hip! hip! hip! hurrah! Why in thunder don't you cheer? Youve heern, prehaps, that him and Ginral Maclellin doosent set up thar horses together. But I hev it from the Playdum of our Libties, in the nex cage, that Ginral Maclellin lucks upon the Honabul Seckatry with much affeckshin, and *vicey versey*. Take him altogether, the Seckatry of War is the biggest thing out in the milentary line, and ennybody that kwestins his capassity for war and conkest will be immediently supprest as a dumestic traitor.

Setch was the style in witch I raved, as I onderstand, for more'n twenty-four hours, wile the loonatic fit was onto me. Chase, Welles, and Seward cum in for considabul abuse; but it seems I pitcht hardest inter Honest Old Abe and Seckatry Stanton, two men as I equelly luv and esteem wen in the perseshin of my senses. But ef a fellers outer his hed, just wot he don't want to say, and dont oughter say, is wot he invariably doos say.

Thars a counsel of war among the leadin offsirs to-day, and the rummer is that a push is to be made at wunst for Richmound; but, on the uther hand, dont be sprised ef you heer of a rebel push for Washington in less'n ten days from now. Thars going to be anuther allmity big skrimmidge afore the new recrutes is reddy. Tryin to hope that we shall give em goss, I remain, weak but wurmy,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXII.

[The strategic riddle which has for some time been puzzling the brains of a mystified public seems to be solved by the subjoined letter.—EDS.]

HARRASSIN LANDIN, August 14, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sanday Merkary:

The army of the Peninsular hes rekivered from the hard batting it reseved in changin its base, and is impayshint to hev the

ball agin set in moshin. For sum time past it hes ben devotin its energees to ketchin flees and ticks, smudgin galley nippers, and subjugatin sartin lice-senshus insecks as prays upon the human cuetickle. While the troops hes ben engaged in this silent but bluddy struggel with enemees af wunst penetratin and circumspecked, Porter's Mortar Flowtiller hes ben lyin at Hamton Roads in a state of masterly inactivity. Doorin the same intrim, the gunboat squadrun hes ben mored in James River, dooin nuthin jest as eesy as rollin off a log.

But thars gwine to be a moovement at last, and prehaps you'll hear on it by tellagraft afore this reeches you. In course it will be conduckted with the ushil address, but the direckshin is kept a perfound secrit for the present. With the eggsepshin of the Guverment, our ginrals, and the rebels, few hes enny idee of the supprise that awaits the enemee. I hope I vilate no confidense in sayin that we air not to advance and captivate Richmound—kwite the contrairy. The fack is that the sickly seesin is cumming on, and the army is gwine to make a grand strutegic slantendicaler slide for the bennyfit of its helth. Hunderds of our best hosses is dyin of intestinal disorders, and the overfed buzzards bein too fat and lazy to keer about hoss-flesh, the aromer of discomposin carryon is onhelthily loud. The doctors ses if the army stays here the men will foller the hosses. Consekently we air about to start in pershoot of that helth and happiness which the Declarashin of Independents grantease to evry citysin. The American Constitooshin is naterally rayther weak, and it would be madness to risk the lives of the champions of the Union in a struggle with the Suthern pestilence. Takin all these things inter considerashin, the Peninslu is to be evackiated afore diaree sets in.

I dunno as I oughter rit that last sentens, but the cat's shoor to be outer the bag by the time this letter gits inter your hands. The kwestin is, howsever, not whar we air gwine *from*, but whar we air gwine *too*. All I ken ventur to say on the subjeck is that we eggspeck to effeck a junkshin with sumboddy sumwhars, for sum purpos, if we don't in the meantime run agin a snag.

So eends our gloryus six-munts camppain in these diggins. The grand army of the Potomac, that was to take "no step backards", arter being licked hafe a duzzen times on this insignificant tung of land, is now necessiated, in spite of its teeth, to make a rutdegrade moovement. Whars that sevagrus reptyle, the grate milentary bore constructor, that everyboddy was makin setch a coil about in April and May? It hes ben weighed in the

skales and found wantin. It hes ben compleatly headed off and its tail is tolled. Braver men and better sojers than the host as started on the root to Richmound last March never drord a bead or fixed a bagnet. But how hev they ben engineerd? Shuvvels and wheelburrows hes ben the order of the day. They hev ben diggin inter the ground like moles and woodchucks, when they oughter ben diggen inter the rebels. Sixty thousand on em is onder the sod, in seecesh prisons, and in horspittles, and the remainder is about to make a skientific skedaddle to parts unbeknown. I wunst read a buck they called the "Histry of the Croosades", whar it was stated that the fust army that started for Jerooslum superstishusly follered the movements of Goose. As mought hev ben eggspected they all perisht of starvashin in the swomps of Hungry. Thars a morial in the story witch I reckymend to the solem considerashin of the Solomons at Washington.

Ime glad, howsever, that we air likely to quit these moreasses. Enny moove from our present icelated persishin to a cooler, helthier rejin, cant be in the rong direckshin. In a munt, I spose, we shall hev three hunderd thousand new recrutes in the feeld, and with such an addishenal force, onless its manovered by a seckind edishin of the giant Blunderbore, we ken sartinly giv Ginral Lee and his assoshiates thar quietus.

Thars wun thing in the conduck of this war witch must pervoke the admirashin of the hull civilized wurld, and that is the screwpullus perliteness and distingwished considerashin with witch we treat the bullyin blaggards in command of the seecesh armies. Ginral Lee writes to Ginral Halleck that he lucks upon sum of our Major Ginrals and Bragadears as robbers, cutthroats, murderers and pirits, and menshins the names of a few that he means to hang when he ketches them. To this Ginral Halleck replies that as setch langwidge is insultin to the guverment of the United States, he *respeckfully* declines to receive it. The idee of *respeckfully* declinin the insults of a blusterin traitor peers to me to be the height of human curtsey, and desarves to be recorded in Histry as a tip-top specement of perlite litteratoor in the Nineteent Sentry. But Ginral Maclellin is ekwilly considerit, ef not more so. While the rebels amuse tharselves with setch practickle jokes as cuttin the throtes of unarmed Unionists, and hangin em heels uppards, with thar entrals in thar mouths (I sor with my own eyes the boddies of two lyal citysins as hed been sarved in this way, near the White House), Ginral Maclellin tells his army that as this is "not a war of subjugashin" it

must be conduckted "upon the highest prenceples known to Christian civilizashin." Not a war of subjugashin! What in the name of chain-lightnin is it then? To subjugate, my old dickshinary ses, is "to compel to submit". Don't we want to compel the South to submit? Ef not, spose we throw down our arms and ax thar pardon for heving pitcht inter em contrary "to the highest prenceples of Christian civilizashin".

Beleven that when a nashin drors the swoord, it should never dror it mild, and that the old Testyment noshin of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the troo wun for a war like ours, I remain, with extreem ferosity,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXIII.

[The rebels are in great force on the line of the Virginia Central Railroad, and also on the south bank of the Rapidan, threatening General Pope's army and Fredericksburg. We hope Pope, Burnside, and McClellan are near enough to each other to form a speedy junction. Probably the first blow will fall on Pope.—EDS.]

YORKTOWN, August 20, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The grand advance to the rare witch I hinted at in my last epistol is accomplisht. We hev eskaped triumfantly, without a scratch. When it is rememberd that it tuck the Army of the Potomack sixteen munts to make its way up the Peninslur, and oney forty-eight hours to return, the human mind relizes with amazement the rapid strides that hes ben made in milentary sience senst the commensment of this majestickle struggle. It is onnessary to giv the particklars of our sole-refreshin trip from Harrassin Landin to Yorktown. We left the plesent waterin-place whar we hed ben so long reposin on our lorils about day-brake on Friday, the fifteent instant, and arrove here on Sunday arternoon, singin sams of victry. The rebels, bein engaged in uther persoots, sufferd us to vamose without firin a shot. Opin-yins differs, howsever, as to the resin we warnt mislested on the march. Sum thinks that as the mane objeck of the Seecesh hes

all along ben to get us off the Peninslur, they porpusly left the coste clar for the performence of this brillyant peace of warlike strutegy. That porshin of the army as went in transports to Fortress Munro happily arrove saift, with the artillry, stores, and cetry, so that nuthin to speak of hes fallen inter the hands of the discumforted fo, barrin the territory, witch we hev ockypied doorin the summer as a milentary cematery.

So mutch for the late brillyant manover. Of the moovments now in contemplashin I must speak cawshusly. Consentrashin is the idee for the ensooin camppain. Maclellin, Burnside, and Pope is edgin up to wun anuther, and by the time this reeches you they oughter all be within sportin distans. And not a bit too sun nuther, for, as I told you three weeks ago, the rebels is goin to make a desput push for Washington. Thar hull army in the Southwest, it is sed, hes ben orderd to jine Ginral Lee, and all thar troops in frunt of Richmound is now moovin tords the Deestrick of Columby. Thar ll be a bluddy fite within ten days from this date, and I trust and bleve a Union victry. By that time we oughter hev 350,000 troops in Virginny, and onless they air mismanaged most orfully, Seecesh will hev to holler and run.

Oney let our milentary leaders abandun strutegy and pitch right in, and we ken smash em. All Ime afeard on is, complicated plans and intrickit skeems. The skientific dodge game is playd out. Shot and shell, bullet and bagnet, fire and swoord, is to settle this bizness. It ken be finisht up no uther way. We must fite the rebels day in and day out. It wont do to giv em a back fall, and then wait for em to rekiver thar wind for anuther rastle. Wen we've got em down we must stomp onto em, and never kwit jumpin on thar carcusses ontil they cease to sho enny sines of life.

In coarse this stile of warfare will seem dredful crewel to sum. I hev a broad-brimmed unkel belongin to the Sosity of Frends as would call it barbarus. Wal, war *is* barbarus. The prencepal is to "kill, kill, kill," as the mad king ses in the drayma.

Purty sun we shell outnumber the rebels two to wun. In bone and mussel the Nuthern troops is sooperior to the Suthern, and in pluck fully thar ekwils. Evrything depends on the way our men is handeld.

The Stars and Stripes will wave over Jeff Davis's head-kwarters in Richmound afore the middle of October, ef our ginrals will oney fite insted of fendin off.

Knowin that onless they ken gain a big victry afore our new

army gits inter the feeld, they air gon, bob and sinker, Lee and his assoshits will make a tremenjus rush for the fedral capital with all the forces they ken muster, right away. Ef they ketch Pope, Burnside, or Macllellin onsupported, its not onlikely that the divishin cort nappin will git an ongodly beltin; but ef the three divishins closes up and givs battle to the Cornfedrits, they'll be whipt jest as sartain as Floyd's a theef and Magruder's a drunkard. The simperthisers in Washington allow that thar'll be four hunderd thousand Seecesh onder arms in the Old Dominion afore the fust of September. Gas and gammon! All thar troops in the feeld from wun eggstremity of Seeceshy to the uther, incloodin gorillas, doosent amount to more'n that number, and they hevent 175,000 sojers in the State of Virginny to-day.

No reliance whatsumdever is to be placed on the stories of noosepaper curryspondents about the rebel force in these rejins. It was stated at fust by sum of these gesswurk humbugs that Stunwall Jackson hed sixty thousand men when he attacted Ginral Pope's advance; then they put the number down to thirty thousand, and, finerly, to fifteen thousand. The truth is, he hed barly six thousand!

Its my firm bleef that thars as menny Union as thars rebel troops in Virginny, and that all our ginrals hev to do is to mass thar divishins together, and sail in to sartain victry.

As to rebel re-enforcements from the Southwest, who keers for that. Doosent our new recruits pore in from the North faster'n they ken send troops from Chatternogo? Let em bring thar hull Southwestern army on here ef they dar. Buell and Curtis ken then ockapy all thar posishins in that kwarter, while we punish em here.

But all depends, as I sed afore, upon our ginrals. Ef they don't sho tharselves in airnest—ef they play the old shilly-shally shuvvel and wheelburrow game—ef they don't make it war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt—tell evry rebel now in arms is ether slorterd, or captivated, or flyin for life—then the game's up on our side.

Hopin, blevin, prayin, and eggspectin, that we shell lick rebellyon, and that rebellyun will lick the dust, I remane, swoord in hand and pistil cockt for mortal cumbat,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXIV.

[Our Protean friend, whose humor is as variable as the tints of the chameleon, is this week sly and dry. Read, mark, and inwardly digest his observations on the Government order for the expulsion of newspaper-correspondents from the Union armies. It was according to the "fitness of things" that such an order should be promulgated simultaneously with the news that all our plans for the coming campaign, together with dispatches of the highest importance, had fallen—*through the grossest carelessness*—into the hands of the public enemy.—EDS.]

ACQUIA CRICK, August 26, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

In imitashin of the Rushin Milentary Desputism doorin the Crymean War, the Guverment at Washington hes issood an order directin all noosepaper curryspondents to be druv outer our armees in Virginia, *vi et am us*, as the skollards say. In our case the order is not called a *Ukase* as it was in Rushy, but in all sensual perticklers the two cases is *fack semeles*. I hev not seen a coppy of the dockyment, but the currier who brort it ses the langwidge is perrumptory, and rekwires the offsirs to boot us out of the lines to the enliven toon of the Roag's March, and to hang us as spies if we attemp to return.

He states, also, that to prevent the possability of enny more tales bein told outer skull, all the ink, pens, and paper belongin to privit sojers and offsirs below the rank of bragadears, is to be placed onder the keer of a speshil gard, composed of men who ken nuther reed nor rite, and that the hull army is to sho thar hands twyst a day, at "revelee" and "taps", and ef enny sojer is deteckted with an ink spot on his fingers he is to be immediently wiped out, and his property, if he happens to hev enny, confisticated for the use of the Guverment tellagraft operators, whoos hafe-cockt reports is hensforrard to be receved as vorashus by all sivillians, onder penalty of bein sent to the neardest fort tell the wars over.

I hev hed an intervew with Ginral Maclellin senst the rival of the currier, and he hes takin the responsbility of allowin me to pen this epistol, and I shell this arternoon address anuther to my magnannymous frend the President, who I feel sartain will make an eggsepshin in my faver for old ackwaintance sake, and bekase I hev allus rendered that triboot to his genus for dublin tenders,

callembores, and uther button-busters, witch they so richly desarved. I think, tharfore (to use the wurds of the late C. C. Cambrelling), that I shall be abel to continny this currys pondence "in spite of lamentashins here and allswear".

But it will go rayther hard with less faverd paper-stainers, who hev vilated thar payroll of honor not to contradick the tellagraffic ackounts of Union victries, and who hevent hed enuff common sense and sense of the ridickalus to crack up the side-splittin joaks emanatin from the head of the republick. I larn with regret—but without suprise—that the currys pondents of the New York Herald, Triboon, Times, Eggspress, Pôst, Commershil, and Wilkes's Sperrit of the Times, is to be drummed outer camp doorin arternoon parade to-morrow. Each of these littery delinkwents is to ware a foolscap made of the jernil he represents, and it is speshily ordered, I onderstand, that the headdress of the currys pondent of Wilkes's Sperrit is to consist of the cöppy of the sourcaustic paper witch contains a byagruffical sketch of Ginral Maclellin, by the leaden eddytur. The hull spectickle will be solem and imposin, but I don't think it will hev the effeck of preventin "letters from the seat of war" from appearin in the noosepapers, bekase currys pondence kwite as graffic and interestin and ackarit as enny that hes yet appeared, ken be got up in the back offises of the jernils referd to, at the small expense of say ten dollars a week apeace, and I think the Eggspress—witch hes a remarkabul turn for ekonimy—ken do it for five. Takin all things inter considerashin I think the inflew enshil organs of public opinyun in the Empire City will save considabul by hevin all thar war letters rit to hum. "Relieabul gentmen" ken be hed at most enny price in New York, and hum made intelligence from our armies in the field will hev the dubble advantidge of bein ekwilly cheap and orthentic. That it will be as trustwurthy as the guverment tellagrams, noboddy as nose ennything about the morril depravity of artifishal lightnin, will for a moment dout.

The vidgelance of the War Department in suddenly shetting down on the currys pondens of the lyall noosepapers in the North is most pertickerly to be commended at this time, when a slyte oversight on thepart of sumbuddy, but for witch noboddy is to blame, hes throne all the milentary plans of the guverment inter the hands of the rebels. The privit despatches, et cetery, et cetery, of Ginrals Pope and Macdoill, sezed tuther day by the Seecesh Kernil Stewart at Catlet's Stashin, is sposed to hev contaned more strutegy and setch, then was ever afore tied together

with red tape senst the wurld began. The Annie Condy plan warnt nuthin to it, I me told. And now that contemtabul corn-fedrit conspurrator, Jeff Davis, is reedin over the manyskrips, and studyin the combinashins as was to hev eggstingwished him and hisn, at his leeshur. Hed them captered plans oney ben carrid out, insted of bein tuck from us in an ongarded moment, by a passel of scooting troopers, who hedent even the perliteness to say by your leve, the fate of the rebellyun would hev ben sealed. Now its onsealed, and thars no tellin when it will be brort to a close.

Ginral Maclellin arrove at these head-kwarters on Sunday mornin, and arterwards Ginral Burnside cum in from the Rapperhammock to tork over matters with the galliant chief. It is rummerd that Ginral Pope and Ginral Maclellin doosent hitch hosses together, both claimin the cheef cummand. The report is that Ginral Halleck hes ben appeald to, and will settle the diffikulty by becummin cock-of-the-walk hisself. Stanton seems to hev sobsided senst Halleck tuck the rains of pour, as Ginral-issimo. The result of the Shunadoor Valley splurge setteld his milentary stummack sum, and he seems to hev rapt hisself up in the solitood of his own oridginality, and sot down to solid thinkin. I hop sumthin 'll cum of it. Holesum refleckshun dizzyplins the mind and tends to perdooce resignashin.

Fresh troops from the North, raythor raw, but as plucky as game chickens, is arriving continally, and purty sun we shell hev four hundred thousand men on the line of the Potomac, the Rapid Ann, and the Rapperhammock. Pope is in advance, with Burnside and his Peninslur boys lyen behind him, and on his right, and the fo is on the uther side of the Rapperhammock waitin for the river to fall to go in. Ef it hedent a ben for the risen of the waters, a bluddy encounter would hev cum off last week, and its oney postponied tell the bilen torrent simmers down and parshilly dries up. In the meantime thars plenty of skrimmidging in frunt, and Pope hes tuck, altogether, about a thousand prisners, and mought be considerd as dooin remarkably well ef he hedent lost his plans and despatches.

Thars a report in our lines to-night that the Seecesh Ginral Ewell has been wiped out by Captin Lacy in a fight at Barnett's Ford, about twenty miles from Fredericksburg. I send you the story for wot its worth, witch is probly about the vally of a three cent stomp arter its ben throo the mail.

Hopin that we may sun meet the rebels with a sooperiur force on our side, and wollup em tell they take the oath of

a legions, and giv us a duebill for the eggspenses we hev incurd in bringin them back to resin and the pershoot of happiness, I remain, in deep thort,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXV.

[Bitter are the words of our gallant old correspondent this week; but they are bitterly true. He only *says* what thousands *think*. A more loyal citizen than he does not breathe; but he makes a distinction, it seems, between loyalty to the Government and an indiscriminate indorsement of the acts of those who administer it.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, September 3, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

I hev jest cum over here from Washington, whar, for the last three days, I hev ben actin as a naid to the surgin-ginral and his staff, who hes ben overheadandears in surgycall bizness, in consekens of the continnal pourin in of the wownded ever senst the retreat from Bull Run to Centreveal. Pope is fallin back at a purty actyve pace, and it seems from the hevvy skrimmidge near Fairfacts Court-House on Munday night that a considabul outlyin boddy of the enemees troops was then closter to Washington than he was. Sum thinks they'll be ketched in a snair; uthers allows as Pope will be attacted in frunt by Lee, while Jackson bumbards his rare, and that atween the two his numerus files will be held as in a vice; but I trust it will prove *vicey-versy*. The seecesh univarsally pretends to take the latter vew of the case; but I gess theyre oney blowin, blast em. One thing's sartin, howsever; that cunnin old rebel bird Ginral Jackson, got Ginral Reno inter an ambush on Munday evenin down to Fairfacts, and tho the rebels was finerly druv in, a hull divishin cum all-critical near bein cut off, besides loosin the brave Kearny and Stevens, two as thurrowbred heroes as ever fit for the old flag senst she was fust unfurld on the battle feeld of Saratoga eighty-three years ago.

It must be confest that matters at present wares raythera glummy aspic, and it seems as ef the old sarpint was dooin his all-sulfurus utmost to help the rebel cawse. I spose he simper-

thises with it on ackount of his hevin ben a traitor hisself and compeld at an airly peeriud in the Dark Ages to skeddadle afore the charge of the Excelsior Brigade of Pairodice to the unhelthy lowcashin war he now hangs out. But altho Sinsinnaughty is threttened by the blastfeemin rebels with the fate of the cities of the Plain, and Merryland, in consekens of Jackson's reported bender, is blevd by menny to be in a grevus strait, me and my cherful and mayjestic frend, the lofty and lively Lincoln, hes still the strongest confidens in the ultimut tryump of the Union arms. *Legs tallionis* he ses will sun be the order of the day, and he hops, to use his own sublime eggspresshin, "that the six hunderd thousand men now runnin regairdless of eggspens to the reskyou of thar kentry, will sunner or later return to the peaceful walks of civil life." Nuther him nor me bleves that the cabbynet imbersillity and milentary jelassy and want of gumpshin, is goin to swomp the Union; and we dont mean to bleve it ontil Washington is tuck by storm, Bawltomore surrendered, Sinsinnaughty conflagrated, and a conkerin Suthern army *on root* for Philadelphy and New York.

It is cheerin to refleck that the last battle of Bull Run hes not been follered by wus consekenses than the fust. Ginral Pope hes trod ackeritly in the footsteps of his illustris predecesher Ginral Macdoill—vamosin from Bull Run to Centreveal, from Centreveal to Fairfacts, and from Fairfacts to Washington, whar I persoom he will arrive to-day or to-morrer. The former—wun of the modestest men in the army, and remarkabul for the number of prisners he takes—announst a tremenjus victry at Bull Run, jest as Ginral Macdoill hed dun afore him, and tuck the back track by way of Centreveal, Fall's Church and Fairfacts, perzackly in the same way—oney Macdoill's pace was rayther lower down among the forties than Pope's. I persoom, howsever, ef Pope hedent hed them seventeen thousand prisners to restore to libty, as he marveld along, he mought hev ekwild the time of that gentmanly ginral.

I call him gentmanly, bekase the rebels sed he was a gentman and respeckted his baggidge as setch at Catlett's Stashin, and they oughter kno. The Army of the Potomac will mebbe be to-night about in the persishin it was in prevus to marchin outer the fedral capital for Richmound more'n a year ago "singin sams and hims of tryump", and wunst agin we hev the onspeakabul happiness of larnin arter spendin twelve hunderd millyuns of dolors and using up two hunderd thousand men, that "the guverment feels satisfied that *Washinton is saift.*" In coarse ef

the guverment is satisfied the peeple must be satisfied. How in the name of desputism and Fort Laugheryet ken they be enny-thing else!

I seen considabul of my venabul and farseeshus frend the President doorin the short time I was in Washington, and am happy to state throo your collumes, to the popolashin of this continent and the nashins of the airth in ginral, that his Eggsellensy is as spry as a cricket. The keers of State doosent peer to hev dampt his sperrits a mite, and notwithstandin the desputes of his ginrals and the divishins in his cabbynet, wittyschisms continnees to flow from his flewent lips without sesashin, as ushil. He axed me yestday when I called to make my adoos at the White House, "why thar was a diffrence atwixt Admiral Goldsburrow and the hero of the Battle of Lake Erie." I remarkt that it was prehaps bekase the latter went in and won, and the former oney went out and wonderd.

"No," ses the distingwished Head of the Commonwelth, "no sirree!—it is bekase Admiral Goldsburrow hesn't got no *Perry Cranium*." I hop the Naval Champyun of Hamton Roads wont think it nessary to resine on ackount of this harmless joak, and I dont think he will, for its purty much the same with offishal foo-foos now, as it was in old Hickory's time, "few dies and nun resines."

It will no dout be a consolashin to the down-harted kentry in the present tryin crysis to larn that her eggsellensy, the lady Presidentess, is in salubrus helth, and drives about in a butiful bayrush and pair, with et ceterys, lucking as paytryotic—witch she is—as ef she hedent a traitor relashin in the world. She is a remarkabul wumman; not so slim as the Empress Euginny; nor so tall as the Empress of all the Rushes; nor so short as Queen Victory; but combinin all thar kwalities of mind and person in a manner that it is diffikult to deskribe. Fearin I should be onabul to do the subjeck jestice, I shall not attempt it; but ef the publick mind will take the trubble to imadgin the stately grace of the two continental empresses and the benignitty of the iland queen, kinder malgamated and mixed up and mouldied altogether, they may begin to reallies what noboddy but a poick, with his eye in a fine frenchy rollin, could adakwitly deskribe. N. P. Willis mought do it, but setch flites of fancy is not for Disbanded Volunteers.

Prehaps you and your readers may be a triful sprised at my usin tituls of honor in speakin of the Eggseggative fammaly, but sech is the tendency of the times. Things is gitten inter a

monarky way allmity rapid at Washington, and it lucks now as ef we should desput sun have a reglar desputism. Not as the guverment means it. Oh no; but sumhow or uther the simplesity of our republican system, and the saiftgards of the constitooshin, is going to the devil about as fast as offishal presumpshin and lawless insolens ken drive em. I dont no but merely for ritin this letter I may be sent to sum Barsteel with a *letter de catchit*, and that you may be offered your choice atween the Rip Raps and the Dry Tortoogus, for prentin it; but ef it should be so we shell at least hev the satisfackshin of feline in our harts, that thars few lyaler men than ourselves outer jail.

This place is in a hubbub day and night with the sound of wheels and the vices of teamsters and ambulance drivers. What with the shoutin of troops cummin in and goin out, the milentary bands, the yells of drunken stragglers, and cetery, I should say that Alexandry, jest now, cumpairs onfavorably with the Tower of Babbel in the wust crysis of the unknown tungs. Hopin for a seeceshin of the deafenin row when we hev silenst the row of seeceshin, I remain, distracted in brain, but lyal in hart, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXVI.

[We rejoice to learn, from the subjoined letter, that the President, sick—and no wonder!—of his point-no-point Cabinet, and of political humbugs generally, has concluded, in the present critical state of affairs, to advise with our straightforward, sharp-minded correspondent. Would he had adopted this course sooner! Now that the head of the nation and our long-headed friend have laid their heads together, we shall look for more vigor in the conduct of the war.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, September 11, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

My asspirashins is disappinted. Long ear now I eggspected to hev ben on the march; but I upbrayed noboddy. When Ginral Maclellin, onshagrinned by the loss of Virginny, started in the airly part of the week to reconker Merryland, it was his airnest wish that I should ackumpany him on the path of glory.

"Disbanded," ses he, "I hev allus leaned onto you more'n all the rest of my staff. Nex to my wife," ses he, in a tone of tender emoshin, "you hev my warmest affeckshin and regaird, and I want to hev you allus at my bridal reign."

But it warn't to be. It was my fate to be a nobjeck of competishin. About an hour arter this flatterin conversashin, a messinger arrove on a fomin steed from the White House, with a rekwest from my eggsalted frend, His Eggsellency the President of the Remainder of the United States, for an immedient intervew on nayshinal bizness. Singlar to relate, on reachin the fedral manshin, its Presidin Genus, arter axin me, with his ushil curtsey, "how I flurrished", addrest me in nearly the same langwidge as Ginral Maclellin dun, oney a triful more dignified.

"D. V.," he remarkt, throwin his left leg over the back of wun of Mrs. Lincoln's new droring-rum cheers, with that winnin grace for witch he is notoryus, "D. V.," old feller, you musn't go to the Upper Potomac with Maclellin, for I hev more confidens in you then in all the bullheads in my cabnet. Salmon Chase, to be sure, is well enuff," he continned, "but I kant go Seward; and as to the funkshinary of the War Department, he plays setch a game of cross porpuses that its onpossabul to make head or tail of the flounderin critter. But you, D. V.," ses his eggsellency, "you, old hoss, air of a diffrent stripe. Let alone Mrs. L.," ses his eggsellency, "thars noboddy to hoom I ken unbuzzum myself in privit as I ken to you."

"But my simperthetic frend," I replide, "ef I back out of this raid inter Merryland, my cumraids will overwelm me with satyr."

"They be splinterd!" ses he, carrickteristically; "when the boss puts down his foot and ses 'this is your post,' wot need you to keer for thar brashy railin."

I yielded, for I felt that to leve the rooler of the nashin, at setch a moment, would be hard lines. I couldent abandun him to the tender marcies of his vassalatin constitooshinal advisers. It would hev ben like deprivin him of his backbone. Twyste a day, mornin and evenin, a solentary hossman, gray-headed, but full of gumpshin, may be seen ridin in deep thort over the Long Bridge in the direckshin of Washington. That's me. My dustynashin is the White House, whar I remane in consultashin with the President from the hour of my arrival ontil his eggsellency goes to sleep. I hev dun sum good allready. It was by my advice that Burnside was sent out to feel the enemee, and that Pope, by way of a flyer, was railed, by the neardest rout, to

tuther side of Jordan. By Jordan, I mean the Mussysippi. At my slisitashin, too, Macdooil, the hero of two slashin defeets, was dispatched to parts onknown, to remane tell called for; and ef you should hear, in the Lord's good time, that Stanton's nose was outer jint, you won't be far rong in sirmysin that I hed a hand in its dislickashin.

We—I refer to this individyal and the Honabul Abe—air dooin what we ken to pervent the grate commershil States of the North from fallin a pray to the ongodly invaders. Ef possabul, Philadelphy will be saved, bekase, in case Washington and Bawltomore is tuck, the President and Mrs. Lincoln prepose to set for cumpany thar doorin the gay seesin. Ef, howsever, the Keestone State should be capterd by the ragged cusses, who in settin foot on our sile declared thar intenshin to "conker a piece," the illustrus fedral pair will adjern to New York tell the openin of the spring camppain, and will probly ockipy ether the Acadmy of Musick or the Cooper Institoot, while the members of the cabnet will be accommydated at the Blind Asylum. I bleve the President would prefer retirin to Springfield, whar he belongs; but that would be raythor resky, bekase ef the rebels seesed Sinsinnaughty—the grate commershil meatroplis of the West—he mought hev to depend eggscloosivly on Illanoy for milentary suckers.

We hope, howsever, to turn the tables onto the rebels, smash thar picters! Maclellin is arter em in Merryland with a sharp stick, and ef he doosent stop to dig, thousands of em will find a bluddy grave on this side of the Potomack. My own pinyun is that thar present incurshin is oney a faint, and, in fack, the last dispatch from the seat of war ses they air fallin back. The report that thar lines reeches from Sinacur Crick to Munggummery Court House is considerd mung news, and I persoom thar numbers in Prence George hes ben magnifide ekwil to Falstaff's Lincoln Green Men, in his lyin yarn to Prence Henry. Wot Lee and Longstreet is up to is to dror our forces inter the inteeryur of Merryland, and then pitch inter us at Washington with mebbe a hunderd and fifty thousand men. Ef Maclellin, Burnside, Fits John Porter, Banks, and Hindsellman doos thar duty, that game's blocked, and the Jeffocracy is in an all-exscrewshiatin fix. Its a goldin chain or a wooden leg, as the sayin is. The Cornfedracy is ether on the eve of a grand triump or an everlastin kullaps.

In the meentime, let the peeple, when they assembul in thar places of publick wurship, and evry night and mornin in thar

privit devoshins, try to pray a little common sense inter the head of the War Department, and all strutegy outer the heads of our ginrals in the feeld. As to the President. Ile take keer of him; and, notwithstandin his onrepressabul humor, I hev sanguinary hopes of convincin him, in the eend, that this war is sumthin beyant a joak. Starnly and sorrerfully, I remane,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXVII.

[Since the President has been guided by the advice of our sagacious correspondent, everything seems to have gone well. Let us hope he may continue to turn a favorable ear to the Disbanded's words of wisdom. We invite attention to the conversation between D. V. and A. L. at the White House.—EDS.]

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,
DEESTRICK OF COLUMBY, September 18, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The hull kentry has reson to rejice that the able-minded Abraham kep me back from the feeld of mortil combat to help organize victry. We hev dun the job! thanks to Hallylooyer. We hev redooced the Hiderheaded Rebellyun to the last eggstremity, and by the time this reaches you, it is not onlikely that its tail will be tolled. I am now settin in the President's privit parlor at the White House, opposit that accomplisht statesman and worrier, who is onkonshusly to hisself carvin the inishals of his immortal name onto the back of a rosewood *teet-a-teet*. We air awaitin glad tidings from the Upper Potomac—the last ackounts bein that Longstreet was hemmed inter a *cool de sack*, and would be bagged immediently. I think, from the moshin of his hand, as he whittles the *teet-a-teet*, that his Eggsellency feels the least mite narvous; but he hesent enny call to be. Howsever, I'll test the state of his thortful and actyve mind by a few inderogatories, and give you the conversashin jest as it cums off. Hear goes:

D. V.—My responsabul frend, wot is your onbyassed opinyun of the last tellagram from Harassburg. It ses "the rebellyun is virtuously subdood."

A. L. (shetting his nife and assumin a statesmanlike apperience

ginally).—Wall, Disbanded, the tenner of the advices would seem to indicate a ten-strike. But the forten of war is onsartin, eggsept for army contractors. Hooker was wownded in the foot while chasin the fo, witch is raythor agen his cummin up with em, tho he s not the man to make lame eggscuses for not puttin the best leg foremost. Then its menshint as wun of the Hills is taken, but as the Cornfedrits ockypied a ridge of hills a mild and a hafe long, its onpossabul to say wether the wun that's tuck cummanded enny of thar persishins. Upon the hull, the probility is that ef the rebel army hes been forced to the Potomac, and ef the river hes riz as reported, it will uther sirrender or be stript of everything, and hev to swim for bar life.

D. V.—Wal sed, my seckind Washington! Your conclooshins from the flyin darter of the tellagraft is wurthy of the Father of his Kentry in the days that tried men's soles. Wot's your offishal estimit of Ginral Maclellin about these days, my Paytryotic Trump?

A. L.—Maclellin—eh? (pullin his left whisker as ef he was a milkin), wal I think he's gin the Freemounters jessie, as well as treted the rebels to a lofty fall. But in a fight, much depends on keerful backers. Mebbe ef Stanton hed ben his bottle-holder, insted of Halleck, he mought hev ben fibbed down, as he was on the Peninslur.

D. V.—Gess youre right thar my junior Hickory. Stanton's a fine feller—a kinder feller in fack that would stand at a man's back and see his brains blown out without budgin a har's bredth; but upon the hull I don't crave to fight under his asspieces. Onderstand me, howsever, I hev nuthin to say agin the Seckatry of War. Far from it. I consider him a plesent man for a small party, and as his party is the smallest out, I dessay they hev a good time together.

A. L.—D. V., youre a sinnick; but I kant kwarrel with you, bekase ef it hedent a ben for you and Halleck, I dunno but Jeff Davis mought now hev ben in the White House, and me and Mrs. L. onhappy fudgetives. Is thar ennything I ken do for you? Would you like to go inter the Cabnet, or hev a swoord of honor gin to you, or a contrack, or be a minster to Saint James, or a consol, with a chanst to put yourself in funds for life, or a Bragadear Ginral, or an Injun Commishiner, or a Rare Admiral or a United States Tresherer with the run of the mint and no kwestins axed, or a colonizin agent for the Contrabands, or my sucksessor to the Presidenshil Cheer, or—

D. V. (interruptin the catalog).—Nary wun, my buzzum frend,

nary wun. Ive seen enuff fishal raskality, meanness, jellysee, hatred, maliss, and oncharitabulness senst this war commenst, to feel that the oney post of honor is the privit stashin. Ime nuther a politishin nor a parricide; and I dont want ether to belong to the aristocracy or the democracy, but jest to the mediocracy, witch doosent keer a red for purpel and fine linnen, but isent abuv sope and water and waring clean shirts.

A. L. (with a deep sithe).—Say no more, D. V., say no more; you put me in mind of Pope's lines—I mean the poick, not the major-ginral:

"A wit's a fether, and a cheef's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Bein all three myself, I ken feelingly subscribe to the truth of the cupple it.

MESSINGER BOY FROM THE TELLAGRAFT OFFICE (rushin in with sawsir eyes, in a fewroar of eggsightment).—Sir-r-r! Gentmen! Nuther dispatch! Ginral Longstreet s killed and Ginral Cobb's a prisoner.

A. L.—That boy, D. V., reminds me of a remarkabul insident. Menny years ago, when I was navigatin the Ohio as a flat—

SECKIND MESSINGER BOY (in a perfoose pressperashin).—Mr. President—nuther dispatch! Ginral Longstreet isn't killed, but he's tuck, and Ginral Cobb's wownded.

A. L.—Blame these boys, wot boyant sperrits they hev. Wal, as I was sayin, when I was navigatin the Ohio as a flat boatman, many pears ago, the craft got aground and my mate, sez he, Old Stick-in-the-mud—

THIRD MESSENGER BOY (pantin heavily).—Nuther dispatch! Burnsides turnt Jacksons flank and is pressin onto his rare. Porter is shellin Cobb, and Franklin hes gin Lee thunder and lighten. Hooker's wownd is easier, and he is agin in ackshin with his foot in a sling.

A. L. (throwin him a postage currency).—Thats the way to mall em! But whar was I! O! I remember—my mate, ses he, Old Stick-in-the-mud, are you awar why you run aground? No, ses I. Ses he, its bekase thars no reliance to be placed on the boys, pintin to the flotin bekins in the channel. You see the nub of the joke I spose. The tellagraft is a mity unsartin channel of informashin, and it wont do to *trust to the boys*. He! he! he!

D. V. (as in duty bound).—Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! Tiger-r-r!!!

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ALEXANDRY, September 19, 1862.

Shortly arter the President had finisht his apropo story, victries began to cum in so everlastin thick, that it was enuff to drive the most flegmatic Unionists inter a state of halloocynashin, so I seezed my hat and vamosed in eggstacy, leavin the President singin the Star Spangled Banner at the top of his vice, witch is purty high, and keepin time with the heels of his boots on the senter table.

It is onnessary to rekapitalate the sperrit-stirrin noose of to-day, as you will hev all the tremenjus tryumps over the wires, as fast as the enemee is anialated, and cut to picces, and taken prisners, and sent to the rare utterly demoralized to take the oath and rally wunst more under the old flag.

Fateeged with glory,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXVIII.

[The Disbanded is not an egotist. Far from it. He simply wishes to be credited with his own thunder, and he insists that the Emancipation Proclamation (except the spellin and pronunciation) *is* his thunder. We give him an opportunity to do himself justice in our columns. He seems to disclaim Proclamation No. 2 even more emphatically than he claims Proclamation No. 1.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, September 26, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Wal, wot do you think of Abraham Lincoln's style of runnin the masheen onder my foremanship? We air a teem and a hafe and a bull tarrier atween the ropes, and no mistake. That Nigger-manspayshin dockament was a sockdolager, warnt it? Its sum I tell you, and ef it doosent cend the war afore nex summer the blacks will be sure to rise in the fall. Luck at the normus axseshins its goin to bring to the army from the abelishinist ranks. Them nine hunderd thousand aunty-slavers thats ben a standin with thar guns loaded and capt, thar bagnets fixt, and thar legs lifted for a start on the dubbel kwick for the last eighteen munts, waitin for jest setch a proclamashin, will in coarse all

speak to wunst and demand to be led agin the enemee. I persoom they air now rushin in crowds to all the Nuthern recrutin stashens, blessin me and Abraham Lincoln, and resolved to kiver tharselves with uniforms and glory. Let em cum—don't stop em—pervide transportashin for all of em—and dont ax em whether they go for the Union as it was or it wasent, as it is or it isent; but take advantage of thar fewroar and let em go in—*outer the draft!* The kullerd peeple eggspects em, rain or shine, and Cashus of Kaintucky will cross the Rubygun with em, and sink or swim, survive or perish in the attemp. A proclamashin as brings nine hunderd thousand men inter the feeld is a dockament that'll live, as the poick ses, "to the last syllabub of recorded Time." Rich Loo was right—"In the hands of men entirely great," like Abe and Me, "the pen *is* miteyer'n the swoord!"

Senst the abuv parrygraft was writ, a frend of mine, a feller who is allus puttin a spoke inter other peeples weals, hes stept in and subjested a diffrent vew of the case. He allows that the abolishinists heving nuthin at hart in this war but the onfetterin of the kullerd race, will dekline takin up arms ontil arter the 1st of January, for fare of fritenin the Suthern States and causen em to return to thar a legions; tharby preventin the onfortnit slaves from bein "thenceforrard and forever free." Consekently, he argoos, no help need be eggspected from that kwarter ontil arter New Years. But I dont bleve it. It kant be as the luv of the Manspayshunists for men of Afrikin dissent, is parrymount to thar luv of this blessed Union. As to usin this plee as a subterfudge in order to keep clar of danger (as the feller hinted when he was goin away)—that I wont credit. Sartainly no American would plead affeckshin for the race of Ham as an eggscuse to save his bacon. I tharfore dismiss the insinnerashin from my mind—tho I kant help wishin the infarnal croker hedent a put the thing in that light, for it haunts me.

The proclamashin is shoor to create a perfound sensashin abrord. It kennot fail to shet up Lord Pamstun like a jack-nife and thro the Darby cleek inter a state of asfixyou. Both perfesses to be willin to go the hull hog for the eggstinkshin of human bondage, and thar oney avoud resin for bristlin up agin the North so fur, hes ben that while deprivin the wurld of cotton we warnt tryin to make wool free. The new state paper got up by Abraham and Me, nocks that stool from onder em, and they must uther take our side now, or sobside inter everlastin oblokwee and contemp. It will be likewise the same in France.

We hev taken the wind outer the sails of both guverments, and they must uther change thar toon tords the North, or they'll hev the peeple in thar har and git thar combs cut afore they know it.

The press is a great and solem instooshin—the Playdum of our Libties and the Bullwork of this Oxidental Land of Freedom*—but sumtimes its allcussed mean. I dessay, now, that sum of your New York papers will try to make thar reeders bleve that the Cabnet hed a hand in the proclamashin. Wun, mebbe, will say that it is marked with the perfound depth of Welles, anuther that it is in the Chaste stile of the Seckatry of the Tresury, and a third that it sounds like Blare; but wunst for all let setch invidyus prents be gin to onderstand that I rit it myself, with no help from nobody, and that Abraham Lincoln, God bless him! punctured the sentences and korrected the spellin. We alone are the orthurs, and We take the responsbility. I hed great difficulty in preventin the President from making a foo-foo of hisself, by takin the advice of his Cabnet on the subjeck, but I suckseeded. I dont crave enny man wurship for my sarvices, howsever. I am satisfied with deservin well of my kentry, and dont hanker arter sickofancy and serenades.

But I kant allus be with my buzzum frend the President. I hev other dooties, witch it is onpossible for me to shirk with a clar conshence, that ockashinally prevents my bein at his elbo. On setch ockashins, advantage is tuck of his amabel weaknesses, by a passel of pollytickle tinkers as doosent no thar a-b, abs in the skience of statemanship. Frinstance, when I was off to Bawltomore on milentary bizness, this week, he was overperswaded to issoo anuther proclamashin, witch I am afeard he'll hev cause to repent to his dyin day. I mean, in coarse, the despotick dockamint as puts privit citysins in the North onder marshil law, and subjecks em to be tried and punisht by milentary commishins, for sayin or dooin ennything witch in the opinyun of provost marshals and setch is calkilated to discurridge inlistments. I shed teers when I seen that in prent—weepin partly for my freend, and partly for my kentry. Its onconstitooshinal, onnessary, and onjest, and I should say the same to that esteemabul man, Marshal Kenaday, even onder the penalty of bein ackommodated with lodgins in Sell number Four for the night. The North doosent rekwire to be put onder

* Livin so mutch in diplomatic sirkils, wun gets a habit of usin high-flown langwidge. D. V.

marshil law at the marcy and discreshin of provost-marshil's gards. Howsever, I hope to get the President uther to revoke the order or to eggsplain it away.

In the meantime, and with the firm bleef that the price of Libity is etarnul vidgelans, I remain, as ushil,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXIX.

[Our bold, saucy, irrepressible, pithy, pertinent, piquant, racy and quaint correspondent opens particularly rich in the following letter.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, Virginny, October 3, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Ef the President could spar me, Ide a heep rayther be fightin in the feeld then civilly emploid here. Howsever, as we air hand and gluv, and he leans onto me as a disintrusted frend, I must see him throo; tho bobbin around in these red-tape rejins doosen soot an old worrier whoos bizness it is to face his kentry's foes on the battle-plane and kiver hisself with the green baize of victry. I couldent, you no (leastways not onably), throw up my hand and leve honest Old Abe to go it alone agin the Artful Dodgers as is continally tryin to sarcumvent him. It wouldent tell well in histry; and I want to bequeeth a clean reckord to my bihographers, and go down to the futur as sumthin better'n a mere stypendry.

Noboddy as isent behind the seens ken reelize the dance His Eggsellency is led by woolves in sheep's clothin, and ef it warnt for me, thars no sayin wot orful false steps he mought be inveggled inter. All sorts of spurus stuff is coined by party shysters, in order to put him on a rong cent, but I ken smell a rat as far as the next man, and he nose it; consekently he ginally relies on me for the truth in doutful cases, and could I be perpetally at his side, thar'd be no dannger of his makin enny *foe pause.*

But, as I intermated in my last, I can't allus be with the great and good Abraham, altho I perfess to be his buzzum frend. Kernil Hamilton couldent allus be with the Father of his Kentry, you no; and I stand purty much in the same relashin to

Mr. Lincoln as the kernil did to Ginral Washington. I enjoy the President's wittyschisms and egerly devour his wurds of wisdom, but nater rekwires short intermisshins for refreshments, even at theayters, and sircusses, and nigger pufformances, and arter a pertracted dialog with the head of the nashin, full of sourcasm and brilyant subjestins, its a wunderful relief to spend a day or so in the Alexandry horspittles, skrapin lint, fixin bondages, and admenisterin doses of muckory and ruebub.

On setch ockashins, sartain pollytickle letherheads ushilly seeses the opportoonity to abuse the ears and thro dust in the eyes of my eggsalted frend. Sum of this preshus set—pertickler pals of wun dubble-faced Jimmy you may have heerd on—was all-cussed near gettin him to keep back his mansipashin manafester, arter it hed ben sot up and red in the galleys; but providenshally I cum in from a ride to the Chain Bridge jest in time to snap the links of the conspurracy, and save four millyuns of blacks from the blues. I predicate they'll never hear of wot I dun for em; but ef they should, they needent send a depitashin to thank me ontil the wether's cooler and the wind's nutherly. I want em to be free, the Lord nose; but senst it hes plesed Hevin to form em out of ebony and me outer plaster of parish, and to make uther essenshil diffrences atween us, Ide a leetle rayther they kep tharselves *to* tharselves. Notwithstandin the ties of flesh and blud that links me to my bruthers in bonds, I wouldent thro a straw in the way of sendin em to Haytie. Setch also is the sentamens of the distingwished lumberman and logishin who is desarvedly the idle of a free peeple. Jest afore he started on Wensday to visit Maclellin at Aunteatem, we figgerd out the colornisashin skeem in black and white, and found it perfeckly feesable, ef Congress will oney make the nessary appropriashins. Abe's estimit is as follers:

Provishins and clothin, fewill, and cetera, for 4,000,000 collard pussons, while arrangements is making to ship em off, say $50 each	$200,000,000
Outfit for vige to the colorny, purchis of land, tools and implyments of husbandry, eggspens of transportashin, and supplies for 400,000,000 collard pussons ontil the craps cums in, say $300 each .	1,200,000,000
Total	$1,400,000,000

The amount is not hevy, on paper (wotever it mought be in gold), and could be prented off by the time the proclamashin is practickly carrid out, and mebbe afore, at little mor'n the cost of press-wurk. Let us, tharfore, release our opprest collard

brethren with as little delay as possabul, and send em forth to thar new hum with the kiss of peace, trustin to thar gratitood to reimbuss us as sun as they becum a grate nashin. Peeple as is inklined to make mountins of molehills may objeck to the outlay, but I think ef Ossawartomy Brown was alive he would approov the projeck. The plan is as simpel as it is butiful. Its cuey to conker the South, raze the funds, and "let my peeple go".

I hinted abuv that parties was allus on the luckout for my absens from the White House to take advantidge of the President's easy dispersishin. It was on wun of those ockashins that Blare got his sankshin to that order of his'n discreditin all the siled P. O. stamps, a perseedin that in my opinyun puts the stamp of bad faith on the Department's deelins with the peeple. The rich mayn't keer about bein stuck with a few adhesivs, mebbe, but wot I luck at is the effeck on the poor man's plasters. Its a dirty trick, to say the leest of it; enuff, by gum! to make the faces of Washington and Franklin blush for thar persishin. Its my privit opinyun that ef the order isent recinderd, thar ll be a vakincy in the Cabnet purty recently.

I was over to Ginral Maclellin's head-kwarters at Harper's Ferry on Thursday, and me and him and the President hed a long and airnest confab. The result of our codgertashins was, that the war must be pusht ahead like sixty. Within a few days arter this epistol reeches you, its not onlikely a blo may be struck that will hev an electrick effeck on the kentry as far as the wires eggstend.

Hopin you will keep on the *key veeve* for the latest noose, I remane, and so doos the venabul Abraham,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXX.

[The Disbanded comes nobly to the rescue of his friend the President, defending him most gallantly from the aspersions of those malignant persons who represent him as playing a double game in the present crisis. He also gives some remarkable specimens of Mr. Lincoln's peculiar vein of humor. There is one great merit in his letters. He writes veraciously, never

drawing on his imagination for his facts as so many newspaper correspondents do.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, October 10, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Its raythor amewsin to see the currys pondents of the New York daylies pretendin to giv the President's privit vews and sentimens, when they hev no more chanst to get inter his konfidense than Dives hed to lay off with Lazyrus in Abraham's buzzum. Thars jest wun man, and no more, to whoom the hole of his hart is laid open, and to whoom he livers his opinyuns on State kwestins according to the varus lights in wich they present tharselves to his onderstandin. I am that individyal. You probly red in childhood, or doorin the peeryud of addle essence, the story of Valentine's fondness for Arson and *vicey versey*. Well, the President is my Valentine. Correspondingly I am his Arson. He looks upon me as his warmest frend, and never while the spark of life glows in my brest shall he hev resin to think utherwise. Ime sorry to say he is mutch traydooced by a pack of knaves, who pertend to say that he's playin a tricky game with all parties. Its not so. He may be vassalatin, he may hev his amabul weaknesses, his backbone may be rather over soople, he may be too mutch gin to the cherful anakdoat, the loodickrus tale, and the light cannondrum, but his intenshins is fust rate—they couldn't be fust rater ef he ockapied a manshin in the skies insted of on Pennsylvany Avenoo. I no wot you will say—namely: that in the bottomless pit, the street commishiners use good intenshins to lay the sidewalks. But doos that detrack from thar merits? Not by no means. You mought as well denounce postidge-stamps—the oridgenal purpose of witch was good—bekase they hev ben emplied improperly. A thing may be eggsellent *per see*, as the lawyers say, but yet not turn out for the best by a darnd sight.

All men as holds high places is liabul to be salted by malignant backbiters. It is the natur of setch critters to kick at whoosumdever hes a seat of honor. The fust nateralist of his day was orfully abused when he perclaimed a new system of classifyin animils, and so, arter all, the lustrus :t tesman of Illanoy oney sheers the fate of the Great Buffoon. But enuff of this. Valentine needs no defence from Arson. His ax speaks for tharselves.

I returnt here from the White House about an hour ago in Mr. Lincoln's bayrush, arter heving ben in privit consultashin with

him on matters of the highest moment for uppards of forty minnits. He sent for me eggpress by a speshil messenger, and on arrivin, axed me to walk inter his Cabnet, wich I did, and he immedientely shet the door, locked it, and hung his Skotch cloke and cap over the key-hole to pervent—as he sed in his commic way —enny of the wimmin fokes from Evesdroppin. We then shuck hands corjally like two old cumraids as we air, and sot down to airnest codgertashin. In less'n ten minnits we decided on sartain civil and milentary changes, witch you will sun see announced ofishally. Ef I warn't injoined to silence, I mought state, prehaps, that thar would shortly be a desjunkshin of the Cabnet, but as it is I say nuthin. Stanton's adherents would feel bad ef they knew the Presdent warnt inclined to stick by him enny longer. Mind, I dont say as thar acktilly is a prospect of the Seckatry of War bein dropt; I oney say ef. The frends of Ginral Banks would no dout like to see him in Stanton's shoos; but ef such an arrangement was on foot—mind, I say ef it was on foot, not as it is—it would be a breech of confidens in me to menshin it. Tharfore, as an onabul man, I shall keep dark, and merely ventur a vaig hop that the resinabul wishes of the nayshin may not be disappinted.

Arter we'd finisht up on Guverment bizness, my eggseggative frend releved his logical mind, as ushil, with a little farceshy. Handin out from a cubbard a bottle of the essence of Mungoheeler (for he nose I m parshil to that tawny and tasty flewid), he axed me what would be the most approprate place to expatiate the blacks to.

Thinkin I smelt the joak, I winked my wether eye and sed "to Scenterall America". He shuck his hed, so I overhauld my jografy a seckind time, and thinkin Ide try Europe, I sed "the Valley of the Oder".

Agin he signified dissent—upon witch I revarted to the Western Hemisfear, and remarked that mebbe the Colorahdo mought soot our colored brethren when eggspelled from the pale of civilisashin.

Wunst more he made a jester in the niggertive, upon witch I gin it up.

He then eggsplaned that the most appropriate place to expatiate the contrabands to, would be Mountanegro, whar they would have a chanst to rise in the world and would be within conveenient distans of a Sea of their own complexshin.

I remarkt that in the wurds of the poick, "the wurld was all afore em whar to choose", but I hoped Providence wouldn't gide

em ennywhars near my diggens. "Afriky," ses I, "is thar nateral clime. Thar," ses I, kwotin poickry agin,

"Thar let em blush onseen,
And waste thar sweetness on the desert air."

When I menshint Afriky, I notist that A. L.'s left eye gin a premonitory twinkle, and as sun's Ide finisht speakin, he axed me ef I know'd what kinder teas that continent perdooced. Bein onabul to respond, he was kind enuff to inform me that it was famous for its Congoes and its Ashanteas. I told him that ef he hed to be expatiated to a furrin land, we should all know whar to send him. He cort my meanin direckly, and sed he sposed to the Punjawb. Although blunt in his manners, he's all-amazin sharp in his percepshins.

Noticin that I was about to indulge in a glass of whisky, he inkwired, with his pqliar smild, why his joaks was like the licker I was goin to swaller. It was beyant me, and I sed so, upon witch he subjested that his joaks was like the licker I was preparin to imbibe bekase they was pleasant-ryc. You see the pint I spose.

"But, my venabul frend," ses I, arter he hed got off the last menshint stunner, "dont't you think that this kinder badinage is onshootable in the preset momentuous crysis."

"D. V.," ses he, risin from his cheer and ketchin me by the button, "D. V., you put me in mind of Wade, the cheerman of Committee on the Conduck of the War. Sun arter Pope was druv in by Lee," continned the President, "Wade called on me and wanted to hev a serus tork on milentary affairs. Ses I to him: 'Mr. Wade, you remind me of a man out West as hed a sellybrated hoss—' 'Thunder! Mr. President,' shouted Wade, interruptin me, 'this ain't a time for you to tell stud-hoss stories! and, by Gosh! I'm not the man to listen to em!' He was rushin out mad as a hornet, but I called him back and got his dander down, and we hed a reglar offlshal palaver. When we got throo, ses I to him: 'My Buckeye frend, ef wit was an artickle as went by the pound, I gess you'd be Wade in the balance and found wantin.' 'Yes,' he rejined (the sassy cuss), 'you'd hev the advantidge of me thar, Mr. President, for your joaks is a leetle the hevyest as ever was mannyfacterd.'"

As his Eggsellency konclooded the foregoin anakdoat, I jumpt from my seat, shuck hands with him hurridly, and, complainin of a sudden attact of morril insanity, left the presence. I réaly

bleve ef I hed remained three minnits longer I should never agin have ben abel to remain, in a loocid condishin,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXI.

[The countenance and friendship of the great is not without its inconveniences. We see by a passage in the subjoined letter from our correspondent at the seat of Government, that in consequence of his intimacy with the President, he is continually beset, through the mails, with applications to use his influence with that distinguished personage in futherance of the private ends of mercenary individuals. Many of the applications, it seems, are accompanied by sums of money, which, we are rejoiced to learn, he devotes to the noblest of all charitable objects, the liquidation of the public debt. For the information of the ignorant, we deem it due to our correspondent to say, that he has never been in Congress, the New York Board of Aldermen, or any of the Contract Bureaux of the Federal Government. It is therefore fair to presume that he is a gentleman, and not a plunderer.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, October 17, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The Cabnet is still in *Statue Co.* Practickly thare a vakincy in the War Department, but its Head will not be remooved. Thar air complaints of delays in the Navy Department, but it is doutful wether we could cure these ills, by ousting Welles. In the State Office thars so very little dooing jest now that the Seckatry ken purshoo his privit game of pollytickle dubbleshuffle without detriment to the publick intrests, and the portfoolyou of the Inteeryur is in purty saift hands. A man of a diffrent stompt to Blare mought do better in the Post Offiz; but as he is a feller of considabul gumshin in sum respecks, he will be aloud for a while to stick to his post. Doorin the sickness of Seckatry Chase, a strong effort was made by the consarvative cleek to get him soopersedid; but both the President and Me sot our faces agen it in toe-toe, and I am ortherized to say thar

will be no change in the Tresury prevus to the meetin of Congress. This intelligens I persoom will be satisfactory to all as hev finanshil dealins with the guverment, and will probly cause an immedient rise in public skewerities.

My worthy compaytryit, the inestimable Abe, is mutch consarned at the uppard tendency of gold. Bein as it is the rut of all evil, he naterally sposed that its byass would be tuther way. He asked me yestday wether it would stop whar it was or continny on, to witch I replide that it warent mutch consekens, as it hed ben for sum time outer sight.

"But how do you account for the feenonaman?" ses he.

"Wal," ses I, "the high appressiashin of gold is caused by the low depressiashin of paper."

But he dident see it. Also he dident see why bekase gold went up, flour, and coal, and bacon and uther cumoddities should go up likewise. I eggsplained that gold was the standard of thar valley, and that cumoddities, like armies, was obligated to foller thar standard. He nodded a cent to this doctrin, and remaned for sevral minnits in deep thort. I shouldent be sprised ef he was studdyin out a new fiskal sistem, for he remarkt when he cum to that "a stop must be put to the nessaries of life follerin in the track of gold, like guests at Niagara footin it arter thar gide up Biddle's starcase." He's a remarkabul man, is my illustrus frend, and it wouldent astonish me enny ef he was to subjest to Congress setch a bankin skeem as would render the millyuns of dolors that s ben infested in the suppreshin of the rebellyun, as sekewer as ef evry greenback was in Abraham's buzzum. In course ef he hes setch an idee, the projeck will be submitted to me afore its submitted to the Assembeld Wisdum, and I ll take keer you hev the outlines in advance of any flunkey stealin em for the Herald.

High persishins hes thar dror backs. The fack that the President bleves in me, and ax solely by my advice senst he diskivered the short cummings of his Cabnet, is givin me an allplaygey sight of trubble. Grossly flatterin letters from pollytishins outer emplyment, axing me to say a good word for em to his Eggsellency, pores in at the rate of about hafe a gross a day. Sum contanes demand notes, stiffcuts of deposit and setch. The riters eggspect to "condaminate my fingers with base bribes," as was simildarly dun with Cashus in the play. Misabul raskils! Darned fools too!—I send all thar "soap" to the Fust Awditer of the Treshery, to help wash out the nayshinal det. The subjined, witch I seleck at randum from a batch received

to-day, will sarve as a speciment of this interestin curryspondence:

NEW YORK, Oct. 15th, 1862.

TO THE DISBANDED VOLUNTEER:

Honored and Respected Patriot:—Permit a constant reader and enthusiastic admirer of your graphic and eloquent letters—which are equaled by few and excelled by none, and which, if published in book form with illustrations by distinguished artists, and properly introduced to the public by a liberal and enlightened press, would create a sensation unknown since the days of Junius—to ask your kind offices with the President to obtain for me a contract for the removal of warts from the fingers of the army of the Potomac during the present and ensuing season. It is as difficult for the soldier troubled with warts to handle his arms, as for the soldier with corns to handle his feet. Even Dr. Zacharie must admit this. I have suggested a period of profound repose for the performance of the operations, in order not to interfere with the military movements which, it is understood, are expected to take place—if circumstances are favorable—during the ensuing summer. My idea of compensation for obliteratin the excrescences is one thousand dollars per hundred. I inclose a fifty as a mark of my esteem for your great literary talents, and with the remark that there is more where that comes from, I remain, with profound respect,

Yours ever, A. CAUTERY, M. D.

P. S.—Of course you will not imagine that the trifle of which I ask your acceptance as a tribute to genius, has any bearing upon the frank request contained in this letter. Who would ever dream of offering a bribe to one who adds to the prowess of an Alexander the virtue of a Lucretia!

P. S. 2d.—Do not suppose that in paying a just compliment to your transcendent abilities I am actuated by a parasitical desire to flatter. My wife, the most candid, thoughtful, and simple-hearted of her sex, is in raptures with your letters, and be assured she is not one to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," etc., etc. She requests me to say that she hopes when you visit New York you will take dinner with us in a family way.

Thar!—did you ever read setch sickenin sickofancy? And I am acktilly in the reseat of kwires of the same sorter stuff. I want these fellers sot down. I want em to onderstand that Ime a sojer and a gentman, and not a pollytickle pimp. Jest say so, ef you please, in a conspeckuous place in your collumes.

And now as this epistol hes ben so far raythor of a grave karrickter, I will wind up with a joak that my frend and pitcher, the Admirable Abe, got off this mornin as he was handin me a pinch of snuff.

"D. V.," ses he, tappin the lid of the box that contained the

pungent mixter, with a sourcastick smild, "why is snuffin like praying?"

I sirrenderd without an effort, upon witch he indikated that snuffling was like prayin bekase it *brort a man to his sneeze.*

On reflecksbin you will diskiver the pint—but it takes time to see it. Leavin the larf entirely to you, when you find out whar it cums in, I remain in a state of kullaps,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXII.

[We recommend the subjoined letter from our trustworthy and patriotic correspondent to the thoughtful perusal of our readers. It is at once grave and gay, lively and severe. Above all, it is reliable. At a time when it is but too clear that the majority of the Washington letter-writers draw exclusively upon their imaginations for their facts, the simple and earnest truthfulness of our venerable friend will be appreciated by the public. It has been proposed to us by several prominent citizens to open a subscription at our office, for the purpose of purchasing a farm, or a church, or a bank, or a railroad, or some other trifle of that nature, to be presented to the Disbanded as a mark of the high esteem in which his disinterested services at the seat of Government are held by the citizens of New York. In his name we thank them; but the proffer is useless. Simple in his habits as Diogenes, and exalted in his virtue as Fabricius, he has steadily, during a long and useful life, declined all such compliments.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, October, 24, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Mrs. Ginral Maclellin is onderstood to hev left the army of the Potomac bekase she found it too kwiet, and Her Eggsellency Mrs. Lincoln hes gon North in sairtch of a littel hulsum eggsightment to releve the mannotany of Washington life. Solem repose rains in the War and Navy Department, and barrin the Treshury, where the Seckatry is continually chased

by guverment creditors ankshus to raise the wind, a deliteful cam prevales, witch peers likely to last ontil the vernal equalnocks. It is sed that on Mrs. Lincoln's return to the seat of Government we air to hev a coarse of theaytrickles at the Presidenshil Pallas, in which sevral distingwisht pursonages will take pairt. In a peeryud of perfound trankwillity like the present, sum littel artifishal steamalus raaly seems reckwisit. The fust peace will be "A New Way to Pay Old Dets", in witch Seckatry Blare will take the roll of Sir Giles Overreach, the princypal mail carrickter, a tenayshus old feller, who delivers his remarkabul finanshil news to the awjence in an incoherent manner with menny stomps. The interlood is to be Bamboastes Furiosy, with the Seckatry of War for the hero, but on ackount of the present skarsity of shoos in the army of the Potomac, the boots will be omitted. The hull to wind up with Rip Van Winkle, in witch the Seckatry of the Navy hes kindly consented to enact Rip, and it is thort his Sleepy Holler seen will be wonderfully troo to nater. Instead of the Flying Dutchman the pirit ship Alabammer will be interdooced with raal fire. The Seckatries of State and the Treshery dekline to face the musick as pufformers, but Mr. Seward will act as stage manager, and Mr. Chase will giv out the checks. As the army is eggspected to go inter quarters shortly, thar will no doubt be a large milentary attendance. The proceeds is to be infested in swoords of honor to be presented to the princypul struttygists of the age.

The President and me are dooin wot we ken to save the Union, but as he trooly obsarves, its like the labor of Sissyfuss—a fabalus feller as is engaged in the uphill work of rollin a big stun up a mounting, witch is continally returnt on his hands, so that it mounts to nuthin arter all. We did spose that the Seecesh was so effeckshally chawed up by Uncle Sam at the battle of Aunteatem that afore the winter commenst thar wouldent be a grease pot left on em. But it peers the misabul cusses doosent appreshiate a lickin; they jest take it, and walk off singin "Dixie", leavin us to berry thar ded. Sum think its takin too much gunpowder in thar rum as blinds em to thar own discomforter. Ennyhow, the more we thrash em the less they seem inclined to acknolledge the corn. Decisive victries doosent help us a might. The mane difficulty on our side peers to be want of troops. We haint got mutch over three hunderd thousand men in Virginny and Merryland, and re-enforcements oney arrives at the rate of three thousand a day; consekently it is nessary for our ginrals to stand strickly on the defensiv, and

use the utmost precawshins to prevent a supprise, and gard agen an invashin of the North.

Setch is the opinyun of sum of our leadin milentary stars; altho the onderstrappers of the rank and file doosent agree with the shoulderstrappers in cummand, on these pints. Onder these delikit suckemstances, the President and me is not prepard to decide the kwestin whether the rebels ken or ken not be summerally disposed of afore the winter sets in. In the meantime, we reckymend the *vox populie* to keep cool while the draft is in progress, and go to the polcs in November with the fire of paytryitism burnin in thar harts, and a firm determinashin to play hob with the enemces of the Administrashin. Conker we must in the eend. It is oney a kwestin of time, for, as the poick ses:

"A shindy, when its wunst begun
Bekweethed from rathy sire to son,
By sumboddy is allus wun—
Onless both parties cut and run."

Also—

"Truth crusht to airth her legs regains,
The everlastin 'ears air hers,
But ef you nock out Error's brains,
They're of no more use'n a grasshopper's."

The buv kwoted standsirs is by the upright and inspired editor of the Evenin Post, and peers to me to meet the case eggsackly. I no peeple call him an abelishinest bekase he admires Uncle Tom s Cabin, and rit a pome called "Than-a-Topseys," but he tells hum truths in black and white, and bein sumthin of a poick myself, I luck upon him as man and a bruther."

The exemplery Abraham and me hes hed rayther a jolly time senst the amabul and eggsellent lady of the Manshin hes ben on her Nuthern tower. The mungoheeler hes ben out of the corner cubbard freckwently, and I hev drunk her helth in whiskey punch doorin her absens with great aciduity. My illustrus frend hes no taste for punch, so I allus adjudycate his sheer to myself, and I find the dubble doste considerbully lightens the keers of state, and also helps me to comprehend his remarkabul cannondrums. When a man sees dubble its eesier for him to see inter a dubble-intender. As we were settin in his sanktum last evenin, discussin the properiety of sendin out wun of the fast beef boats to luck arter rebel priviteers, he axed me why Cappen Semmses vessel was shoor to cum to a bad eend. I shuck my hed, signifyin it beat my time, upon witch he remarkt that Cappen Semmses vessel was shoor to cum to a bad eend

bekase 290 allus eended in naught. He also perpounded the follerin:

"Why was Semmses cruze arter the whaler Ocmulgee like the story of the Widder's Cruze?"

I backed down agen, when he informt me confidenshelly that it was bekase the result was a vessel full of ile.

Sum may call this flippant; but I find it plesant to hev the dull rootin of bizness releved by setch flashes of saytire.

The President rekwests me to say semmi-offishusly that we shall save the kentry atween us, ef thars enny save to it, and belevin thats its in us to do it, I remain, modestly,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXIII.

[In the following letter the Disbanded expresses his own views in his own way, and we are quite willing to give him the opportunity to state them; but it must not be inferred on that account that we entirely agree with him.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, October 30, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The Army of the Potomac hes got its shoos and sum peeple thinks it ought to be puttin its best foot foremost. Lee and Longstreet air retreatin, and ef they fool away thar time on the road to Richmound and Maclellins regaird for his sojers corns doosent pervent a forced march in thar new high-lows, you may andizzypate a fight purty recently. But as new lether is apt to dror the feet and corn salve is sed to be gettin skarse in the Union ranks, a ginral forrard moovement may possably be postponied until arter the result of the November eleckshins is known. I bleve this is the opinyun of Dr. Zacharie and uther imminent shyrapidists, and they oughter no. Wunderful! isent it, on wot seaming trifuls the most important events depends. In Edin it was frute; in Virginny its lether. In the meantime a Commishin hes ben appointed to report on a plan to put Washington in setch a state of defence as 'll pervent its bein tuck by storm. Ef we kant bag Richmound, we musent let the owdashus rebels sack the Nayshinal Capital.

The war peers to be prosecuted with vigger in the lyal States. By way of stimulatin the paytryitism of the Merrylanders, kwite a number of Union men hev ben supprised and made prisners in the streets of Bawltomore. Thar offense was a new speeches of Treasen—of which fresh varities, hithertoo onknown, is developt evry day. The latest stile is douting the infallability of Major-Ginral Wool; and as that distingwished Trojan hes no dout on the subjeck hisself, he has siezed the douters and made em prisners of war. It is not troo, howsever, that he hes hed his milentary hat hung on the oblesk in Monament Squar, and rekwired evry citysin to stop and saloot it, onder pain of a rest. That story is a liebil, got up by sum of the high old seecesh simperthisers as inhabits that lowcality.

The President and Me doosent alltogether approov of Ginral Wool's perceedins; and the individyals as was rash enuff to kwestin his capacity will be payroled to-day. We nuther of us agree with the Seckatry of War, as to the best method of puttin down the rebellyun. He goes in for enforcin marshil lor and makin prisners of war in the lyal North; while we air in favor of confinin them kinder operashins to the rebellyus South. Howsever, we shell let him hev his swing ontil the suvrins hes eggspressed thar vews, nex week, at the poles. Ef they side with us, he will probly retire from public life to that cam obskewrity witch his talents and his virtoos is so well calkilated to adorn. Should this be the case, I shall advise the President to proclaim a ginral jail delivry of pollytickle prisners in the Nuthern cities, and the re-establishment of the Union as it was, in all the Free States. Ef New York and New England goes with Pennsylvany, Ohio and Indianny, agin the suspenshin of *have his carcase* and Provost Marshils and setch, the President will consider it an indicashin that the masses is opposed to Constitooshinal Libty on the Austrean plan, and act accordinly. My illustrus frend ses he is willin to be gided by the will of the peeple as spessified throo the ballot box. Tharfore, Bully for him! Its time it was bully for him; for he's ben bullid long enuff, and would be yet, mebbe, ef it warnt for me. Not as I claim enny merit on that ackount, for its as nateral to me to help the weak as it is for a duck to swim.

In the absens of the President's amabul consort and air a parent, I am more with him than ever, and in fack spend as much time at the White House as I do acrost the river. The Cabnet doosent like it of coarse, and the Seckatry of War, who is remarkabul for his tenassity of porpus, wurks agen me night

and day. But its no use. A donkey-engine mought as well try it on with a fust-class high-presshur locomotive. I hev taken a solem oath to see the honest paytryit throo the crysis, and I'll stick to him like a postage-stamp.

We tuck a drive together yestday as far as Bladensbug, and renewed our vows of fidelity on the road—fidelity to wun anuther, the emansipayshin proclamashin, and the Constitooshin. Espeshally the Constitooshin, witch we red over as we went along, in order to hev it at our fingers eends. Cumming back over the slashes, the President eggsprest a positiv determinashin to cut the —— party. The space I hev left blank was reely a blank in our conversashin; his eggslency pausin at the word "the," and winking as far as "party." I may state confidenshally, howsever, that the manner in witch the vakinsy is to be filled up, depends on the results of nex weeks eleckshins.

Thars considabul bettin here on the Guvner's tickets, both in your State and Massachusetts. Menny air offerin yaller stamps to blue on Seymour; and on the uther hand, I onderstand the Honabul Gid, of the navy, hes sworn never to cut his baird or his top-not till Wadsworth is inaugerated at Albany. In Bawltomore the odds agen Guvner Andrews is an octoroon to a spool of cotton.

The Members of the Cabnet, taken as a boddy, wears a wilted aspeck, as ef they dident sleep well nights. You ken see sirkils round thar eyes like the rings round the planet Satan, oney redder; and Mr. Chase peers to hev got a new rinkle evry time I meet him. The President is sereen. By my advice he replies to all kwestins from his constitooshinal advisers in cannondrums and pairables, and will continny to do so ontil the will of the peeple is clarly known. Then he will open his head and proclaim a new proclamashin.

With three cheers for the Union, the Constitooshin, free speech and a free press, I remain, onder sum eggsightment,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXIV.

Our correspondent discusses the November elections, and their probable and possible consequence, in a dry, desultory way. But those who are accustomed to his eccentricities of style will have no difficulty in understanding his drift.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, November 7, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Peers to me I menshint in my last epistol that the President hed intermated a detarminashin to cut loose from wun of the grate pollytickle parties as divides the kentry; but declined takin his chice ontil arter the New York eleckshin. Wal, the time hes arrove to make his seleckshin, but he still hangs in suspense, like the Sircolfergus of Mayhumit atwixt the two magnates at Medinah. In the wurds of a Greek poick, "How happy could he be with ether were tuther deer charmer away". To be sure the Empire State hes skreemed purty loud, and Abelishin seems to hev founderd in a white squall in that regin. But then the Pilgrim Commonwelth hes gin the Conservatives a black mark, and pintin to her two cradles of Libty, Funnel Hall and the Plymuth Blarney Stun, she continnees to go for Unkel Sam and Unkel Tom, wun and invincible. Thars a cupple of depitashins on here at present on the nigger bizness, and they eenamost bullyrag my illustrus frend to deth. Wun of the deligashins is from your sitty, tuther from Bosting, and they take thar turns at his Eggsellency, ride and tie. The New York consarn wants the Cabnet smasht, the gentmen from the Modern Aythens doosent. Strange to say, Messrs. Seward, Stanton, Chase, Welles, Smith, and Blare goinsides with the gentmen from the Modern Aythens. I onderstand, on the uther hand, that sum of the leadin Democrats in your sitty is willin to forego the frutes of thar late suckcess in order to help the President outer his diffickulties. Fernandy Wood is reddy to throw up his seat in Congress ef his well-known finanshil talons is needed in the Treshury; and Benjamin, his paytryit bruther, would be ekwilly magnannymous, ef wanted in the Navy Department—whar his frends think his long eggsperience in the distribushin of prizes mought be bennyfishal to the sarvis. Ime not a Democrat myself, but oney a pollytishin at large, as votes on prenceple; but I kant help regardin them two nobul bruthers with unsofisticated admirashin, and I congratlate the commershill emporium, throo your collumes, on heving put em throo. Ginral Wallbridge is a frend of mine. I regaird him as a brick and a bruther; and ef enny man of smaller calibeer than B. Wood hed beaten him, I should hev felt bad; but Wood was formed by nater for a poplar idle, and I sed so years ago, when he was oney a little shaver.

Torkin of poplar idles, I spose an admirin and confidin nashin eggspecks the modern Father of his Kentry to take sum decided meshers in consekens of the late eleckshins. Let the kentry

keep cool. Its devoted Father is at present in cawcuss with hisself and Me, and we hevent yet taken a vote on the kwestins at issoo. We want to do things up as smooth as possabul. Wots the use of hevin an all-wulfy row in the ranch, ef we ken arrive at the desired eend without a shindy? We hed an interestin conversashin on the subjeck this mornin, hed the *Payter Patry* and Me. Ses he:

"D. V., mebbe Stanton 'll abdikate."

"Honerd rooler of an enlitend peeple," ses I, "did you ever hunt possums?"

He nodded aguessence.

"Bekase ef you hev," I continned, "you must hev notist that the critter's amayzin tenayshus of his holt. I wunst treed wun up a big persimmon, whar he sot perched at his ees, devourin the goldin frute in fancid sekewrity. I shuck that persimmon ontil the persperashin pored off me at evry jerk like water from a shower bath. Wun by wun the varmint's limbs gin out onder the shocks, till finerly he hung by a single leg, and I thort I hed him. I made anuther grand effort, and shuck that leg off too, when darn my picter ef he dident ketch onto a branch by his tail, and thar he swung and grinned at me! Its my bleef that an airthquake wouldent hev shuck down that possum."

"Wal," ses the gifted Abe, with a moanful attempt at jokelarity, "I spose you summond a *possum commitatus* of neybers to help you shake."

"Nary *commitatus*," I replide.

"Wot *did* you do then?" he axed, impayshently.

"Wal," ses I, significantly, "*I jest cut the tree from onder the possum!*"

But we shant take that coarse with the pollytickle possums in the Cabnet persimmon tree ontil milder meens hes ben eggsausted. At present we air tryin to cokes em down with temptin tid-bits, setch as Rushin and Brittish plenipenitentiaryships, Supreme Courtships, and cetery, but they continny to hold on to thar elevated persishins, aperiently considerin a berth in hand wurth two in prospeck. I wunst heerd a lecterer on nateral fillosofy say thar was a wunderful prenceple in nater called the Attrackshin of Coheshin. Gess it pervales to a normus degree in Cabnet offsirs.

Ef the present incumbrants was oney outer the way, the President and Me could fill thar places in hafe an hour. Our programmy is allreddy drord out, and contanes the very best the market affords. The bill of fare consests of Dix, Holt, Banks,

Reverdy Jonson, Governor Morton, and a few more of the same sort, and in order to avide invidius distinkshins, we prepose to let em raffle for chice of offises. It is thort by sum (but not by me) that the present heads of departments will drap gracefully from thar places afore Congress meets. Most sartainly, ef they don't, the tree oughter be cut from onder em. The President is payshent—so am I; but thar air limicks to human eganimity; and ef the Cabnet won't resign, we may hev to put em out in the cold.

In spite of thar corns, aggravated by the new brogans, the unconkersble legions of the Union continnees to advance in a pairallel line with the countless hosts of the ragged and ravenus foe; but as pairallel lines never meets, no collushin is likely to occur from this splended strutegic moovment, witch will no dout eggsite the wunder and admirashin of Europe. Whenever ether party make a tack tords tuther, thar'll be a fight or a foot race; but wether setch an act of desperashin will ever take place, is at present an open kwestin with

Yours allus.

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER

No. LXXV.

[That fine flow of animal spirits which usually characterizes the lucubrations of the "Disbanded", will be looked for in vain in the following letter. Our correspondent's confidence in his influence over Mr. Lincoln seems to be somewhat on the wane; but, like a true friend, he is resolved to stick to him as long as there is a hope left that his aid and counsel may be useful.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, November 14, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Giding a President as is beseeged without enny let up wotsumdever, by the all-hungryest, all-selfishest, all-sassiest drove of pollytickle intriggers that ever besot an onest rooler, is, upon the hull, rayther an aggernizin amewsment. I hev lost uppards of twenty pounds of flesh senst I threw the wait of my inflewence inter the eggseggative scale. And arter all it may be as I hev fretted and swetted in vane. I wunst red in a little buck called Lacon—rit, ef I am not mistakin, by Prentiss of the Louis-

vil *Jernil*—that grate men was like torches as consoomed tharselves to enliten mankind. But wots the use of consoomin yerself ef it all eends in smoke? I don't see as the seeds of wisdum I drap continally inter my distingwished pupil's ears perdooces mutch of a crop. Not as I meen to insinawait that they fall on barrin sile, but Ime afeard the tares and thorns and blamed parisitickle plants of this cussed pollytickle jungle chokes em down, and spiles the prospeck of a hulsum harvest. Eenamost all the individyals as gains axess to the President hes axes to sharpin, and menny of the old party hacks suckseeds in perswadin him that thar idees is fust chop for the Union, when thar oney objeck is to block out sumthin cumfurtabul for tharselves. On this ackount, I want to set myself right with my kentrymen throo your collumes. Standin in the persishin I do afore the nashin, my head allreddy kiverd with silvery fibers, and eggspectin to bequeeth the fabric of my fame to the futur as a hairloom from witch poicks and hisstoryuns will weave thar morril tails and narrativs in prose and verse, I kant afford to be held responsabul for all the misstakes of my paytriarkal frend and cotrumpery. Not as I distrust for a moment his good intenshins; but his hart is saft, and his vennabul head symperthises with it.

Ses I to his Eggslensy, immediently arter the New York eleckshin: We must smash the Cabnet (bear in mind, I sed the *Cabnet*, not the *Constitooshin*), and reconstruck. He smiled in the affirmative. Ses I, in continiashin, the Onterrified hes nockt the mancipayshinests cold, and bein masters of the sitiwation, they hev a right to be represented in offis. He agreed to the observashin with a wink. Besides, ses I, the fienanshil meshurs of the Administrashin doosent soot the publick, and evry boddy is as mad as hornets at bein stuck with Blare's all-cussed stickin plasters. He nodded a cent to the propersishin, and added that he hed allus looked on Blare as a square-dealin man; but ef he was of a diffrent stomp, he wouldent adhere to him enny longer. Finerly, we agreed to ship the hull boodle of Constitooshinal advisers, and emply a new set, whoos names I gin you in my last epistol. I sposed it was all setteld; but a passel of ultree-Abelishinists got around my nobul paytrun, and wurried him until his spinal collume began to saften. Fust, he consented to hev Maclellin remooved. I dont say wether he was right or rong; but I do say, the thing warnt dun in the right way. The act was too suddent. It lucked too mutch like party sperrit; and thar warn't suffishent resins assined for it. I told the Presi-

dent so to his face—for Ime squar as a brick, and keer no more for party pollyticks than I do for Jo Smith's Goldin Bible. But he only srugged his sholders, as mutch as to say, needs must wen the devil drives. Translatin the moovment en that light, I couldent help sayin that I wisht we hed a Cheef Madgistrit as keered nuther for man nor devil when he thought he was O. K.

Then I axed him about changin the Cabnet; and it peered from wot he sed, that ef the present incumbrants was sacked, he would hev to put the bluest kinder hull-hog mansipayshinists in thar places. I wanted to know why our oridjinal programmy couldent be carrid out. Upon witch, he gin anuther hitch to his sholders, as ef to intermate that the outside preshur onto him was too great. Then I venterd to hint that even in down-trodden England, when the people voted agin the administrashin, the ministers resined, and a batch with vews direckly oppersit stept inter thar boots. He replid that he had hinted as mutch to the constitooshinal advisers, but they indignantly remarkt that Great Briton was our natural enemee, and it would be degradin to the American carrickter to foller Brittish presidents and eggsamples.

I larn from the papers—for Ime not on speakin terms with the War Department—that simontanusly with Maclellin's remooval, Freemount was orderd to report for dooty. I should a thort we'd hed enuff of that milentary failur in Missoora and the mountin department of Virginny; but I reckin Stanton's goin to giv him and that sellybrated boddy-gard of his'n anuther chanst. Wun thing's sartain, namely: ef thar charges doosent hev mutch effeck on the enemee, they will on the treshury. A more weak and embezzele act than the revival of Freemount & Co. I never heerd on. I gin the amabul Abraham my opinyun on the subjeck, and told him that I considerd it would be a radical error to put the Pathfinder on the war path onder present suckemstances; to witch he replide, with a farceshus twinkel of his commic eye, that radical errors was so commun that wun or two more or less would skarsly be notist. This mornin I inkwired of him ef enny ondertakin for overtakin the pirit Semmes was onder way; to witch he responded by makin a jester with his right thum over his left sholder; so I spose that godless buckunear will continny to pray upon our commerce onmislested. As to the vessels that hes ben dispatched to ketch him so far, its ben purty mutch like sendin tubs arter a whale.

Alltogether, I feel discurridged, and hev hed sum thorts of leavin the Father of his Kentry to row his hoe by hisself. But

thar's so mutch good inter him, I dont like to do it. Mebbe he'll straiten hisself arter a while, and, with my assistance, giv the pickthanks as besets him a lofty fall. Hopin setch may be the case, I remane, constitooshinally,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXVI.

[It is a pleasant tribute to the straightforward honesty of purpose which characterizes our veteran correspondent, that he should have been consulted by the President as to the tenor of the Message. His allusion to the matter in the following communication is marked by the modesty with which he always speaks of himself.—EDS.]

ALEXANDRY, VIRGINNY, November 21, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The Prence de John Veal's refleckshins on the conduck of the war, translated from the French langwidge, hes perdooced kwite a sensashin here. My paytryotic paytrun, the President, told me yestday in a confidenshil way, with a rizzable eggspreshin in his high old classick visedge, that he was glad to see John Veal was more inklined to do us justis than John Bull. But the administrashin ginally doosent like the *fooliton* of the Prence, thar prenceple objeckshin bein that it hints at a dispersishin on thar parts to fool it on the ockashin of Maclellin's late advance acrost the Peninslur.

Honabul Charles A. Daney, who was regarlarly brort up to the milentary perfeshin in the *Triboon* offis, and hes jest ben appinted Depity Seckatry of War on that ackount, is perfeckly disgusted with the Prence's stricters. He is sed to be preparin an anser witch will ockapy three to four thousand foolio pages, and may possably appeer arter the conclushin of the war, as a seequill to the New American Ensicklypedy. Mr. Daney hes a fine milentary mind and considabul baird. His wurk will go down to posteriority. It was his misfortin to leve the *Triboon*, bekase his attacts on Maclellin was rayther too loud for the responsabul eddytur; but that is no disporridgement to his merits in the eyes of most of the Cabnet.

Ginral Freemount hes ben on here, and hes had sevral privit intervews with the distingwished Constitooshinal Adviser at the head of the War Department. Report scs he is to sooperintend the ereckshin of fortyficashins on Coney Island, and uther cummandin pints at the entrance to your harbor, for witch Congress is eggspected to appropriate a few millyuns of the large surplush at present remainin in the Nayshinal Treshery. Ginral Freemount is formed by nater and eggsperience for this importent trust. Bildin is his fort. See wot he dun in the Southwest!

I larn, semmi-offishusly, that the Honabul Giddyun (familyarly known as the Ainshent Marriner and the Old Man of the Sea) entertains a lively bleef that the pirit steamer Alabammer will be tuck in a few days. Hes the Vanderbilt, witch hes ben layin in wait for her at New York so long, started in pershoot; and is that the ground of his andizzypashins? Ever senst Semmes sent wurd by a capterd skipper, that as sun as his pressin engagements left him leeshur for reckreashin he ment to steam up throo the Narrers, and pitch a few shells from his hunderd-pounder at Trinity Church and the City Hall, the Seckatry of the Navy hes ben on the luckout for him in that kwarter. Feelin bitter at the disappintment of his hops, and becummin sensabul that it was no use keepin the swiftest steamer in the wurld at anker in the North River to entrap the bold buckunear, he hes probly sent her out cruzin in the lower bay, whar she will no doubt giv a good ackount of the privitear when she cums acrost it.

It is rummerd here that the Honabul Giddyun hes changed his vews in regaird to Stevenses Battery, and that that remarkabul wurk of art is to be finisht without delay and sent up the Conneticut River to defend the City of Hartford, witch, in consekens of its hevin ben formally the residens of the Seckatry of the Navy, and the place whar his marrytime genus was developt and matoored, is sposed to be markt out for speshil vengens by the owdayshus Semmes. It is a butiful trait in the carrickter of Mr. Welles that he is thus regairdful of the place whar his risin talons was fosterd, and that his promoshin from the mail sarvice to the manidgement of the reglar Navy hesent interfeerd with his hum assosiashins.

The Constitooshinal Advisers, as a ginral thing, is purty bizzy makin reddy for the meetin of Congress. Seckatry Chase—when not onavideably engaged in shinning for small loans—is industrusly implide in figgerin out his Annual Report. It will be an abel argament in faver of the idee that a currency cumposed eggscloosively of rags, lampblack and sap green is prefer-

abul on ackount of its buty, porterbility, and the small cost of produckshin, to the preshus trash, grubbed at setch a normus eggspense outer the bowels of the airth, for finanshil porpuses. It is sed by Mr. Chase's frends that he will make this so clar that all the banks will immediently see it and return at wunst to speshee payments, with the objeck of gettin rid of thar gold and silver as a useless incumbrence. Mr. Chase is a nice man for a small party—the ultra abelishin party, frinstance.

The President and me hes ben a good deal together lately. We air fixin up the Messidge. It will be a dockyment of sum lenth; fur a state paper, the consekenses of witch air eggspected to reech far inter the futur, kant be skweedged inter a nutshell. Still, we intend, ef possabul, to keep it down to sevin or eight columes; but it may reech nine or ten. Thars oney wun thing cunsarnin the Messidge that me and my lofty-minded coadjewter doosent agree about. He wants to take all the responsability of the dooins of the Constitooshinal Advisers onto his own sholders, while my advice is to let all offishal tubs stand on thar own bottums. We shell crack up the mancipayshin projeck, and giv anuther corjal invitashin to the Rebel States to lay down thar arms, hyst the Flag of the Free, and save thar niggers. The colornizashin skeem will also be agin tutched upon; for when it cums to capterin fore hunderd waggin-loads of "a man and a bruther" at wun hawl, it becums nesessary, in the coarse of human events, to consider serusly wot is to be dun with fore millyuns of our cullerd feller-men and relashins, ef they should happin to be thrown on our hands in a lump, by the conkwest of the South.

We shell keep the Messidge open to the last moment, in case the capter of Richmound or the Alabammer, or enny uther great event, setch as the army goin inter winter-kwarters, frinstance, should cum off at the leventh hour. I could tell you menny astonishin things in relashin to pollytickle matters here; but it would be a breech of confidens. I may obsarve, howsever, that a crysis is eminent.

Onder the seal of sekresy,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXVII.

[On the eve of the opening of Congress, it is a great satisfaction to be able to give our readers an inkling of the probable

tenor of the official communications about to be made to that body. Our correspondent, without violating the confidence reposed in him by the President, furnishes a hint or two about the Message which may serve to allay the horrors of suspense until the momentous document appears.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, November 28, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Washingtin is fillin up faster'n a Philadelfy Stashin-house arter a firemen's fight. Publick pickpockits and pollytickle incinderies is as thick as flies in a molasses cask and twiste as lively. The swell mob of contractors as hev made thar piles, with thar fammalies rigged out arter the latist Payris fashin plates, and jeweld up to the nines, is dooin the peacock and butterfly bizness to an eggstent that takes the shine outer all the furrin Plenipenitentiaries and thar soots; and a new set of paytryotic Jeremy Diddlers, as hungry as seventeen year lowcusses as hes jest chipt thar shells, is huverin around the publick offisis in hops of makin a raid on the greenbacks. Judgin from the morril aspeck of the majority of the kumpany arrivin, I should say we air likely to hev a high old swindlin sesshin. Ef the nashin is saved, it will be regairdless of eggspense. It is curius, but true, that the biggest theeves hes the most to say about presarving the integrity of the Union.

You will hev larned afore this reeches you that me and the President hes ben raythor too mutch for the Seckatry of War. When I writ last, I hed jest receeved a note from a frend in the war offis statin that the Honabul C. A. Daney, late professor of milentary literatoor in the Tryboon Pollytecnick Academy, was appinted Deppity Seckatry. Shortly arter dispatchin my letter, howsever, I diskivered the informashin was prematoor; but that *ef the President dident objeck*, the Honabul C. A. D. would take his place in the Administrashin Line on the follerin day. I seen the modern Sinsinatus in his sanktum at the White House that arternoon, and Mr. Daney hesent ben appinted. He ses he dosent keer about bein Assistant-Seckatry. Mebbe not. Nevertheless you ken put down his elevashin amung the axidents that mought hev happend, ef the Providence as shapes our eends hedn't nockt him eendways. But in sayin that me and the President hed ben raythor too much for the high minded and benevolent funkshinary at the head of the War Department, I referd mainly to the order for the liberashin of State prisners arrested without caws and held contrary to law, justis and hu-

manity. When the thing was sot in the right light afore the Seckatry it was too much for his felines. No dout he is a kind-harted man at the bottom, when you git to it. His better natur was apeeled to in this style.

"Mr. Stanton, you ken librate those onfortnit captyves or rap yourself up in the solitood of your own oridginality and retire, with the thanks of a grateful kentry, to the shades of private life."

He couldn't stand it. His eye glistend, his baird shuck with emoshin, his genrus spirit relented, and he eggsclamed in ax-cents of the deepest paythos:

"I am not made of iron. Open the Barsteels!"

And he dun it. The prisners hes all ben oncaged, barrin one or two as hedent payshents to wait for this triump of filanthropy, and died in jail. I hope the Seckatry's clemency will never be forgotten, and as a mark of the gratitood of the peeple, I prepose that two stattoos of him be made outer bronze, at the public cost, and put over the gateways of Fort Warren and Fort Laugh-eryet. When he retires from the Cabnet—witch he may afore long—he oughter hev a furrin mishin. Ef the President was to nominate him for Austree, the Sennit would, no doubt, confirm the appintment.

The messidge is compleat all but the figgers and facts from the Honabul Salmon P., and a brief flurrish at the openin and the tail eend, which will be very pius and affectin. We calkilate to hev the dockyment reddy for the prenter's hands by to-morrer evenin, ef Seckatry Chase ken make up his mind wot the pub-lick det is, atween this and then. He finds, as the statements cum in from the diffrent burrows, that the sum totil is likely to eggseed his late ekinomical estimit of 640 millyuns to an all-startlin degree. I persoom, howsever, that the nayshin will be let off purty cheap on paper, as tellin the trooth might create an onnessary panic in the Stock Markit besides razing the pre-mum on gold.

Welles hes finisht his shippin list, but will keep it opin to the last possabul moment in order to menshin the rival of the Ala-bammer in port as a prize, ef his sangwinary hops of her imme-dient capter by the Vanderbilt should be relized. Thar air sev-ral rummers afloat in naval sirkils here, as to her present wara-bouts. Wun akount places her off the Coste of Maine, while anuther ses that she's cruzin at the mouth of the Conneticut with the idee of ketchin the Seckatry of the Navy on his way hum to his Thanksgivin dinner at Hartford. It is the Honabul

Giddyun's opinyun howsever, that she's layen off and on sumwhars atwixt Cape May and the Straits of Baffleman.

The Honabul Edwin B. is onderstood to hev got as far as Fredericksbug in his report of the sucksesses of the Union arms; but thar he sticks for the present, waitin late advices from Burnside, and positive informashin as to the present latitood and longitood of Stunwall Jackson.

Seward is throo with his yarn, witch is a State paper highly flatterin to the nayshinal pride; showin how thurrowly we outginrald Lord John Russill in the Trent affair, and magnannymously gin up Mason and Slidell, bekase they warn't wuth thar keep, and we was all-fired glad to get rid on 'em. As evrybody is aware that the Honabul William H. twisted Russill round his finger and compleatly got to windward of Pamerstun, this dockyment, abel as it is, will not eggsight much curosity.

The Inteeryur hes ben dun up neatly and consisely by Mr. Smith, who 'tends strickly to his own bizness, and is tharfore, not considered of mutch ackount by his coadjewters whoos vews is more comprehensive and ginral.

Mr. Blare, who is a man of no ornary stamp, hes hed his post offis report reddy for sum days. It is said that it reckymends a redempshin of the gumbacks with the greenbacks, but this is not sartin. A delegashin of the New York apple wimmen is on here in relashin to the matter, but I have not heerd whether they hev hed an entervew with the P. M. Ginral.

I notis it is stated in wun of the New York jernils that the mancipayshin projeck is to be moddified in the Messidge. Please give this report a flat denial. We shall not take back a hiotah of the Proclamashin. The President and me hes but wun idee—"the greatest good of the gratest number", without distinkshin of culler or flavor. Union and Libty, or Union and Slavery, its all the same to us so its Union. Freely and ekwilly,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXVIII.

[Our long-headed correspondent discusses the merits of the Message at some length. Of course, he has not a particularly sharp eye for its demerits. People rarely see the defects of a work

in which they themselves have had a hand. And yet those demerits may be palpable to the apprehension of outsiders.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, December 5, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Wot do you think of the messidge? Does it meet your vews of a Union-savin yarn? Ef so, please give it a fust rate notis, with a few eggstracks from the passidges relatin to the yolk of slavery, onder your "Locul Missellany" head, and oblege the President and Me. The fack is, it hes ben most onriteusly walkt inter by evrybody, evrywhars. The Conservativs say its radical, and the Radicals swar its conservativ. And yet Eddyturs, as troo as Ime a Sojer and a Statesman, we tried to consillyate both. We reckognized the ebony speeches as pursenal property to tickle the misgided millyuns in arms agen the Guverment, and deklard slavery to be the soul caws of the rebellyun, to satisfy the abelishinists. We preposed to postpony mancipayshin for thirty-seven years, to gratify South Caroliny and Georgy, and we went in wunst more for the abelishin of human bondidge in all the bellyregent States at New Years, to propishiate Conneticut and Massachusetts. It was our honest endevor to make the dockyment like the changeabul picters you see in the prent-shop winders, witch presents a likeness of Wheatfield Bucannon from wun pint of vew and Winfield Scott from anuther—or raythor like the Dog and the Lion, in the peep show, whar the specktators as hes douts consarnin the pursenal identity of the animils is perlitely told by the properioter that "they pays thar munney and ken take thar chice."

Its all-cussed hard, arter tryin to please evryboddy, to find you haint pleased noboddy, and that peers to be our case. We did our purtiest to hit wot the French call the *jest millyou*, and the consekens is we air pitcht inter from all sides to wunst. "Republics is ongrateful", as the Greek ginral remarkt when they rested him for det, and refused to let him take the bennyfit of the insolvent act. Ef you ever red old Easeup's Fabels, you kennot fail to reckognise in my illustrus frend and me the "Old Man and his Ass" of the nineteent sentry. The mildest illushun to the Messidge so far, is that it is "remarkabul for its simplesity", which is catamount to pernouncin it an iddyotic perduckshin.

In my opinyun, the dockyment overfloes with ondeniable trooths. Take frinstance the follerin witch the President rit with his own hand, without any subjestins on my pairt:

"It is not so easy to pay something as to pay nothing; but it is easier to pay a large sum than it is to pay a larger one; and it is easier to pay any sum when we are able, than it is to pay it before we are able."

Now, thats wot I call a new rinkle in fienance, and I hev no dout, when the British Chanseller of the Eggschecker sees it, he will make it the baysis of a propersishin to pay off the British nayshinal det, afore it becums so large as to be onmanidgeable. The buty of the remark is, that it is ekwilly sutable as a motto for a guverment, and as an inskripshin inside a tavern bar whar no trust is given.

Sum of the enemees of the Modern Father of his Kentry, hevin ackused him of bein a short sighted pollytishin, we detarmined to disabuse the publick mind on that pint, in the Messidge. Consekently, you will obsarve that we hev devoted a considabul amount of stashinary to a considerashin of the affairs of the nayshin from the year 1870 to 1930. I calkilate as the 251,680,914 American peeple as will inhabit the United States in 1930 will feel tharselves flattered by our honabul menshin of em. Our posteriority will hev to pay an all-thunderin big det of our contractin, and the President and Me thort it was the least we could do to soft-sope em a leetle in advance. It mought prevent em from cussin us in our graves.

Menny of the noosepapers, I notis, is sprised that the President dident compliment the Army and Navy Departments on the vigger with witch the war hes ben waged on land and sea, but I think the subjined sentence cut from the Messidge will suffishintly ackount for the ommishin:

"In times like the present, men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsable throughout time and eternity."

The distingwished Head of the Republick, tho a man of polisht manners, never sacrifises his conshense to his perliteness.

Mrs. Lincoln, as you are awar, has returnt to the Presidenshil Pallas, and thar is evry prospeck of a brilyant winter onder her fashinabul patternage. The illustrus lady is to Washington wot the Empress Eujinny is to Payris; in fack, as the man ses in the play, "She is the gloss of fashin and the mould of uniform." I may be rong in the kwotashin, but the sentiment is correck.

The privit theaytrickles I spoke of in a former letter hes not yet cum off, but as the offishal yarns is purty mutch all in, I persoom the Heads of Departments is reddy at enny time to abandon goose kwills and foolscap, for the sock and buckskin. It is

now preposed that the first peace shell be "Used Up," and the hull Cabnet is to be inkluded in the cast.

From the increasin number of army offsirs in the streets and bar rums here, I persoom that a battel on the Rapperhammock may be lookt for at enny moment. Mutch depends, howsever, upon the time it may take for the rebels to finnish thar defenses at Fredericksbug. As sun as Lee and Longstreet is kwite prepard for a shindy we shell probly go in. It is sed that the genrus and jewdishus Stanton wishes em to be fully re-enforced, in order to show em how esily they ken be whipt with all the odds in thar favor. The result—ef it happens—will no doubt be terrably dishartnin, and prehaps eend the war with a blow. Bad wether may interfere and pervent the catastrofy—but the Seckatry in coarse is not responsabul for the wether Thats Heven's bizness and not hisn, as the boy remarkt when his father was killed by the legtrick flewid in consekens of tyin hisself to a lightnin-rod for saifty.

Hopin you will not konsider it drogatory to your Edditoryal dignity to give the Messidge a favorabul notis, I remain, and so doos the distingwisht Tenant of the White House,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXIX.

[The immediate cause of the sudden dash of the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock, is fully explained in the following letter. The order to attack—a positive and peremptory order—appears to have emanated from the President. Our veteran correspondent was his prompter; and whatever may be the final issue of the movement, he will not shirk the responsibility. —EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, December 12, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

At lenth the tejus paws is over, and we hev pitched inter the enemee hand over hand. The kentry owes the suddent dash acrost the Rapperhammock to the President and me. The leathergy of the War Department (and not the want of shoos as was ginrally sposed) was the sole resin why the Army of the Potomac

didn't walk inter the rebels more'n two weeks ago. My Illustrus Patron remonstrated agin the delay. He used the most forceabul argyments he could think of—setch as "Delays is dangerous", "A stitch in time saves nine", "Procrastinashin is the thief of Time", "Nuthin ventur, nuthin win", and uther golden axeums from the mint of wisdum bequeethed to us by the ainshent sages. But his elikwence was like purls cast afore swine. Stanton put him off with invasive answers, and Halleck sent him milentary diegrams on sheets of foolscap, as hed the aperience of bein made by a long-legged spider that hed jest crawled outer an inkbottle.

Things went on this way ontil last Toosday, when the President writ me a note that he wanted to see me immediently on speshil bizness. He was standin on the frunt door steps when I arrove at the White House, pullin his left whisker as is his wont when his will is disregairded, and conduckted me at wunst to his sanktum. He sed he was wurrid amazinly by the dogged obstinacy of the War Department, upon witch I axed ef he wanted a peace of an honest man's mind.

"Spit it out Old Fidelity," ses he, his feters lighten up with a hole-sold smild.

"Wal," ses I, "wot I hev to say in the first place is this. It's not so eesy to lick ennyboddy as it is to lick noboddy, is it?"

He remaned for a few minnits absobbed in deep thort and then shuck his hed.

"But," I continned, "its esier to lick a considabul boddy, then to lick the same boddy when its twiste as considabul, isn't it?"

Arter a breef intervil for reflexshin he concurd.

"And," ses I resoomin agin, "its esier—isn't it?—to smash horseteal boddies when we air abel, than it is when they air abel to raze Cain with us."

"D. V.," he rejined, smildin cumpleasantly, "you borrord that sillygism from a remark of mine in the Messidge, and I am proud to say the logic is correck."

"Ef so," ses I, "why in thunder don't you tell Burnside to go in and win, afore the rebels sets thar airthwurks, and riful pits, and maskt batteries atwixt him and Richmound, thicker'n mink traps in a Western swomp?"

"My nobel and esteemabul frend" he responded, wipin his nose with visabul emoshin, "your sentiments doos honor to your head and hart; but I've gin the Seckatry of War discreshinary powers."

"Ime right glad to larn it," I remarkt sneerinly, "for its the ginral opinyun that he hesn't enny of his own."

You should hev seen the Honabul Abe lay back and shake his honest sides. It dun me good to look at him.

Hevin got him on the larf I detarmined to improov the openin.

Ses I, solemly, "You air Cummander in Cheef of the Army and Navy of the Land of the Free and the Hum of the Brave, air you not?"

"Accordin to the Constitooshin, setch is my progative," he replied, takin his leg off the arm of his cheer and drorin hisself up with nateral dignity.

"Then," ses I, airnestly, "sail in. The Ship of State's in danger. Thar's lubbers at the hellum. Pitch em overboard and let you and me take the wheel alone."

"Ah!" sithed he, in a plaintiff vice, "you want me to take the responsability; but you know wot cum of that in the Macdoill affair."

"That was onder bad advice," ses I. "Take mine."

"State your platform and we'll see," he responded, puttin his feet on the mantel-peace, "but a burnt child dreds the fire, and I've ben hauled over the coals so much lately, that I don't want to put my foot in it agin."

"Its jest this," ses I, impressivly. "Send a perumptry order to Ginral Burnside to cross the Rapperhammock afore the week's over, and ef any resistance is made, to lay Fredericksbug in ashes. Tell him to fight the rebels wharever they make a stand; to kick struttegy to the devil, and make his way to Richmound by the shortest cut at the pint of the bagnet. Tell him to foller the cumpass doo South, at the dubble kwick, without pawsin to palaver on the rout, and never stop till he waters his hoss in Shockoh Crick, and sees the old flag flotin over the rebel capital. Do that," I exclamed, throwen myself inter his arms in a suddent bust of oncontrollabul emoshin, "and you will go down to distant ages with the conshusness of heving fulfilled your sakrid oblegashins to E. P. Unum and the American Egul."

The grate man was overcum by my firy energee. He sed, ef he hed as menny lives as Plutark, he would be willin to giv em all for his kentry, and sot down and wrote a dispatch to Burnside, arter my dicktashin—bein too mutch agitated by his paytryotick felines to think for hisself.

I hop that, long afore this cums to hand, the lightnin will bare

you intelligens of the glorius and compleat suckcess of the Union arms. Eggsitedly,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXX.

[We doubted, on first perusing the following extraordinary letter, whether it would be wise to publish it, and finally asked the opinion of an old and valued legal friend as to whether it contained anything that could be considered treasonable. His reply, as he handed back the manuscript, was short and to the point. Said he: "If that is treason, let 'em make the most of it." Consequently, we determined to print it.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, December 19, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Ive ben sick. I *am* sick. Its on ackount of takin too mutch responsability. Ime afeard the kentry will hold me ackountabul for the late discomforture at Fredericksburg. Sartainly, I advised the President to order Burnside to sail in; and, in dooin so, he run agin a snag. But wot could I do? Halleck and Stanton hed setteld it that Richmound was to be attacted by the Rapperhammock rout, and hed indooced my magnannymus frend to take a solem oath on Helper's Crysis that he wouldent enterfear. In coarse he couldent perjer hisself, and I was well awar that the longer we delayed goin in, the better prepard the rebels would be to flax us out. It was a chice atwixt two evils, and I tride to chews the leest. Ef the shindy hed ben postponied a fortnit longer as was intended, our army would not oney hev ben severely wooled, but utterly worsted.

You will reckolleck that I remarkt in my last epistol that ef it hedent ben for the leathergy of the leatherheads in the War Department, our forces might hev crost the river and bagged or disbursed the rebellyus hoards "weeks ago." But the War Department, witch is allus forgettin sumthin, disrememberd to send the pontoon bridges, and our army bein onabel, as the poick ses, to "walk the waters like a thing of life", was compeld to remane with sinkin harts on the rong side, while the enemee throo up thar airthwurks and prepard to vomit forth a storm of

fire and deth onto us as sun as we began to operate. Wal, Banks was off on a Quickshotic expedition to the Gulf, so thar warnt no hope of his makin enny divershin to amews the enemee while Burnside pitched inter em in airnest; so I thort it was best, as the mewsick hed to be faced, to face it at wunst. Onder the suckemstances, wot better advice could I hev given? Ef the attact hed ben put off two weeks longer, thar wouldent hev ben a grease pot left of the Army of the Potomac this day.

The President takes the disaster with that cherfulness witch belongs to his boyant nater. He thinks it is no more use to cry over spilt blood than it is to cry over spilt milk, so he lucks at the affare from a farseeshus pint of vew.

Ses I to him to-day: "Ime afeard the rebels hes got to windard of us for the camppain."

"Yes," he replide, "and your remark subjests a cannondrum. What caused the shipreck of our hopes on the Rapperhammock?"

"Stanton and Halleck," ses I, swarin innardly.

"Oridginally I grant," ses he; "but the immedient caws of the shipreck of our hopes on the Rapperhammock was 'runnin on a Lee shore.'"

"Mister President," ses I, frownin, "I kant larf at your humor, redickalus as it is—the larf is all taken outer me. Our troops is receivin checks from the enemee in all direckshins."

"Air they?" he responded. "Then all I ken say is, the enemee treats em better'n we do; for they've hed no checks from us for the last five munths."

"Head of the nashin," I anserd, "this is no time for puns. It seems to me that your mayjestick intelleck hes gon a wool-gethering."

"D. V.," ses he, "I spose you meen that as a reproach; but let me tell you that wool-getherin is wun of the great eends and objecks of this war. Ax the Constitooshinal Advisers ef it isent."

"Yes," I remarkt, "they've gon in for wool, and cum back shorn."

"Not alltogether," ses he; "ef ennyboddy's ben fleeced, I gess its the publick.'

"Let us change the subjeck, distingwished rooler," was my reply. "Dont you think you hed better resine, and retire, like anuther Sinsinnatus, to the hog and hominy of privit life?"

"The kentry would be wuss off with Hamlin," returnt he.

"The ainshent Hannabul warnt more attacht to the intrests of Afriky than he is."

"Thats troo, too," I replide; "but mebbe ef the virtoous head of the Guverment was to retire, the Vice would be too moddest to axsept the vakinsy."

"Will a duck swim?" he responded, stretchin the fingers of his right hand in a farseeshus and fan-like manner, and restin his thum on the most promenent feter of his pursonal carrickter.

I felt I was anserd. Thars no Roman virtoo in the dignitories of the present day. Ketch enny of our Curtisses leapin inter the gulf.

Arter sittin a few minnits in moody silence, reflectin on modern dejennyracy, I axed him abruply ef he wouldent reconstruck his Cabnet.

"Cant do it," ses he.

"Wharfore cant you?" I interrogerated.

"Bekase," ses he, "amung the uther oaths I tuck on 'Helper's Crysis', I swore to keep em in wun and insuperable as long as my own lease of offis lasted."

"Ef thats the case," I replide, bluntly, "its my opinyun your lease of offis will be shorter'n you andizzypate."

"Wal," he responded, with a sithe, "it kant be helped. Hevin sworn on the sacrid volum of my church, and bein a member in good standin, I musn't resk my salvashin by backin down."

"Think of the salvashin of the Union," ses I.

"Evry man for hisself, and the devil take the hindmost," he anserd, castin his eyes uppards.

"Yes," ses I, with a groan, "I bleeve that *is* the creed of the present Administrashin."

But mebbe he will relent. Let us hop so.

As I was about to leve the presence, he tuck me by the button and axed me ef I knew wot was the diffrence atwixt my frend, Honest Abe, and a Seecesh planter. I rekwested him to spit it out, for I was in a hurry, and hed to attend sum to serus bizness.

"Why," ses he, "the diffrence is that one's the slave of prenceple, and the other's the prencepal of slaves."

I whistled ironically.

"Stop," he continned, "I've got anuther for you. Why is a splendid milentary banner like a black sojer? You'd never gess it, so I'll tell you. Its bekase its wun of the Pomps of war."

I jerked back, indignently, leavin the button in his hand, and

hastend to the Nayshinal to rite this letter, and subscribe myself, despairinly, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

P. S. Ef I ken perswade the President to dismiss the Constitooshinal Advisers and hire a new set, I shell do so. I shell hev anuther talk with him airly nex week.

No. LXXXI.

[In the art of scarifying imbecility in a covert way, we know of few satirists who can hold a candle to the Disbanded. Peruse the following letter, patriotic reader, if you want to see a little skinning sarcastically done.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, December 24, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Burnside may not be wun of these onrepressabul milentary fenixes as nose no setch wurd as fail, but he's a morril hero, and no mistake. Ef he kant take brestwurks like a Wellington, he ken take responsability like a brick. He lifts all the blame of the Fredericksbug affair from the sholders of the Administrashin, and offers hisself a willin sacrifice to save the President from censhur. In this respeck he reminds me of the eggsemplary Isick, of Skripter sellebrity, who was willin to hev his throte cut for the benefit of the Father Abraham of ainshent times. The oney difference atwixt the two magnannymus individyals is, that Isick eskaped with a scare, while thar is no let up wotsumdever for the onfortnit Ambrose.

It must be a wunderful consolashin to the nayshin to larn from the Committy on the Conduck of the War, that evrything was dun for the best. The librality of the War Department in placin onbounded confidence in a ginral who declared he hed no confidence in hisself, must allus stand conspickus in history as a pruff of the perfound nollidge of human natur possest by the dubble team of lawyers at present harnest to the war-chariot of the Union. How plesent it must be to the peeple to know that insted of bein onyoked and turnt out to grass, they air to be continned in the traces, and suffered to flounder along the bluddy track ontil they get fairly stuck among heeps of slorterd heroes and further proggress is onpossabul.

The address of the illustrus Abe to the Army of the Potomac (witch is the offspring of his own mity mind, onaded by any hint from me) butifully clars away the smoke from the battelfeeld of the Rapperhammock, and shows that the slite check we receved in buckin agin onsirmountable obstickles was merely the result of wun of those triflin "axidents" that will happen in the best regilated milentary famalies. Ginral Schunk, if you recolleck, met with a simildar misfortin on a small skale, when he butted six or sevin car-loads of sojers inter a maskt battery at Vienna, in the beginnin of the war. Strange as it may seem to the pius mind, a blind reliance on soopernatral favor doosent seem to pay. The Providence as shapes our eends oney doos the polishin off, and ef the blockin out is dun blindfolded, wot is to be eggspected in consekens but "the leetle eend of nuthin whittled down to a pint". The triumfant manner in witch Burnside recrost the river on the sly, is jestly considered a grate explite by the President. It was sartainly nuther an error nor an "axident", but the brilyant idee of a sooperior intelleck witch hevin but one hole to creep out at, hed the saygasity not to be abuv makin use of it.

The concludin passidge of my nobul frend's address, whar he simperthises with the "severely wounded" is creditabul to his sensabilities. Also it shows the oridginality of his discriminatin mind. An ornary man, in his sitiwashin, would hev simperthised with the onfortnit cripples without distinkshin of pursons, but he benevlently sellecks the wurst cases for his affeckshinit regairds, levin the flesh cuts and mild perferashins resultin from the "axident", to derive cumfurt from the reflexshin that it mought hev ben an all-fired sight wurse.

It is a luvly trait in the modern Father of his Kentry, that he never blames ennyboddy for dooin ennything witch evrybody sees might hev ben avided; nor for *not* dooin ennything witch was absolutely necessary to prevent "axidents". What a happy thing it is for this glorius nayshin that our Cheef Madgistrit's hed is not of the same saft materyal as his hart. Ef it was we mought find it a hard matter to "ockapy and possess" the rebellyus South doorin his term of offis.

I hope the North is satisfied that the delay of the pontoons ontil the faverable moment for leadin the army over em to hull-sail slorter, was wun of those onforseen suckemstances over witch noboddy hes enny control. Halleck gin the order to hev em sent on; but in coarse it warnt his bizness to know whether it was attended to. As Blundersby (I think that's his name) says

in the play of Domboy and Son, "cf so be they was sent, so, and ef so be as they warnt sent, why so also." Axidentally it was "*so also*". Major Ginral Halleck, I would hev the publick to know, hes his place as distinkly defined as ef he was head butler in a privit famaly. Now a head butler you know mought consistently order the footman to tell the housemaid to leave word with the cook to send the errand-boy to desire the ostler to request the coachman to harness up the hosses, drive the kerridge to the doctor's, and bring him forthwith to attend the sick master of the establishment. But ef the order warnt eggscuted and the sick boss died in consekens, the butler wouldent be to blame you know. Bein suckemstanced precisely the same, Ginral Halleck must be simildarly eggscused. Its dredful to think that some peeple should be so onrighteously ignorant of offishal etiket, as to spose the Ginral orter hev seen as his dereckshins was obeyed. Setch things is never dun. I hope you will make this fact clar to the *vox populie*; for tho you will hardly bleeve it, sum fokes is inconsiderit enuff to lay the blud of the brave men wiped out in the battel of Fredericksburg at Ginral Halleck's door. As I wunst remarkt on a prevus ockashin, "Republicks *is* ongrateful".

The Constitooshinal Advisers, bein of a tenasshus nater, intends to stick to the President and thar places. They rallid around him airly in the week and ashoored that imminent Statesman that they would never desart him. I was not present at the affectin intervew, but was informt that Stanton's spectikles was dim with tears, and that the baird of Welles kwivered with onrepressabul emoshen. Setch is thar devoshin to my high-minded frend, that ef evry city and town in the Union was to get up mass meetins and petishin for thar retirement, I skarsly think they would hev the hart to tare tharselves away. I should like to see the eggsperiment tried, ef it was oney to test thar paytryitism.

Christmas past rayther glumily here; the convalessent sojers, howsever, was treted to a first-rate dinner, thanks to the intrest taken in thar welfare by Mrs. Smith, the genrus helpmeat of the Constitooshinal Adviser of the Interior Department.

Hopin that the little "axident" on the Rapperhammock will be lucked upon in its troo light by a confidin peeple, I remain confusedly,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXII.

[Our trustworthy correspondent and representative near the Court of Washington opens his series of letters for 1863 in his most sarcastic vein. The "Constitooshinal Advisers" get some pretty hard rubs; but the Disbanded's humor is so peculiar that some folks think him in earnest when he is jest; and others that he is jest when he is in earnest. He reserves his opinion on the Proclamation, on the ground that he has not yet had time to understand clearly what it means. It appears to us to be simple enough, however.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, January 2, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

All the Constitooshinal Advisers, bein now fixt in thar births faster'n they was afore the Fredericksburg miscarridge, the nayshin may luck forrard with cherful confidens to a new serious of fienancyal, milentary and navel aborshins. Mr. Chase, the distingwisht manyfactorer of *paper mashy* playthings for groan childern, is preparin a new Treshury Game for the gay seesin, to be called the "Triumps of Trumpery". It consists of picter keards of varus desines, intended for bilden housen arter the pattern of the Shattoes in Spain. The game is simpel and eesily seen throo; and is kept on a slate to witch a spunge is attacht, for wipin out the figgers at the conclushin. I onderstand it is intended to lustrate the great moneytary prencepul that the saiftest way to raise the wind is to inflate the currency. The Seckatry of the Treshury hes peculiar idees on the spondoolick kwestin, witch, in his capassity of Constitooshinal Adviser, he yestday onfolded to my strong-minded frend, the President, as follers:

"Abe," ses he (for he allus addresses the President as a man and a bruther, and not as a high old public funkshinary)—"Abe, my feller citysin," ses he, "gold is the solid, portabul ritches of a kentry, is it not?"

"I cornseed the pint," replide the seckind Washington.

"Wal, then," continned the Seckatry, "the more the nayshin's gold is wuth in the hum market, in coarse the richer the nayshin is; you'll not attemp to contrivert that?"

"Nary contrivert," anserd the Hed of the Guverment, flippin up a nickel and ketchin it in the pam of his hand.

"Wal," resoomed the custoadyun of the publick pus, "I hev

alreddy raised the valley of gold thirty per sent abuv the ornary level, and I intend to keep it a mountin ontil it reeches ninety or a hunderd per sent abuv par, and evry gold dollar in the kentry, incloodin the ror materyal in Californy, is wuth two dollars. What do you think of that, now, my troo American? and yet the conservatives say Ime impoverishin the kentry."

"But," ses the Eggseggative, runnin his fingers throo his har, as if he was makin winrows of it, "gold hesent riz abroad, hes it? and if our merchants purchis thar truck whar a gold dollar's oney wuth its face, and hes to sell whar the same coin's wuth two dollars, it peers to me that the commershil intrest will sun go to the —."

"Let the commershil intrest keep its munny to hum," he rejined, sharply. "Tuther side of the Atlantick is agin us. Let us inskribe on our banners," ses he, in a bust of paytryotic devoshin, "Let us prent on our Star-Spangled and glory-striped standard, 'No connexshin with the beggars opposit.'"

"O! that, indeed," remarkt the President, cherfully eggstendin his hand—witch the Seckatry skweeged with emoshin, in token that they understood wunanuther. So the Seckatry's new game receved the Presidenshil sankshin, and ef Congress is willin, the picters will be reddy for delivery purty recently.

Perfeck repose prevails in the Navy Department. The respecktabul longshoreman as persides over it feels sorry for the Ariel, and thinks the Californy gold hed better be shipt direct by the way of Cape Horn in futur, or at least ontil setch time as the Pacific Railroad is finisht, or the Alabammer capturd, witchever of those two cummin events may chanst to happen first. He considers it an act of creminel keerlessness in the San Francisky nabobs, knowin wot they know, to have resked ennything in the Gulf onder the American flag. "Stupid Old Tops," ses he, "why diddent they ship in English bottoms." He thinks the best way for the American ship oners and shipping merchants to protect tharselves agin loss, is to keep all thar ships in port and let furrin vessels do the carryin trade, ontil the Alabammer, and the Oreter, and the uther rebel priviteers is captered by the San Jasento or the Tuskyroarer, or sum of Wilkes's flyin Squodrun as annilates time and space at the rate of six nots an hour.

Thar was a gay time at the White House yestday. Evrybody as is ennybody called to wish the illustrus ockipants a happy new year, and offer thar congratilashins on the state of the kentry. Menny large corntractors was on hand and gin thar vews of pollytickle economy, with witch the President was

mutch delited. All the Constitooshinal Advisers paid thar respecks, and Messrs. Halleck and Stanton presented the plan of a new milentary Annie Condy for 1863; but Mr. Lincoln sed he could nuther make head nor tale of it, and Seward remarkt in his sourcaustic way that it reminded him onrepressably of a Gaudyan Not of red tape, and that the best thing the President could do was to cut it.

Chase was in high sperrits, and arter the bizness conversashin I hev elsewhar referd too, him and the President hed sum very plesent joaks together. "Torkin of bonds, Chase," sez the latter, "wot do you think of the bonds of matteromoney?"

The Seckatry blusht salmon cullur as he remarkt in reply, that he was negoshiatin for sum skrip of that carrickter with a vew to the consolidashin of the Union. Welles cuming up at the moment, the Cheef Madgistrit axed him why Chase wos like Neckar, a sellybrated French Seckatry of the Treshury. The Venabul Navel funkshinary didn't take—he never doos—and the President eggsplained that "Salmon P. reminded him of Neckar, bekase he pershood a Neck or nuthin pollysee." Skarsly hed the larf at this killin wittyschism sobsided, when Mr. Lincoln, with a glistenin eye, perpounded anuther. "Why," ses he, "is our esteemable frend from Ohio like a lottery dealer?" Blair thort it was prehaps on ackount of his bein engaged to be married, and marridge bein a lottery. But the President informd us, with a wink, that it was "bekase he was the Chance Seller of the Exchecker." Mr. Chase lucked raythor blank at this definishin, and edgin his way outer the crowd around the Eggseggative, went and sot down in the furthest corner of the rum, whar he tuck the Mansipayshin Proclamashin outer his pocket, and began to studdy it. Shortly arter that I made my adoos, as the French say, and as I past out he was still porin over that interestin dockyment, with evry aperience of a man in the airly stages of morril insanity.

I spose the publick will expeck my opinyun of the Mancipayshin Proclamashin in this letter. The publick will be disappinted. I hev oney hed it in my hands a few hours—for the President made it entirely outer his own head without consultin me—and Ime not sartain that I onderstand it. I think howsever I shall be abel to git it thro my har by the date of my next epistol, and ontil then I remain (ruminatin deeply),

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXIII.

[The out-spoken old soldier gives below, in his own peculiar style, the details of a highly interesting conversation between himself and the President, in relation to the Emanicipation Manifesto and other matters of moment. The patriotic reader will be pleased to learn that the frank interchange of sentiments between Mr. Lincoln and his truest friend, which was for a time interrupted by a clique of politicians whom it would be gross flattery to call statesmen, has been renewed under circumstances equally honorable to both parties.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, January 8, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Senst my last, the President and me hes hed a confidenshil confab on the Mansipayshin Proclamashin. In consekens of the intreegs of sartain snaiks in the grass, that is a hissin and a skorn to all straitforrard paytryits, a coolness hed sprung up atween us, but on Wensday he gin me a speshil awjence and we renewed the *intent cordial* over a glass of the prime old Hennessee, witch he keeps in a privit cubby hole for the use off his troo frends. Altho a Total Obstinant hisself he sor no resin, he sed, why an old wetterun like D. V. shouldn't wet his whissel with a thimbulful of O. D. V. now and then ef he felt like it.

This prelimindary bein disposed of he axed me, as a man sirkelatin freely in sosity, wot the publick at large thort of the Edick of the First of January.

Ses I, "Sum thinks its a big meshure, and uther sum that youve put your foot in it."

"And wot do you think of it," he remarkt raythor narvusly.

"Wal," ses I, "I considder it a new pruff that the pen is mityer'n the swoord; for it peers to me that wot your pen rit in hafe an hour it will take an alltejus long time for the swoord to redooce to practiss.

"Then I spose you luck upon it as a bad egg," rejined he. "Your idee is that ontil weve whipt the whites its no use torkin about braking the yoke of the blacks."

"Not eggsackly that," I replied, "but it doos seem to me that pen and ink manyfesters is ridickalus here, without sum moovement in the army stashinery at Falmouth."

"But," subjested the President, "thars a fine openin for the proclamashin in the Sow West. See how Rosencranch hes druv the rebels outer Murphysburrow."

"My sangwin frend," ses I, "I hevent made up my mind yet whether Rosencranch has wun a victry or barly eskaped a defeet. And besides," I added smutherin a larf, "youve blocked your own game in that kwarter by speshilly eggseptin the darkeys of Tennessee, Kaintucky, and Missoora, from the blessin of bein 'hensforrard and forever free.' Whar you could hev gin Sambo libty and helped him to maintain it, you hev left him in slavery, and whar you hevent a man or a gun to back him, you hev invited him to rise with the sartainty of gettin his throat cut."

"D. V., I'm afeard you put the case too trooly," he responded, "but it never struck me in that light afore."

"That's bekase you lent your ear to a passel of asses," ses I, "insted of trustin to a faithful old hoss like me, as never bolts the strait track of common sense and common jestice. You foller the lead of them Constitooshinal Advisers of yourn, and see ef they don't land you on your head in the bottomless pit of pollytickle perdishin," ses I.

"Wot ken I doo?" he eggsclamed implorinly. "I'm like Isacur atwixt two burdens—wot ken I do?"

"Kick," ses I, "send em flyin. Rare up in madjesty of your manhood, and giv em goss. Moove the Army of the Potomac from the banks of the Rapperhammock whar's its no more use than Faro's host at the bottom of the Red Sea. Thar's more roads to Richmound than wun, isent thar?" ses I.

"But Stanton and Halleck both say—"

"In coarse they both say," I shouted skornfully, "theyre the greatest sayers out. Wot the Kentry wants is sumboddy that will do."

"I know it, I feel it," ses he, "but wots to be dun?"

"Ship em," I replide. "Give em thar walkin papers and try Holt and Butler, or Butler and Maclellin in thar places. I used to think Maclellin was raythor slow, but I don't bleve it would ever take him a fortnit to send a lot of pontoons a hunderd milds."

"It sartainly wouldn't pay," ses the President musingly, "for that army to remain moshinless in *Statue Co* all winter. The nayshinal eggspenditoors is uppards of two millyuns a day and not four hunderd thousand cummin in, and the incum tax not due for four munts yet."

"Pay!" I cried, jumpin onto a cheer in a aggerny of irritashin. "Pay! I tell you it would break the Nayshin's hart."

"Wall," ses he, in a husky vice, "wot route do you think Burnside oughter take."

I sot down, and dippin my finger in the water pitcher, drord a cumpleat map of the seat of war in Virginny on the rosewood table, includin the Rapperhannock, the Rapid Ann, the James, the York, the Chickenhominy, the Pawmonkey, Shocko Crick, Hamton Rodes, Fort Monro and the Rip Raps. That dun I laid down a line of march, witch if follerd up, would land us in Richmound by the middle of February. The President approoved the plan, and ef he hes the firmness to stick to it and ken find ennybody as is competent to carry it out, we may yet dictate turms of peace from the rebel capital, afore our own capital is all eggspended. I am not aloud even to wisper the particklers in confidens; but I raaly think that ef the President's vertebray doosent give out, the back bone of the rebellyun will hev to give in. Wishin speedy destruckshin to the latter spinal collume and more vim and viggor to the former I remain, the President's Right Hand Man and

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXIV.

[If ever our patriotic correspondent was fervidly in earnest, it was when he wrote the following letter. It was evidently indited under strong excitement; yet, after all, he only gives expression to the thoughts of every man of common sense who, without prejudice, fear, or favor, looks the present crisis squarely in the face.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, January 23, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

It takes considabul to ruin a great kentry; but the thing ken be dun, ef a jint stock cumpany of loonatisks, and fools, and swindlers, and theves is entrusted with the job, and keeps at it long enuff. This gloryus republick, Messrs. Eddyturs, is now at the marcy of a seleck few from the two first classes, and a multitood as no man ken number from the two last; and things

looks as favorabul for its goin to everlastin smash as enny enemee of free institooshuns and frend of the devil ken possably desire. Thars obstickles in the way, I admit. We hev a furrin trade as carries our sales and paddles into evry sea. We hev ecnamost onlimited intarnal resorses. We hev an army of a millyun of the bravest men as ever sholdered a shootin-iron, in the feeld; and a navy of three hundred and fifty ships and thirty-five thousand sailors on the oshin and in harbor. But notwithstandin all this, our merchant vessels is burned by pirits so near our shores that we ken purty nigh smell the smoke; furrin craft runs throo our blockadin skwadrons as easy as fallin off a log; our credit and carrickter amung the nashins of the airth is nix; and our armies is led into the most convenient places that is to be found on the map for bein slortered without the slightest chanst for victry. It may take some years to rooin the Nayshin, even by this paytent prosess, for it is tuffer 'n indy rubber, and twiste as springy; but with parseverance and the assistence of idyotic currency tinkers and smart Guverment corntractors, the eend may be ackomplisht, ef our eggsellent President, the seckind edishin of the Father of his Kentry, with all the modern improovements, presarves his Roman firmness, and keeps his foot set down agen all changes in his Cabnet.

You mustn't spose, Messrs. Eddyturs, that I mean enny disrespeck to that extrornary man. His buzzum is full of paytryotic sentiments jest about as good as they make em. Even wen his head misleeds him, he is allus, to use an eggspreshin of his own, "sound on the goose". The diffikulty is this. Sartain members of the Cabnet hev perswaded him that with thar assistance he ken restore the Union, and not otherways. Ef they hed told him that they tharselves, by thar own onassisted talent and genus could put things strait, his nateral penetrashin would hev seen throo em, and overboard theyd hev went. But by makin him the hero of the drayma and pretendin to be soopernoomerees, they hev contrived to identify tharselves with hisself on the united-we-stand-divided-we-fall prenceple, and he acktilly thinks that ef he was to dismiss em, the kentry would cullaps and the Guverment be a goner.

In coarse I hev labored faithfully to cure him of this onhappy noshin, but I find it onpossabul to make the desired impresshin. He perfesses the same frenship for me as ever. He brings out the Coneyac and Mungoheeler as ushil, and lissens to my eggsposishins with the solemnity of a nainshent Nester, but when I hev sed my say, insted of givin me an approovin nod, as he

used to do formally, he signifies his dissent in a brace of shakes. Ime sumtimes inklined to think his head is going. Ken it be that a black cloud is getherin over that wunst fair intelleck? Is it declinin from fair to middlin, and will it finally run emptyins? I say to myself, sumtimes, is this man, wunst considerd so clarsighted, destined to becum a Leer. Will a time cum when like that onfortnit monnick he will not know enuff to go in when it rains? It may be so. We know what we air, but we know not wot we shall be. We know wot he *is*, but the Lord oney knows wot he *will* be.

In the meantime—and a very mean time it is—the Constitooshinal Advisers persoos thar ornary line of pollysee. The Seckatry of War and his milentary twin the General in Cheef contiunes cam and cumpleasant. The dead of Fredericksburg and Vicksbug peers to sit eesy on thar souls. Wot thar futur plans is I dont know. Praps they place thar trust in Providence, praps in the chapter of axedents; a chapter to which thar perceedins hes made so menny horribul addishins. Sartainly they dont relie on the Army of the Potomac, witch, accordin to the hyferlutin of wun of em, hes "ceast to eggsist". Sum thousands of its oridginal members hes ondoubtedly "ceast to eggsist", thanks to the negleck of the War Department, in failin to see to the fulfillment of its own orders, and in buckin brestbones agen brestwurks at Fredericksburg. Ef the epaletted funkshinary as made the remark, and who never was onder fire senst the Lord made him, hed "ceast to eggsist", hafe an hour arter he becum a ginralissimo at Washinton, it would hev ben a blessed suckemstance. But of individyals of his kidney, "few dies and nun resigns."

Wal, this army, dead or alive, is now across the Rapperhammock, and between this and Sunday you and me and the public, may hev an opportoonity to know wether Major-Ginral Halleck's intimashin that it is a disorganized mob is troo or false. If it onfortnitly proove troo let the blame rest upon him and Stanton, who placed at the head of the flour of the American Army a leder as declared hisself incompetent to command it, and who failed to supply him with the means of crossin the Rapperhammock when he could hev obtaned an eesy victry. Skirmishin, ef not a ginral engagement, is now goin on atwixt a porshin of Burnside's troops and Ginral Lee's rare, and the bleef in Washington is that we hev hed the wurst of it.

But Ime forgettin that afore this epistol cums to hand youll know the trooth—or at leest as much of it as the milentary

blatherskites as rools the roast here, thinks the suverin peeple oughter know.

Hopin for the best, and trustin that the God of Armies will nooteralize the assanine counsels and projecks of the idyots who hev wasted so much preshus blood, and giv us success in spite of em, I remain, prayin for the Union,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXV.

[Like a true friend, the Disbanded this week comes to the rescue of the President, and ably combats the aspersions which have been cast upon his intellectual powers. With generous devotedness, he endeavors to show that the charges of imbecility made against our excellent Chief Magistrate are in the highest degree indecorous and improper. He scarifies Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, for denouncing him as incompetent, and manifests the warmest sympathy for him as a ruler, a man, and a brother.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, January 30, 1862.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

A purty state of things we're cummin to, when a Sennitor gits up in his place and charges the Head of the Nashin with imbesillyty. Saulsberry, a copperhead from the humapathic State of Delawar, as you air well awar, a tacted the highest publick funkshinnary in the most vipertuperative langwidge on Tuesday last. He sed, in effeck, that the modern Father of his Kentry was a missabul spoon, for witch he was very properly taken inter custardy, notwithstandin his attemp to inaugerate a revolushin with his revolver. I rite warmly on the subjeck, for I feel riled and put by to think that my illustrus frend should be held up to public contemp as a foo-foo. Ef it hed a ben a Constitooshinal Adviser now, I wouldent hev kecred a mite; but to call honest Old Abe a ninnycumpoop right out in meetin, thus givin countenance to the skandalus reports of that nater sirkilatin all over the kentry, peers to me to be sackreligus and onchristrian. Even ef our paytryotic Cheef Madgistrit, insted of bein, as he is, the Solomon of the Western Hemaspear, *warn't* more'n

half rocked, would it be right for wun of his own kentrymen, nussed in the same cradle of Libty as hisself, and ockapyin a seat in the Upper House, to call him a nidiot? George the Third acktilly *was* a nidiot, and yet I never heerd of a member of the Brittish Parleyment throwin it up to him in a speetch.

I was on the flore of the Sennit when the Delawar chap pitcht inter the President, and am bound to say that his remarks was extree-venamus; so much so that I felt it to be my dooty to call at the White House and simperthise with its ockypant as I would with a bruther. Ses I to him: "Wot ef you did hold palavers with Burnside's offsirs, onbeknown to him; and wot ef you did encurridge em to pore thar greevances inter your privit ear; and wot ef you did dekline to remoov em when the Ginral ackused em of undermindin, and baring false witness and leaguin together to set the army agin him, hedent you a right to do it? Air you not," ses I, "the Cummander-in-Cheef; and ef you chuse to be gided by back-stair reports in your milentary pollysee, is that enny pruff," ses I, "that your brain's addled? Spose you did pervent Macdoil from jinin Maclellin at the critickle moment, and interfear with Burnside when he thort he hed a shoor thing, thats not to say you're an ignoramus."

Horris Greely's idees about stoppin the war in May or June, ef we dont lick the rebels and make em sue for a piece by that time, is creatin considabul of a sensashin here, and it is torked around in pollytickle sirkils that him and the French Plenipenitentiary and the French Empror is skeemin to hev France offer mediashin immediently. I gess Nap the III wont ketch us nappin, ef he tries it on. Ef he wants to wake up a hornet's nest and git his comb cut, jest let him thrust his nose inter the Union hive, thats all. Ime sprised that Horris, who hes hertofore starnly refused to countenance ennything in the shape of a divishin of the Union, should kinder turn doe-face now. His vews is gall and wurmwood to the corntracktors here, who are all in faver of carryin on the war to the bitter eend. They think he oughter be rested at wunst for high treason, and brort on here onder a warrant from the Seckatry of State. Sartainly, Boilo, of the Philadelphy *Evening Jernil*, got inter hot water for a much less matter. But, as the sayin is, sum men ken steel hosses without bein hawld up for it, while uther sum is licable to be hung for hevin a halter about em. In the Supreme Court abuv thars no distinkshin of pursons; but our supreme orthorities not onfrekwently shets thar eyes to the pickadillies of pursons of destinkshin, and takes it out in flaxin out the noboddies. It seems

strange to menny that the eddytur of the *Triboon*, arter promisin nigh onto a millyun of men to the Guverment as sun as the mansipayshin of the blacks and the confisticashin of the property of the rebel whites was proclamed, should be the first to cum forrard in faver of backin out. But pollytickle eddyturs is not like uther men; they air fearfully and wunderfully made, and partake considabul of the nater of that singlar fowl called the wethercock, which allus changes frunt in a storm. I may menshin as a case in pint, that it is whisperd around here amung New Yorkers that Thurlo Weed is goin to form a coalishin with Wood for the porpus of gettin up a great controllin party in your State. It may not be alltogether troo, prehaps, but whar thars so mutch smoke thars shoor to be sum fire, and when setch eggstreams meets, it shows the rottenness of party pollyticks.

Thars also a rummer here that my destingwished bruther Unionist, the President, is in faver of closin up the war wun way or tuther in ninety days, but I feel satisfide the story is a *cunard* set aflote by agents of the Brittish Guverment, and Ime inklined to think that the currys pondent of the London *Times* in your city is at the bottom of it. I onderstand Seckatry Seward hes his eye on the swell, and ef he doosent look out, its not onlikely that he'll git hisself in a tight place sunner'n he andizzypates.

The trooth is that the issoo of the war is nuther more nor less than a kwestin of endoorance. Ef we dont cave in, the rebels must; and its my bleef that ef they warnt encurridged by a passel of white-liverd Nuthern eddyturs and speetchmakers, they'd cry pigcavi right away.

With sentiments of perfound contemp for setch reptyles, I remane, with a cuss on all cowards,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXVI.

[A sly letter, a very sly letter, this week. No body understands better than our quizzical correspondent that "undeserved praise is censure in disguise". We recommend his complimentary notices of the navy and war luminaries to the sympathies of our readers.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, February 5, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Curus, isent it, that jest as we was on the pint of razing Charlestun to the ground, thar should be strong ground for sposin that Charlestun hes razed the blockaid. Makin all doo deduckshins for Bowerygard's eggsagerashins and Ingarhum's bolderdash, the tail cummin as it doos ofishally from head kwarters kennot be sot down as altogether a fish story. Grandfather Whitehead, the venabul sumnambulist as holds the portfoolyou of the Navy Department, bleves it I onderstand. As he was awar that the rebels was gettin reddy two powerful iron rams at Charlestun, and that we hed nuthin fit to tackel em in the harbor, he naterally concloods that they may have bucked inter the squodrun and given us considabul of a muttoning. With his ushil prompness, howsever, he no sunner heerd of the owdashus attact, than he ordered four more gunboats to be sent South from the New York Navy Yard, with immedient dispatch, and I larn on good orthority that ef nuthin onforseen happens, the Nantuckit, the Samgammon, and two uther iron clads may be lucked for on the seen of the late outrage in about two weeks. The Department is beseeched by scores of ankshus inkwirers, and the eggsightment is intens. But the Seckatry is ekwil to the immerginsea. He strokes his baird self-cumpleasantly, and ses we must be prepard for ockashinal discomforters. Upon the hull, he thinks the Charlestun affair won't turn out to be mutch wurse'n than the Merrimack's flare up in Hamton Roads, or the Galvestun *fieasko*. It hes ben subjested to him in a mild and frendly wisper, that as luck appeers to be agin him, it wouldent be a bad idee for him to resign; but he intermates that he will sheer the forten of the nayshin as long as Uncle Sam hes a shot in the locker. The slytest hint at desartin the President at the present junkter mooves him to tears. Borroring a metafore from his former line of life he swars he will never give up his post ontil the King of Terrors consines him to the ded letter office. The tenassity of Constitooshinal Advisers is amazin. Ticks clings doggedly to the cuetickle of a tarrier, mussels holds on like grim death to the rocks, and barnickles on ships bottoms sticks closter'n a bruther, but the way a Constitooshinal Adviser adhears to his "coin of vantage", as the poick ses, is a cawshin to Cabnet curosities. You will recolleck that when it was hin. d around that the diffydent Stanton and the vidgelant and thortful Halleck was about to retire, I dident goinside with the ginral opinyun eggsprest by outsiders on that subjeck. I new those

great men of old. I was awar of thar devoshin to prenceple and that intrest was a seckendary considerashin with em. I was satisfied that there was no sackrifiz they warn't prepard to make, sunner'n shift the responsability to uther sholders. And Ime proud to say I didn't put too low an estimit on thar paytryitism. Look at em. Thar they stand, firm and self-possest, like two Payshenses on a Moneyment smildin at Grief. As for Seckatry Welles I consider him anuther Markus Curtis reddy for a rush inter the Gulf whenever his kentry demands the fatal splurge.

The *Triboon's* last propersishin, to eend the war with the present camppain, no matter witch whips, is perdoöcin the liveliest emoshins of hope, and gratitood in the buzzums of the seecesh simperthisers here. His bold novel and strikin assershin that "ef our armies do not whip theirn, theirn 'll whip ourn" is univarsally konsiderd a masterpeace of lodgic. Seward allows it is a perfound syllygism, redooced to its simplest form.

My holesold feller paytryit, the Honabul Abe, is in a perplexin perdickyment. For a long time, as the kentry is awar, he was a kinder shuttlecock atwixt the Democratick and the Radical battle doors, but findin it was onpossabul to carry on the war that way, he finaly sobsided inter the hands of the Radicals, eggspectin in coarse that they would keep him up. And now what doos the file leader of the Radical press doo but fly off the handel, and in effeck advise him to sho the white fether and giv up the game. But Ile say this for Abraham Lincoln; he hesn't the most distant noshin of givin up onder enny suckemstances wotsumdever. On menny subjecks he hes diffrent noshins at diffrent times, but on the kwestin of fighten Rebellyun to the last dollar, the last man, the last ditch, and the last day, ef in the coarse of human events it should becum nessary, he is perfeckly unannymus. Depend upon it A. Lincoln will never desart E P Unum.

We are lookin for noose from Vicksburg and from Foster's eggspedishin evry hour, and tho hopin for the best air prepard for the wurst. Arter the Charlestun calamity, nuthin ken take us by supprise.

Washington has ben blue with uniforms senst the cold snap sot in. Heroes with bad colds cums in on furlows evry day kivered with goose pimples, and ankshus for hot whisky-skins. Willard's hed nine hunderd gests the uther day, and the Nayshinal is jest as full as it can cram. Our confirmed bragadearginrals is lyin loose around evrywhars in a busted up condishin;

and feeld and line offsirs that oney want tappin to yeeld as menny kinder sperrets as Anderson hes in his madgic demmejon, is as thick as sample vials in a liker marchent's rack.

Trusten that afore this letter gets inter prent, we shall hev sum good tidins to take away the bitter taste of the last dismal doste, I remain, ondauntedly,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXVII.

[A queer communication from our cranky correspondent. Verily, he is no respecter of persons or personages. In fact, he has a particular predilection for "shining marks", and nothing suits him better than to take the shine out of them, when it happens to be mere varnish. He cares no more for high functionaries than he does for a frame of ten-pins, and would just a lief bowl them down. In the following letter he makes a ten-strike. Some may think, however, that he rolls his ball with a little too much *bias*.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, February 13, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The sore feelin pervalin at the Seat of Guverment hes ben considabully aggervated by the owdayshus kicks resently reseved from the rebels at Galvustun Bay and the Sublime Pass-Rare Admiral Ferrygut reports that the "Harriet Lane" surrenderd to the cnemee's catamarans in a most pussylanimuss manner. Its troo the wind oney came in cat'spaws, and tharfore she couldent hev clawed off, but ef she'd ben properly handeld, and hed pitched inter the cotton skows tooth and toe-nail, thars no dout she mout hev made thar fur fly. Then thars the "Mornin Light," anuther dark bizness. Her cummander, it seems, gin up the ship without firin the first gun. The Admaril ses he never seen the match of it. Setch conduck is enuff to make the molderin forms of Decaytur and Lorrence start from the supplecur, and to dror tears from the eyes of Cummodore Bainbridge's nevvy, ef that offshoot of a nobul stock still sirvives. The Secketry of the Navy, howsever, is noways decomposed. He wares his ushil cam and plassid aspeckt, doos Giddy Welles. I per-

soom you will be happy to larn that altho enlistin hes stopt, and desarshins from the ranks is large and frekwent, the number of paytryits willin to sarve thar kentry in the capassity of feeld offsirs increses evry day. My illustrus feller citysin, the acsessible Abe, hes sent fifteen hunderd milentary nominashins inter the Sennit, and a new swarm of epaletted lowcussess, ankshus for a chanst at the greenbacks, will, no dout, shortly make thar apperience on Pennsylvany avenoo. Whar they air to find room to spred tharselves is more'n I no, onless the perlecce drives the civillians inter the side streets, in order to give the newly-manufactered fire-eaters thar full swing. As it is, bragadears, and kwartermasters, and kernils, and adjewtants, and cetery, is thicker'n monkeys in the Straits of Baffleman, whar they kant squar the yards without brushin of em off the rocks. And as sun as the hard fightin begins, I dessay it will be an all-scared sight wurse. Its butiful to see how ankshus sum milentary men air to rally around the President when thars danger abroad. Setch pruffs off devoshin must tutch his hart, onless he is made of stun; witch he isent—but, on the contrary, all softness.

Congress is as bizzy as the devil in a hurrycain. Senniter Wilson's bill for makin evry mail citysin abel to bare arms for his kentry a sojer, is likely to pass and to be carrid out to the letter. It applies to purty mutch the hull abel-bodded maskaline poppylashin, and gives the President the power to use em by the kwantity as ockashin rekwires. The bill's eenamost sartain to be a lor, and thar'll be a lively time ginrally when it cums to be enforst. Menny thinks it will promote emmigrashin.

Then thars Senniter Sumner's cullerd ridgement skeem, pervidin for the inrollment of three hunderd thousand darkeys, to be paid sevin dollars a munth. As Mr. Sumner purfesses to considder a nigger a good as a white man, if not more so, I wish to ax him throo the columes of the SUNDAY MERKARY why he wants to hire him at hafe price. Ef white bone and sinner is wurth thirteen dollars a munth to shoot and be shot at, why shouldent a wool-and-ebony-man-and-bruther—ef he is raaly a man and a bruther, as the Senniter ses he is—be paid at the same rate? Why this invidyus pqniary destinkshin atwixt wool and har? Wavin this pint, I would respeckfully ask whar this black force of three hunderd thousand is to be drummed up. In order to carry the war inter Afriky, you must fust ketch your Afrikins. How air they to be roped in? It seems to me that this is an important prevus kwestin witch oughter be put afore the bill is past. It onfortnitly happens that my nobul frend Abra-

ham's proclamashin, givin libty to the captive, is a dead letter whar the black race prencepally pervails. In coarse we kant make our cullerd kindred Union sojers in the rejins of the South we dont "ockapy and possess", and in the other rejins—accordin to the proclamashin—the slaves continny to be slaves, and we hev no right to take em from thar masters. The Mancipayshin Edick is an ingenius dockyment; it cuts two ways, and both ways is ekwilly redickalus. Eggseggative wisdom is sum if not Sumner.

As this Congress preposes to skwander no eend of munny (in the form of sirkilatin-picters) afore it dissolves, and as March forth is closte at hand, things will be put throo amazin kwick for the nex two weeks. The nine hunderd millyun bill will mebbe hev becum a law by the time this reeches you, and mebbe not. It is nip and tuck atwixt the Seckatry of the Treshery and the banks, but I think the Seckatry will run em down and the spiles of the Chase be skewerd to the Guverment.

I begin to be orfully tired of Washington, and long to be wunst more in my old kwarters at the Saint Nickalas. But it shell never be sed that I turnt my back on Abraham Lincoln at a time when he skarsly knew witch eend of him was uppermost. Diddent I accumpany him from Illannoy? Diddent I revise his inaugerole? Dident I subjest his—no, I did *not* subjest his messidge! Hevent I ben his Rock of Refudge? Hevent I stud atwixt him and his Constitooshinal advisers when they were bullyraggin him eenamost to deth? And shell I forsake him now when he stands on the edge of a pressapeace, with wun leg over, and onabul to keep his center of gravity without my help? Never! Perish the idee! Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXVIII.

[The veteran soldier and satirist seems to be a good deal exercised on the subject of the Conscription Law, and very properly suggests that, by way of encouraging the people to submit cheerfully to a general enrollment and draft, the War Department pay up the heavy arrears due to the Union soldiers now in the field, thousands upon thousands of whom have not received a dollar for many months, some of whom have *never seen* the

color of the Government's money, and none of whom, we believe, have been paid in full.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, February 19, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sanday Merkary:

I congratilate the young men of the kentry on the new claws interdooced inter the cornskripshin, by the Conscript Fathers of the Sennit. Accordin to the Sennit's mendment Young America is not liabul to hev his idees taught how to shoot until he reeches the age of twenty years—in uther wurds, he kennot be took for a privit ontil jest twelve munths afore he attains his mayjority. The probility is that this benevalent let up for hobbletehoys as hev not seen twenty summers, will be sankshind by the poplar branch of the nayshinal legislatoor, and the eggsempshin, like Mrs. Winslow's Soothin Serrup, will proove a great blessin to mothers. Eighteen is too jewvenile. The sperrits is boyant at that age, to be shoor, but the bones is not sot, and that self-respeck and manly dignity witch grows outer familyarity with the lather brush and the razor is oney parshilly developt. Ef our youth kennot be aloud to tarry in Jerryco tell thar bairds is grown, let em stay, at least, ontil the fibers sprout and they begin to sho sum sines of a stiff upper lip.

It kant be denied, I spose, that this new lor will nock the milentary attryboots of the State Guvners inter a cockt hat. Thars nuthin mealy-mouthed in its provishins. It goes to the root of the matter and makes my heroic frend, the President, an abesalute Dick Tater. Ef carrid out it will enabul him to run the biggest milentary masheen in the hull wurld, with millyuns of men hitched to the ropes all bound to obey wotever orders he chewses to shout throo the fedral trumpet. But Mr. Lincoln is not of a tyrennical dispersishin—on the contrary, mild and gentle and as easily led as a lam, or a kid, or a tame gaysell.

On this pint I ken speak with confidens, for I was with him when he submitted without a murmur to put on a disgise and conseal his mayjestic form in a cloke and cap, in order to presarve his preshus life for the greatest good of the greatest number. The copperhed noosepapers as pretends to think he will take advantidge of the Cornskripshin Act to becum a formidabul desput, nose better. His natur is not that of a Naughtycrat or a Useupper. And besides thars no possability of prosecutin the war, it seems, without setch a meshur as Sennytur Wilson's. Sum ses its mainly owin to the Sennytur's infarnal stewpidity, in stoppin volunteerin when the hull nashin was bilin over

with milentry ambishin, that cornskripshin hes to be resarted too; and these misabul grumblers allow that it would be a good idee for the President to put him whar David put the sellybrated Hittite, namely, in the fore frunt of the fust big shindy.

I am awar setch remarks is oney intended as coarse joaks at the Massachoosetts man's eggspens, but as I sed to the Nayshins Hope the uther day, when he axed little Tom Thumb wot he thort of Hymen, it is no time for waggery when the dogs of war air at our gates.

The intelligens from the Army of the Potomac relates eenamost entirely to wun subject—*mud*. The main boddy on the Rapperhammock is as helpless as a crowd of flies in a lasses cask, and all the Union troops in Virginny and Merryland is in the same waxy predickyment. A frend of mine who was present at a dress parade at Fallmouth tuther day, informt me that the divishins as they stud in the ranks hed evry appearance of heving ben cut off at the knees, all below that jint bein onder the serfiz. Menny of the hevvy infantry hed to be eggstricated with ropes arter the drill was over. Obsarvin a number of long sticks resemblin shad-poles protroodin throo the slush in varus places, my frend inkwired thar porpus and was informt that they were put thar to mark the places whar the sege guns hed gon down. They will be dug up as sun as the sakrid sile is hard enuff to be spaded—mebbe about May or airly in June.

Ime sorry to say that the troops in Virginny is gettin clamrus for thar pay. I hed a letter yestday from a member of the Sixt Artillery cumplainin that his corpse, which was organized last August, hedn't yet reseved the first greenback. His remarks about the condishin of his wife and fammaly, who it seems is starvin for thar kentry while he is fightin for it, mought hev drord tears from the eyes of a sutler. Sum porshins of his epistol is of a carrickter that would make the portly and pashinit Constitooshinal Adviser at the head of the War Department dance a bolero and tar his har. Its very rong for a privit to blastfeem his superiurs, and I shell rite the mutinus feller to that effeck; but when a poor sojer is without a dime in his pocket, and his wife and little wuns wants bred, he hes to swar at *sumthin*, you know, and ef he *is* onreasonabul enuff to cuss a high funkshinary or two, we must try as Christians to luck over it.

It is not so much on ackount of the men, howsever, as for the sake of the guverment that I would urge the administrashin to do the right thing by the army; for Ime afeard ef it doosent pay

the old sojers afore it begins cornskriptin the new wuns, the provost marshils will hev an ungodly hard row to hoe in thar milentary deestricks. Heddent the administrashin better squar off with the troops now in the feeld, afore it commences a hull-sale draft upon thar fellow citysins to hum, who know how they have been humbugged, and air jest that contrary that they would as livs be shot as sarved with the same sarse?

The bleef prevales to sum eggstent here, that we air goin to hev a muss with Loose Napoleon. He hes made up his mind to hev cotton ef possable, at all hazzards. I seen sumthin of the darned old possum when I was in France, doorin the *Coo de tar*, and I know when he torks the smoothest and the oilyest, that's the very time he's preparin to pitch in. Ime glad, tharfore, as the harbor of New York is to be better fortyfied right away; for its noways onlikely that we'll be inter a furrin war atwixt this and the next presidenshil eleckshin. Seward is of the same opinyun, and so would the amabul Abe be too, if he hed an opinyun of his own.

In view of the desalooshin of Congress the desaloot carrickters, from a distans, as was attracted to Washington by the prospeck of publick and privit plunder is packin up, ready for a start. Gamblers, free-luv-ladies, pollytickle theeves, pimps, parrysites, and other individyals of eesy virtoo, is preparin for an immedient stampede, and I dessay that by the day arter March forth the fedral Capital won't be mutch wus'n Sodom, arter the Lot fammaly hed left for anuther Latitood.

With kind regairds to all the destitoot wives, children, mothers, sisters, and cetery of the onpaid sojers of the Union—in which the War Department and the Paymaster-Ginral, kindly jines—I remain as ushil,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. LXXXIX.

[Our correspondent is hereby notified that the hint of his intention to leave Washington, with which the following letter concludes, has caused us the most profound concern. We trust he will reconsider the matter, and consent to remain. The people cannot conveniently spare from the Federal Capital so vigilant

a sentinel over their rights and interests. The President, it seems also, is desirous of retaining him within consulting-distance. Under such circumstances, it seems to us that it is his duty—and we know he regards duty as paramount to all other considerations—to continue at his post. The moral atmosphere of Washington is not, as he truly observes, conducive to the soul's health; but he, like Brutus, is "armed so strong in honesty", that there can be no danger of his being attacked with the prevailing "moral insanity". Besides, after Congress breaks up, the air will be purer.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Afore the date of my next epistol the Resembled Wisdum will hev hed its last settin and made itself *non nest*. The two houses is dooin up thar little chores with neatness and despatch, and as Wensday, the forth prox, aproximates, bills is husseld to thar final reedins with a perfeck rush. The Cornskripshin Bill is a lor, the Bank Bill is a lor, and I predicate as the Lone Bill will hev jined cumpany with the uther past meshurs by the time this appears in prent. Thars a hitch atwixt Chase and the Conference Committee about tacksin Bank sirkilashin, but I gess the Banks will be nailed in the eend, and hev to plank down.

When Congress rises, the firm of HONEST ABE & Co. will be wun of the strongest guverments that has blest the airth senst the days of Alegsander, and the Head of the Nashin will predominate to an onlimited eggstent over the middle and the tail. But as I obsarved in a prevus letter, the kentry needent git itself inter a cast iron swet on ackount of its rites and libties bein consolidated in a single pare of hands. My frend, the Illustrus Rooler of the Republick, is a man of eggsqueezit morril senseabilities and the tenderest of harts—in fack fuller of nateral sweetness than a shugger Cain. The swoord and the pus will be as harmless in his keepin as ef the Angel Gaybril hed the latter in his breeches pocket and the former tuckt onder his wing. I meen harmless to troo paytriots like you and me and Horris Greeley and cetery; but a swoord of rath and a root of all evil, prehaps, to the cussed Confedrits. When Charlestun, Savannah, and Mobile is sacked, and Lee's army bagged, and Vicksburg hammered down, and Richmound in a bad box, we shell all feel the properiety of heving made Abe an abesalute monnick for the time bein. These great events is all on the keards, and when

they air wot the French calls *fates accomplice* the Rebellyun will be played out. Sum thinks as it will rekwire long 'ears for the Guvernment to get the assendancy; while uther sum allows that the rebels will be summerilly nocked cold doorin the spring. Ennyhow I think that when all the abel-bodied men in the North hes ben drafted onder the Cornskripshin Act, and thurrowly drilled and dizzyplind, and divided up into corpses and put in the feeld, that the eend will not be far distant.

Thars a loud wisper runnin round Washington to the effeck that sun arter the breaking up of Congress, a spoke will be put in the wheels of sartain Constitooshinal Advisers. I axed Seward the other day ef it was so; and he got kwite adjitated on the subjeck. He sed he heerd thar was a conspurracy agin *him*, and he knew who was at the bottom of it. "Let em cum on," ses he, "Ime reddy for em, and they'll find I don't fear the face of Clay." He was evidently riled, and put me in mind of a play I wunst seen, whar an ambishus chap as wanted evrything his own way denounced a sassy revolushinary feller of the name of Cashus as extree dangerus.

This mornin I called on the President, and put the inderogatory to him plump and squar, wether he was goin to giv enny of the Constitooshinals thar walkin tickets. His anser was rayther non-commital, arisin, I reckin, from the ambiggerus state of his own felines. Ses he:

"It's eesier to dismiss wun or two or three Constooshinal Advisers, than it is to seleck that number from fifty candydates without all the rest getin up a tree; and its eesier to let bad enuff alone than it is to enjoy cumfort arter runnin yer hed inter a hornet's nest."

I ackwiest.

"You remember," he continned, "the fate of the onfortnit man in the skripters, as no sunner got rid of wun devil than he was besot by seven more of the hardest kind."

"Yaas," ses I, "the last state of that individyal was wuss'n the first. But," ses I, "he was a misabul retch as hed no mind of his own and jest gin up to the fust blamed cusses as cum along. Noboddy will ketch the Seckind Washington doin that I persoom."

"I persoom not," he anserd, liftin up his right leg and stompin airnestly, as mutch as to say he hed put his foot down on that pint.

I left the presence with the ideo that he hed parshilly detarmined to change his Cabnet, but that possably insted of doin so he mought change his mind.

Thars a tremenjus outside preshur agin Halleck, to witch Ime inklined to bleve that sellybrated pontoonist will hev to suckum. He was considerd an ornyment to the legal perfesshin, I hev onderstud, and it is ginrally thort that he's better calkelated to jine issoo in an ackshin at lor than on the feeld of mortal conflick.

I hev it from good orthority that Ginral Butler is to go back to the Cresent City, whar the Secesh is fairly spilin for want of a little of his hullsum dizzyplin. They air gittin crazy at his absens, and it seems they hev ben tryin to shoot Ginral Banks for useupping his place. Thar ken be no dout that they would receeve him with open arms. The opinyun here is that Stanton was jelus of his popalarity at New Orleans, and that he was remooved on that ackount.

I hev a noshin of returnin to New York arter the Collective Intelligence disburses, onless you particklerly wish me to remane. My frend Abraham ses he kant spare me nohow; but I misstrust he flatters. It would sartainly cost me considabul of a pang to tare myself away from him, but then its hard to live in Gomorrow for the sake of enjyin the sosity of wun rightyus purson. The morril atmostfear of this city is so ongodly bad that the prenceples of a saint mought git tainted by inhelling it too long. Hopin to eskape the prevalin criminal epidemic witch is daily carryin off thousands (and in fack tens of thousands), I remane,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XC.

[With that fidelity to the obligations of friendship which is a distinguishing trait in the character of the Disbanded, he this week pays some striking compliments to the President, and justifies, by a very remarkable line of argument, the course of Congress, in conferring upon him extraordinary powers. In view of the extra-constitutional authority with which Mr. Lincoln has been clothed, it is satisfactory to know that our venerable friend has been invited to assist him with his counsel and advice.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, March 5, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The hull bilin of the Congresshinal Sissyroes and Demostheneezes heving returnt to the buzzums of thar wives and famelees, my steamed frend, the Abesalute Abe, now rules the roost alone. He ken say with the late Robinson Crewso of Jewin Fernando:

"I'm monnick of all I suvey,
My right thar is none to despute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I ken seze and imprison and shute."

But thars no caws for alarm, notwithstandin the loud crows of the Abclishinists. The Nayshin is not goin to giv up the goste, bekase its Constitooshin is brokin. Abraham the First is no Nero. He wouldn't hurt a fly. It is troo that the cornskripshin Act, the Bank and Lone Acts, the suspenshin of the Heaviest Corpus Act, the Indamnity Act, and cetery, make a reglar Siezer of him, but his Majest—I mean his Eggsellency—is not the man to take advantidge of the late ginral and genrus sirrender of the rights of the States and the peeple. His auntycedents is not of an aristocratick carrickter. Let us glanst at em for a moment.

Born of tall but modest parients in Kaintucky, he took, at an airly peryud of his carear to the woods, whar he slung a nasty ax and mauled rails with wunderful assidooity. Emergin thence he studded navigashin on board a flat-boat of the largest class, makin hisself thurrowly ackwainted with the theory of the currents and persishin of the poles. Naterally inklined to push ahed—witch is allus the roolin instink of great minds—he abandoned the watery element and took to the bar, and as he grew in wisdum and in stattur gradjally rose to eminence. Finerly that perfound statesman The Honabul Horris Greeley of Chappaquaw, diskivered that my Illustrus Frend was wanted at the head of the Guvernment, and bein put before the peeple, they rode him on a rail inter the Presidenshil Cheer. Kwalified alike by natur and eddicashin to controle the destinees of the most Enlightened Nayshin on the face of the Airth, Congress dun perfeckly right in conferrin on him onlimited power, in this tremenus crysis. Pressing cases reckwires desput remedees—and hens the nesessity for makin Abraham cock of the walk, and placin the Swoord, the Pus and the Press at his disposhal.

I am awar that sartain fackshus persons pertends not to see the properiety of strong meshurs agin States as isent in rebellyun; but who noes how sun they may be in rebellyun? A

stitch in time saves nine, and the saiftest way to pervent peeple from bein seedishus is to sow thar mouths up the moment they begin to grumble. Libty of Speech and Libty of the Press is all very well when the Republick is not in danger, but when it is, ef Oriturs and Eddyturs will pitch inter the Administrashin, in coarse they must eggspect to be shet up. Is it a time I ax, to pertest agin the Constitooshin bein suspended when the Union itself is hangin by ilids? Away with setch Old Fogey thorts, onwurthy of the Age of Progress! While the fight lasts let us submit magnannymously to the Hyer Law.

Besides as I hev repetedly sed on former ockashins, the Modern Father of his Kentry is of a mild and mutherly nater, and overflowin with the milk of human kindness from his toe-nails to his top-knot. Altho he hes a jiant's power he is the last man on the footstool to use it like a jiant. Ennyboddy who looks back at his perceedings doorin the last two ears will admit that. But like the sellybrated Blunderbore who went to sleep and hed his Seven Legged boots stole by an owdashus dwarf, thars sum reson to fear that he'll be robbed of his perogatives by a Cabnet thats rayther too mutch inklined to ride ruff-shod over the peeple. I don't see for my pairt wot he wants with Constitooshinal Advisers onder the suckemstances. Ef the Constitooshin is suspended why shouldent the Constitooshinal Advisers be suspended too?

Wun thing I ken say to my fellow kentrymen in this momentuous epock of the Nayshin's History. Our cheef shall not suffer for want of paytryotic counsel. Fortnitly I hev not lost his confidens and affeckshin. He bleves in me as mutch as I bleve in him. "D. V.," ses he to me yestday as he was signin bills at the Capital, "will you continny to stand by me onder these new responsabilities?" "Will a duck swim?" I replied—"Will a demagog lie? Will a sutler cheat?"

> "Will a sunflower turn to her god when he sets,
> The same look that she turnt when he rose?"

He was satisfid, and went on signin with a lively air.

The Sennit, in extree sesshin, is grindin out extree Bragadear and Major Ginrals, with extrornary dispatch. I spose, howsever, as it will take em a week or ten days, to put the hull batch throo the mill. Sum of the candydates doosent no gunpowder from union seed, nor a howitstir from a hominy mortar; but I reckin they'll all pull throo. A milentary offsir from New York told me tuther day, that a fresh-made Bragadear had applied to him

for a reliabul sargent to teech him the wurds of cummand and how to dror up his corpse in order of battle. Ef enny boddy douts this fack I ken furnish the name of the eppyletted ignoramus. He hales from a sartain commershil emporyum that you are tolably well ackwainted with.

We hev rummers here of a big fight near Savannah, and sevral uther shindies, but they peer to be got up merely to stuff newshungry citysins, and kant be traced to enny vorashus sorce.

Hopin to hear of onexpected victries, and trustin that Providence will pay no attenshin to the Secesh Fast ordered by that retched Farisee, Jeff Davis, I remain,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCI.

[Sometimes we find it incumbent upon us to differ in some degree from the opinions expressed by our independent and outspoken correspondent; but with his views in relation to the appointment of provost-marshals from the ranks of our disabled heroes, and not from the office-seekers' squad—from the *Bang*-whangers, and not from the *Slang*-whangers, as he beautifully expresses it—we entirely and heartily agree.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINTON, March 12, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Thars ben a lively shower of sholder-stops senst my last, and the clouds hes vanisht from the brows of menny milentary asspirants nominated by the President, as was afeard thar rain would be cut short by the Sennit; but, with the eggsepshin of a small sprinklin, they have all been snaked throo, as I perdicted they would. The enthuzzyasm for the Stars and Stripes is butiful to behold—I mean the stars as denotes Bragadears and Major Ginrals, and the stripes as signifies subordinit offsirs. Ef thar was the same paytryotic competishin for places in the ranks, a millyun of men mought be razed in six weeks without a cornskripshin. As it is ginrally sposed that a fine livin ken be pickt up in the Subsistens Department, the anksity of the citysins nominated for that branch of the comesharit hes ben of the most vilent carrickter; but thar minds is now trankwill, the hull

batch hevin ben confirmt. The paytryotic harts of the candydates for places in the Kwartermaster's Department hes also ben sot at rest in the same way, and the bar rums of the prenceple hottels is raidyant with the smilds of the new appintease.

Ef the guverment wants to make the cornskripshin lor as poplar as setch a stringgent meshur ken be made, let em apint paytryotic sojers as hes ben disabeld in battle, as provost-marshils. Ef they set a passel of misabul pollytickle lowcusses, as would fly from powder and steal like a theef from a perleecemen, to wurk cornskriptin the bone and sinner, thar'll be trubble in the wigwam as shoor as the President's a cannondrummist. I told him so this very mornin. Ses I, "may it please your Eggsellency, ef you want to put the cornskipshin throo, you must take your provost marshils from the *Bang-whangers* of the Army and not from the *Slang-whangers* of party cabawls. With a jester intended to convey the idee that thar was nuthin green in his eye, he remarkt in reply that "retches whoos oney objeck in hevin a hand in the draft was to raze the wind, would be keerfully left out in the cold." He thort, howsever, that it wouldent be a good plan to employ crippeld heroes in the cornskripshin bizness, "Bekase", ses he, "the site of a feller-critter that hes lost an arm or a leg on the battle feeld is not calkilated to put down the too prevailing predjewdice agin balls and bagnets."

His Eggsellency onderstands sum fazes of the human mind remarkabul well; but ef he thinks setch trifuls as that can repress the nayshinal arder, he onderates the grit of the American peeple.

In my opinyun the cornskipts will be more afeard of not getten thar pay reglar and bein compeld to eat hard tack, than of the horsteal foe. I hev advised the President to see that the entire army now in the field is paid in full, afore he issoos his proclamashin for bringin anuther batch up to the bull-ring. "Send the paymasters round to evry brigade", ses I, "and pay evry sojer up to the last dime, and the letters they'll rite hum to thar frends will reckonsile em to the approachin raffel for recrutes. The det of gratitood witch the kentry owes the army, ken never be paid," ses I, "but the munny ken. Ef the greenbacks hes run out," I added, "let the guverment presses be sot to wurk and a stack of em suffishent for the porpus be ground out without delay." My argyment on this pint hed the desired effeck. His Eggsellency drew forth his wallet and took a solem oath onto it that evry bluecoat should hev his greenbacks right away. So if the hull army is paid off within a munt, which I

think it will be, that act of justis will be doo to my intersesshin with my eggsalted frend.

Arter torkin' this meshur inter him, I shode him a peace of hard tack, presented to me by a pickit who hed broke three of his teeth in attempten to crack it, and axed ef that was the kinder provender to make the cornskipshin poplar amung abelbodded men. His Eggsellency took a snap at it, but with all the leverage he could put onto his mastercaterers, he dident perdooce a dent in its surfiz. Wot the geologists calls "puddin stone" would be saft chawin and a cumfurt to the teeth in caparison with that speciment of hard tack, and arter seein it I ken eesily bleeve the airtickle is used by the sojers for playin at coits in prefrence to horseshoos.

"Now," ses I, takin the addermantin fragment from the President's hands and shyin it at the marbel mantle in his sanktum without splenterin it—I mean without splenterin the biskit—"jest replace this granit grub with sumthin that doosent distress the jaws and lasserate the gums, and skrape the throte and tare the linin of the stummick, and you will find it like bred cast upon the waters that is found arter menny days."

"Well," ses he, "as hard tack doosent seem to be the rite tack, Ile go on anuther tack. Stanton shall see to it that the sojers is furnisht with crisp hulsum crackers, ef thars honest bakers to be found in the kentry that'll supply em at a fare price." I hope it will be dun. I no the President doosent wish the abelbodded men of the republick, atwixt the ages of twenty and forty-five, to be redooced to a few snags apeace when the war is conclooded; but I hev no confidens in the war department.

"Punktual Pay" and "No Hard Tack" is now the watchwurds in evry camp, and ef the evils complained of is remedid, I feel sartain that the Army will rite so incurredgingly to thar relashuns and frends to hum, as to prevent all trubble in carryin out the cumming Proclamashin. How plesent it would be to see the Provost Marshils reseved evrywhars with opin arms, and crownt with lorils, and serenaded, and presented with sarvices of plate in evry city and town of the North. Setch a result ken oney be accomplisht by reglar payments and saft biskit. Let us hope the jint eggsperiment will be tried.

Bleven you will goinside with me in the abuv hastily written vews on grub and greenbacks, I remain, as formerly,

Yours allus (in favor of reform),

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCII.

[In the exuberance of his loyalty, our patriotic friend breaks out in poetry, and we commend his rhymes to the thoughtful attention of every true American. As a lyric poet, his style is original, and his verse is as emphatic as his prose.

His access to the most reliable sources of information has enabled him to give a few facts, not heretofore made public, in relation to the seizure of that Flower of Northern Chivalry, the brave and beautiful Brigadier-General Stoughton, which cannot fail to bring tears of sympathy into the eyes of our readers.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, March 19, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The kentry will larn with astonishment that the distingwished Treason-tamer as recently rooled like a Grand Turk in the Cressent City, and eggspected the warm birth of Cornskripter-Ginral, hes ben left out in the cold by an ongratefool Administrashin. In uther words,

> To Butler, of the droopin eye,
> Our fat frend Stanton, he warnt parshil,
> And as he's dished, and Kernil Fry
> Will rool the roast as Provost-Marshil.

Fry is a good man, howsever, and will endeavor to eggsersize his stewpendus progatives in such a way as not to embrile the milentary with the civil orthorities. I dont bleve Ginral Butler is mutch disappinted. They do say he kinder hankers arter the Presidenshil Cheer, and ef so he must be awar that in consekens of the depravity of human nater, compellin the masses to go a sojerin agen thar will is not the shoorest way to enlist thar affeckshins. The Deestrick Marshils is to be appinted immediently, and the first great milentary raffel—witch will probly be for hafe a millyun or six hunderd thousand of the abel-bodded—will cum off, it is thort, about the last of April. Atwixt this and then I calkilate as the popalashin of Canady will increese in a most onrighteus raysho. In coarse sentinels will be stashind on the frontear, to stop the tide of emigrashin, but the Saint Lorrence is a long river, and American enterprize is proverbyal. Menny would raythor paddle acrost that broad and rapid streem on a stick of timber, than attemp the passidge of

the smooth and narrer Rapperhammock with all the fasilities of transportashin afforded by a wise and saygashus guverment. I hope you will do your best to discurridge this idee of crossin the frontear, and that even the skariest will sun git over it. Let the American people imitate the valor of their annsisters in this momentuous crysis. The tremenjus shindy drors to a close. Gold is at six hundred per cent premum in Richmound, while we hev enny kwantity of the preshus mettle witch lends strenth to the sinners of war. The rebels is alreddy like reeds shaken by the wind, and with the new draft we ken blow em to thunder. O! that I was a poick. Then would I strike the lyre with a vigger that should rouse all troo men. Even as it is, onfamilyar as I am with the Mewses, I must run my tumultyus felines inter a standsir:

Paytryits! when summent from your houses,
Go gladly to the rendezvouses,
And ef you dror a fightin ticket
Go in agen Secesh and lick it.
Too long in doubt weve sithed and sorrerd,
But now we'll put our best foot forrard.
The Gridiron flag on Freedom's sile
Shell stop this everlastin brile.
Our kentry is a blessed stake,
And we'll resk pepper for its sake.
Eggscuse my rimes—ef false I tune em,
And here's God bless Old E. P. Unum.

The capter of wun of our bully Bragadears and his staff at Fairfacts tuther day, created considabul sensashin here. The gravest vetrans smiled, and not a few was mooved to tears by thar oncontrolabul larfter. The Father of his Kentry got off a good thing on the occashin; for setch is his happy temperament that he ken turn enny calamity inter a joak. (Not as this was a calamity, tho; far from it.) His eggsellency, on heering of the raid, remarkt that carryin off our Stoughton was a pruff that the rebels intended to carry on the war to the bitter eend. I notis the papers state that the rebels gin the Bragadear time to dress. This is a cunard invented by the modest tellagrafter, who was ashamed to tell the naked truth. The night was wunderful cold for setch a nary costoom, but he was acktilly placed onto a hard trottin hog-backt cornfederit mule, with nuthin atwixt his delicut cuetickle and the vertebray of the animil. Naterally he was greatly chafed at this kinder treatment, but remonsterance was in vain. And this warnt his oney mortificashin; for arter they hed sot him astride, Miss Ford, the fair

Delily as betrayed him, cum up in full dress, hangin on the arm of a Secesh captin, and axed him how he fansid the South Caroliny uniform, and wether he would like to compleat it by puttin on a par of spurs! They rode him twenty-five milds strait ahed without enny intermishin for refreshments, and arter that splendid act of horsemanship on a bare-backed steed, his condishin may be more eesily imadjined than deskribed. I gess that midnight ride onder setch melancolly awespices will be a sore spot for him all the rest of his life; for he's sartain never to hear the last of it. In coarse it is nuts to the she rebel, who hes ben made a kernil in consekens. Seward, who isent alltogether as dull a purson as you would spose from some of his dispatches, allows that Stoughtons capter was the greatest Misstake of the war.

We hev a new batch of rummers evry day from all pints of the cumpass, and as they air all prented, you pays your munney and you takes your chice. Upon the hull, howsever, the American Egul peers to be lookin up. It is ginally bleved that Vicksburg is on the pint of bein evacyated, end I hev no doubt we shall soon hev noose that Ferrygut hes opend a passidge below. The nex thing on the keards is the fall of Charlestun, and then wont we all sing Tedium?

Awaitin impayshently the airliest intelligens of the abuvmenshint events, I remain, proudly,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCIII.

[Accustomed though we are to the eccentricities of our odd correspondent, the following letter strikes us as odd even for him. The demon of sarcasm, if there be such a member of the Luciferian family, must certainly have had full possession of him when he wrote it. Nobody will deny, however, that it is excessively funny.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, March 26, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The President looks ankshus. When I called on him this mornin I found him lost in thort and fancid I obsarved a new

rinkel. As I enterd the sanktum he inklined his head with his ushil swervety, but his mind was evidently utherwhars.

"How air you Hilton Hed," ses he; "do you think it will be the wisest coarse for you and Bufort to sail on the First of April?"

"Your eggsellency's intelleck is raythor at sea," I remarkt, "but I perceeve how the land lays; your paytryotic slissitood about Charlestun hes upset your organ of lowcality."

"Blame these Hemlocks," he continned, makin moshins with his hands as ef he was pullin down and choppin off the lims of trees, "we've got to a purty pass here in the Yazoo, and ef the Sunflower Branch is as snaggy as the Yaller Bushy, Porter'll rip no lorils in that kwarter, I'm afeard. He thinks he ken redooce the Bluff, but it isent on the keards, onless Quimby goes like thunder and lightning throo the Cold Water."

"Father of your kentry," ses I, pinchin his arm respeckfully, "you labor onder a lucynashin; mutch wurryin about the war hes made you flighty."

But he took no notis, so puttin my mouth closte to his ear I shouted "Villaindigham!" He started as ef he'd ben bit by a copperhed, and turnt to ring the bell for help, but seein who it was, he grasped my hand insted of the bell pull, and as ef thar was celecktrissity in the tutch, immediently becum hisself agen.

"D. V.," ses he confidenshally, "I've ben studdyin maps and plans of the varyus seats of war ontil my crannyum feels like a teerestral globe rong side out, and it peers to me as ef all the seeports and ismusses, and peninslurs, and crooked rivers, and cetery, hed got loose and was dancin quaydrills in the intellectooal region. I am sufferin from an attack of milentary jografy on the brain.

"It doosent do, my illustrus frend," I replide, "to pore over setch matters too closely; I cum purty nigh becummin a loonatick myself, with tryin to onderstand the Herald's diegrams of Admaril Porter's operashins. I hed to call in a fizzishin, and he pernounst the disorder to be a rush of Mussysippi to the cerebedlam. He sed ef I didn't stop takin the paper I would purty sun have Yazoo on the oxiput, and mought never live to see Vicksburg demolisht."

"Ah!" rejined the Peeple's Chice, "the strongest mind may be overtaskt. I no by paneful eggsperience, as well as A. Pope, that

"Great wit to madness nearly is a lied."

In the words of the poick Rodgers," he continned,

"Lost in the muzzy chambers of the brain,
The thorts lie husht like sleepers on a train.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,
To buzz around like bumble-bees and flies."

"From wot pome is that butiful standsir kwoted," I axed.

"From the 'Pleshurs of Memry,'" anserd his Eggsellency. "And let me tell you, D. V.," he added, with a self-contented smild, "thar's no Pleshurs on airth like the Pleshurs of Memry, when a man can look back on his past life without bein conshus of ever hevin committed a blunder."

Our conversashin then turnt upon perlite literatoor ginally, and arter enjoyin "a feast of resin and a flow of sole" for about hafe an hour, I left the White House with the convickshin that what President Lincoln dident no, warnt wuth knowin to the past or to futur sentries.

On my way from the Presidenshil Manshin to the Nayshinal, I met the paytryotic William H. of the State Department, and told him wot our beloved Cheef Madgistrit hed sed about "jografy on the brain", upon witch the Seckatry remarkt that it was not strange Mr. Lincoln was bothered with maps runnin in his head, when he'd the burden of Atlas restin on his sholders. I dident see it at first; but W. H was kind enuff to eggsplain that a feller of the name of Atlas, who acted as a kinder ticket porter to Jewpeter, was sposed by the Ainshents to tote the wurld around on his back. As sun as I got the joak throo my har I larfed perlitely, and the Seckatry went off more perfeckly satisfied with hisself than the nashin at large is with his offishal dispatches.

The Constitooshinal Advisers, with the eggsepshin of the abuv, and Mr. Chase, who is jestly elated with his resent Wall street victries, looks haggard and perplext. The figger-hed of the Seckatry of the Navy doosent ware that trim and ship-shape aperience that his frends would wish to see. His mane-top is not all-a-taunto as it used to be, and his chin-halliards hangs as loose and limpy as a peace of sail that hes ben blowed outer the bolt-ropes and got cort in the riggin onder the lubber's hole. His deshrivelled aspeck is doo pairtly, I persoom, to the late axidents on the Suthern coast, and pairtly to the failer of his skeems for ketchin the letters of mark witch at present infests the mail rout to Californy. When Charlestun is ourn, and the Alabammer, Florida, and Retribushin blown to thunder, I dessay he'll brush up and be as good as new. He's a wurthy man, but raythor too drowsy ef ennything for navel porpuses in stormy times. Its a

pity he doosent retire, and return to Hartford to enjoy his *ocean cum digitalis*. The Seckatry of War is wun of the most curus speckticklers you ever seen. His countenance seems as ef it wanted to be jolly, but warn't kwite sartin wether the time had arrived for the larf to cum in. He hes the aspeck of a man lookin throo a glass darkly at futur events, with a mind distracted atwixt his hopes and his fears.

I hope, howsever, that within the next fortnight we shell hev noose that'll make both the Cabnet and the Peeple jump for joy, and bring back the old familyar twinkel inter the ankshus eyes of my nobul frend Abraham Lincoln.

Wishin as evry Nuthern man had as lyal a hart as him and me, I remain, with a cuss for all Copperheds,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER

No. XCIV.

[The following letter is somewhat discursive and miscellaneous, but it will bear twice reading—once for its sarcasm, and again for the fervent patriotism that underlies its cynicism. There is more matter in it than will be perceived at the first hasty perusal.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, April 2, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The doste of bad noose we hev hed doorin the past week hes operated onfavorable here. The Seckatry oi War is on the ankhus seat, and the evacyashin of Vicksbug would be a great releef to him. Ef Porter hed ben abel to git throo the narrer gut that seperates Lake Sunflower from the Yazoo, it would hev ben more encurredgin; but it seems the obstruckshins is too formadouble for him to push throo. This, in coarse, is a bitter pill, and it is purty hard to stummick it, but ef by the blessin of Hevin our troops ken go in transports throo the Providence Canawl inter the enemee's rare, they must sun be redooced to thar last shifts. Water is also flowin freely throo the canawl in frunt it seems, and ef wunst we begin to let it fly at em both from the frunt and rare, I should spose they would speedily be overwelmed. By consultin the latest diegrams it will be seen

that they air in a tight fix—cort, as it ware, atwixt Silly and Charibadibs—and I raaly dont see enny caws for the melancolly aspeck witch the Cabnet hes worn for sum days past. But Public Funkshinaries is eesily deprest.

No dout we shell hev stirrin intelligents from the Suthern Coste afore long; tho sum of the spooneys in the Navy Department peers to be afeard that Dupont's iror plates will be smasht by the Charlestun batterees. By the way, it isent by no means sartain as Charlestun is to be the pint of a tack. Menny think as our iron screws will first hammer down Savanner. But noboddy actilly nose whar the bolt will fall. Anuther week at furthest will tell the story. In the meentime, let us put our trust in the Lord, ef not in Giddyun.

In Kaintucky things look promisin. Peagrim hes ben shelled outer his persishin. The turn-up took place near Summerset, whar our brave Ginral Gilmore gin him a lofty fall. Onless the telagram lies—witch it sumtimes doos like thunder and lightnin Peagrim's raid inter Old Kaintuck is nockt eendways by the Union forces a raid agin him.

On tuther hand, howsever, Ginral Bragstun Brag reports to Richmound that Ginral Forrest hes made a dash at Brentwood in West Tenassee, and bagged eight hunderd of our men and thirty-five offsirs. Brag is remarkabul for mendashus statements, so mebbe the reported capter is a misstake. Ef troo, I persoom the detachtment was supprised in thar night-gownds, takin a refreshin snooze with thar heads pillerd on thar nap sacks. Setch oneggspected and ongenerus visits from the enemee frekwently occurs in our camps, and sarves to sho that they hev no respeck for the rools and regalashins of civileysed warfare. To attack our milentary boddies when asleep, is a knockturnal outrage on the manors and custums of an enlightend age.

A startlin report from Yorktown hes jest flasht over the wires. It is stated that the seecesh is pitchin inter us at Williamsburg like a thousand of bricks, or raythor like twenty thousand bricks, for that is sed to be thar numbers. Ginral Keys, who cummands our forces at Yorktown, was at Fortress Monro when the ball opent, and it is sed he tore his locks when he heerd the noose and vamosed immediently in a steamboat for the seen of the shindy. I sor him on Pennsylvany avenoo oney day before yestday, and Washington not bein more'n a hunderd milds from his head-kwarters, it was kinder nateral, you no, for him to be here when the enemee was moovin to a tack his persishin, Warnt Wellington at Brussils when the fightin began in the ney-

brood of Waterloo, and dont our ginrals all take pattern arter the Iron Dook. Ef you should happen to here afore Sunday that Williamsburg hes ben tuck, be sure to menshin that Ginral Keys was at his post in time to pardizzypate in the defeet.

The reports about the enemiee retreatin from the Rapperhammock is all bolderdash. Ginral Hooker nose better, and jest as sun as the sile on the banks will support his legins, he will order the bugles to sound and go in like a trump. Hooker is all grit and grissel from his corns to his coconut. Sum thinks he's not up to the fancy dodges of a brilyant retreat, and I think its likely, for he's not of a retirin dispersishin. Ef the Gardin of Edin was behint him and the infernal Haidees in frunt, he'd pitch right inter the latter as joyfully as ef he was rushin inter the arms of his wife. Thars nuthin of the crab about Fightin Joe; his legs is oney maid to go wun way; he kant advance backards. His army is in reglar pugilistick condishin, and it will be a bluddy day for Secesh when he throes his cockt hat inter the battle ring.

The pollytishins here is considabully eggsersized about the cummin eleckshin in Conneticut. Major-Ginral and Mrs. Thumb, who hev recently ben dooin the State onder the orspeaces of Mr. Barnum, hev sent on wurd that its all right; but Seckatry Welles is dubyus. Howsever, he doosent no the State as well as the State nose him, so he may be rong. For my own pairt, Ime willin to bet high—say Guvner Seemore's Chepultepeck Swoord of honor to a wooden nutmeg—that the Copperheds will git skunkt. I oney wisht the Conneticut regements at the Seat of War hed a chanst to vote. Wouldn't they aim thar ballots whar they allus aim thar bullets, right at the face and eyes of treason! Wal, I reckin they would! Its too bad, while the brave fellers is smashin Seceshinists in the feeld, that the *Conceshinists* should be helpin Jeff Davis to hum; but I kant bleve but wot the sneakin cusses will meet with cold cumfort when the issoo cums to be tried at the poles.

His Amabul and Upright Eggsellency the President, the cherful and happy, hes not utterd a cannondrum for sum time, and intends, I onderstand, to abstain from his ushil endulgences in that line ontil arter the day sot apart for humilashin and prare. Altho a Fast man, he hes a wunderful idee of properiety. Hopin that fastin will enabul us to take Vicksburg—and mebbe it will, as we air told Hunger will make its way throo stun walls—I remane, with pius felines,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCV.

[The result of the Connecticut election, so boldly predicted by our correspondent, when a Republican defeat was universally expected here, appears by his letters to have had a cheering effect upon his spirits. His description of the feminine rumpus in Richmond, although it differs in some respects from the accounts in the Richmond papers, is, no doubt, the correct version, as his sources of information are always reliable, and he never exaggerates. A careful perusal of his brief remarks on the report of the War Committee will enable the reader to guess at his opinion of General McClellan, though he writes very guardedly.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, April 9, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The Copperhed collaps in Conneticut hes cut the combs of concesshinist cusses in the Capital considabully, and ef Hunter and Dupont suckseeds in the hard brush cummin off on the Suthern coste, it will leve nuther har nor hide of the Cumprommis party in these diggins.

I notis as the old rats of the New York World is allreddy puttin off from the sinkin Secesh raft, "wun eend of witch," as the eddytur *navely* obsarves, "is onder water in Conneticut." As WOOD was on that eend of the timber, together with all his fuglemen and the Eggspress agent of the consarn, I spose they may be considerd as heving all gon to Davis Locker. Honabul Thomas Henry Seemore the blind pilot of the onfortnit castaways, is sartainly "down among the ded men." Findin it was no use to struggle agen destiny, he threw up his hands, and sirrenderd hisself to his fate, eggsclaiming as he went onder, "So much for BUCKINGHAM!"

Ef ennything was wantin to give the deth blo to the "Nuthern men with Suthern principals", the mistake they made in holdin entervews with Lions, the British Plenipenitentiary, would do the job. Lions ses they told him thar mane hope was in British mediashin; in uther wurds, they wanted Victory to interfear to save thar Suthern frends from defeat. You oughter prent the letter of the British Envy on the subjeck, in the collumes of the SUNDAY MERKARY, for it prooves beyant all kwestin, that the leeders of the Peace Party in New York is the

meanest sct of bootlicks that ever glued thar dirty tungs to British lether.

Judgin from the resent wimmins riot in Richmound, things is tendin to a crysis in Jeffland. The Amazins, it seems, was hedded by a lady in independent suckemstances, and as might naterally be sirmised, they attacted the millindary establishments and dry goods stores with desput fury. They hysted a banner barring the inskripshin, "Bunnets or Blood", and went inter the fray with horrid hoops and hidyus yells. Arter takin the dry goods establishments by storm, they dressed thar ranks, and assailed the skeart factories, exposin thar pursons in the most fearless manner, and carryin all before em. Crossin Shockoh Crick, they marched agin the modests in the fashinabul pairt of the city, and tho an attemp was made to barricade the streets, the brestworks did not for a moment impede thar progress. Thar crownin feet was to mount all the tallest stiles in French hats, arter witch they consented to listen to a speetch from Jeff Davis, who gin his word of honor to supply em with French rolls and omlets evry mornin for brekfast, at his own expens; arter witch they kwitely disburst. Altho thar skellinton forms bore witness to thar destitooshin, it is an astonishin fack that as sun as the rampage among the silks and ribbins and cetery began, they entirely forgot thar stummicks, and it was not ontil Jeff began to tork to em about provishins that they remembered thar famalies was starvin. Thar wardrubs bein now thurrowly replenisht, it is thort that they will not feel inklined to fly to arms agin afore the Fall Fashins is advertised.

The report of the Committee on the Conduck of the War is mutch disgust in pollytickle sirkles here. Maclellin is denounst, as a Ginral thing. Menny thinks he was a leetle mite overcawshus. He seems to hev hed a great respeck for the milentary rool that a Cummander-in-chief shouldn't resk his life onnessarily. Sum allows that he rayther run the idee inter the ground, and was so ankshus not to hev his plans deranged by any axdent to hisself, that it made him peer ridickalus. Uthers represents that altho brave as a lion, he is of a narvous temperament, and consekently doosent like to go inter the noise and turmoil of an engagement for fear of loosin his hed and bein onabul to give his orders clarly. For my own pairt I regaird him as a fine man in an onfortnit persishin; but as the report of the Committee is a breef dockyment of oney seven thousand pages, in coarse evry man will read it for hisself and form his own opinyun. I raaly wouldn't hev bleved that it could hev

ben cumprest inter nearly the same space as Bancroft's History of the United States, witch it doosent eggseed more'n two or three vollums.

The Guvernment is in hourly eggspectashin of larnin that Charlestun is an ash heap; but I am not kwite so sangwinary. Arter all the time the rebels hes hed for obstructin the channels, to say nuthin of all the forts bein cased with pig iron, they must be poor shoats ef they cant keep us at bay for sum time to cum. Thars no dout, I spose, that our Monitors will giv em a lessin in the cend, but theyve got a tuff rod in pickle for us, and our gunboats will get menny a hard spank afore the shindy's over.

Confidently awaitin the gloryus event, tho onsartain when it will cum off, I remain, serenely,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCVI.

[We commend the views of our cynical correspondent on the "check" at Charleston, and the invulnerability of the Monitors, to the attention of all who "halt between two opinions" on these two mooted questions. The Disbanded is true as steel to the Union cause, but his organ of reverence being imperfectly developed, he does not speak as deferentially as we could wish of persons in authority. As he is not accountable for the shape of his head, we excuse him.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, April 16, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

My predickshin that we wouldent redooce Charlestun to ashes so all-thunderin eesy as sum of our offishal foo-foos sposed, hes ben moanfully foolfilled, and our false profits air considabully taken down by the ackounts from that kwarter. Seckatry Welles looks bewilderd, like a man suddently awoke from a plesent vishin by a cry of fire. It is roomered that his intelleck is givin way, but I don't think thars enny solid foundashin for the report. In reply to those who condole with him on the misfortin, he merely ses he "eggspected the reverse", witch is a fack or a fickshin accordin to the sense in witch you take the anser. The truth is that the Illustrus Minister and Mariner hed

an idee that the Charlestun forts would cave in arter hafe a duzzen rounds or so, and it was oney when he heerd of the sinkin of the Keocuck that he reelized the rebels was reddy for the Tug of War. Ginral Halleck, whenever the subjeck is menshint in his hearin, assooms the attitood of Ajacks defyin the lightnin, and ef tall torkin could conker the Secesh strongholt, nuthin more would be reckwisit than to send that distingwisht speshil pleeder to the Charlestun Bar. It is sed that sumboddy axed him tuther day why them seven thousand men was hurrid off on a fool's errant to Folly Island, and wot they was eggspected to do agin five milds of forts mounted with a thousand cannon and fifty-five thousand rebel bagnets reddy to give it to em hot and heavy at the uther eend of the *cool de sack*. I dont no wot reply the galliant Atturney-Ginral—I call him so bekase he was an Atturney prevus to bein a Ginral—made to this important kwestin, but I onderstand the troops was sent on to see how almity kwick thirty-two guns could smash a line of works stronger'n Sebasterpull, onder a corncentrickle fire from three hundred rifled peaces at a distans of seven hunderd yerds. It was thort the spectickle would be encurridging to the land forces, and inspire em with no eend of ardor and devoshin; but as it turnt out, they went back reflectin serously on the onsartinty of accomplishin onpossabilities.

The modern Father of his Kentry is cam and composed onder the late dispensashin. He says it was "not a repulse—oney a check". Prehaps he means a *check-mate*, for my nobul frend offen conseals sumthin redickalus onder his gravest remarks. Happenin to ketch his egul eye as he stood on the stare-way of the War Department to-day, he beckont me too him, when the follerin dialog ensood:

"Honabul Abe," ses I, "wot do you think of the problem of iron-clad involnerability?"

"Disbanded," he replied, "it is a problem no longer—the rebels hes riddled it."

"But accordin to Ericson," I remarkt, "the new fightin masheens wurkt percisely as intended. He considders em a sucksessful eggsperiment."

"That's nateral," rejined the President, "I dessay the three navigaters of Gotham as went on a crews in a bowl, crackt up their craft as a first rate speciment of navel holler-ware."

"He ses," I continned, "that our attact on Sumter was 'fraught with incalkalable benefit.'"

"Asalting to no porpus, and gettin an orful pepperin in

return, doosent seem to me like gettin the best of the brile," he anserd.

"That's troo," ses I, "and I think you hed better rite to the Gentman from Denmark, and ax him ef he wont dane to eggsplane his meanin. He's a skyentific feller," I added, "no kwestin about that; but he was ekwilly confident about his atmusferic ship, witch howsever proved a thing of air and arter a few puffs from the press sobsided with an asmatic wheeze inter oblivyun."

"I remember it, D. V., I remember it," remarkt the President thortfully, "and that affair oughter have ben a monitor to the nashin, caushinin us not to put too much faith in new projecks from the same kwarter."

"Now you go too fur," I subjested, "the new stile of ironclads is ondoutedly good things in thar way, and ef thar imperfeckshins ken be remooved they will do good sarvice under sartain contingenseas. Wot I objeck to is the assershin of the inventor that 'not a single change of plan is called for.'"

Our saygasheus Cheef Madgistrit agreed with me, as ushil, and the upshot of the matter is that the armor of the new Monitors is to be made thick enuff to stand enny kwantity of hits from the biggest kind of missills, and ef the addishunal weight carries em down at thar moorins, we must let the invenshin slide, and charge the expens to the sinkin fund. Ef we sink the hull thars more whar that cums from, and we know all thunderin well thars ten times as mutch whar it will go to.

We air ankshusly lookin for intellegens from North Caroliny, and I rather imadgin that when it arrives it will be of the ill-starred South Caroliny stripe—in uther words onfavorabul to the Stripes and Stars. Ef the sevin thousand Union troops that was despatched from Hilton Hed to chaw up the fifty-five thousand rebels at Charlestun, had ben sent to Ginral Foster, he mought hev licked his assailants, insted of bein as he is at present, cooped up on a tung of land, and in the jaws of destruckshin. I persoom he will meet with what my illustrus paytrun would call a "check"—on the banks of the Tar.

But notwithstandin the imbesillyty that prevails at head kwarters, the good caws is bound to cum out right in the eend.

With strong faith in the kentry, but not a mite in the Administrashin, I remain,

With a stiff backbone,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCVII.

[The Veteran flaps his wings and crows over the late successes of our arms, like a patriot as he is, but there is a spice of satire in his composition that must have vent somehow, and it leaks out toward the close of his epistle. And yet there is no more real bitterness in him than there is in a Newtown pippin.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, April 23, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary :

Things looks a leetle brighter for our blessed old Unkel E. P. Unum, this week, dont they? Ginral Foster got outer his skrape better'n thar was enny resin to andissipate, and the public mind here, arter bein wurked up to a tearable pitch, hes at lenth been sot at rest by the result of the late hevvy brush on the Tar.

The intelligens from the Blackwater, that Peck hed carrid his pint was also receved with onmeshered satisfackshin at Head Kwarters. Peck is a wurthy sun of the Empire State and like her'n his motto is Excel Sir. A better sojer never drawd a swoord, and Old Onadagger hes a right to brag on him. I hope the way he salted Longstreet's advance will be apresheated in Syracuse. The fact is when Longstreet crost the Blackwater, and D. H. Hill started from tuther side of the Dismal Swomp to meet him, they thort they hed Suffolk shoor. The two together hed sixty thousand of the very flour of the Cornfedrit troops, enuff to suffokate Peck's small corpse by thar mere weight, ef they could hev throwd tharselves onto both his flanks at wunst. But he gin Longstreet his grewill mity kwick, and Hill bein onabul onder the suckemstances to advance to his sucker, our victry was complete. About the same time too the secesh was gettin a lammin from Ginral Getty and Levetenant Lamson, who stormed thar Nancy Mond brestworks with great ardor and entire suckcess.

Right on the heals of this good noose cum wurd that Admaril Porter hed run the Vicksburg batterees with six iron-clads and some troops in transports, and astonisht the Butternuts in the woods around Warrenton with a shower of ten-inch shells.

Simultanus with the abuv arrove a short electree-magnetic epistol from the Corinthians, announcing that Ginral Dodge hed ben lettin daylight inter the rebel gentiles near Corinth, and that they hed fled from the rath to cum.

Even that warnt all, for we heerd the same day from New

Orleans per George Washington, that Ginral Emory hed gin the enemy a severe rub in frunt, and that Ginral Weasel hed made a strong demonstrashin on thar rare afore they got scent of his moovements. The probility is they hev ben skunkt. A black detachment likewise peers to hev ben dooin good sarvice in that kwarter. Four hunderd and fifty secesh, consistin of horse foot and dragons, it seems attacted wun hunderd and eighty nigs, eggspectin to chaw em up right away. But the Shiverally as went out for wool cum back shorn, with a loss of twenty killed, menny wounded and three snaked off as prisners, and leavin thar cullers in the hands of the cullerd pursons.

All this is encurridgin and I feel in fussrate sperrits, and so doos my steamed frend His Eggsellency the President of the United States. Indeed I never seen that great Pollytickle and Milentary Loominary more full of enthusiastick fire, and ef he hedn't gin vent to his felines by admittin Western Virginny into the Union sixty days arter date, I dunno but his senses mought hev ben endangered by a suddent rush of victry to the head. Good tidins from the seat of war is so onfrekwent, that when our troops make a successful dash, the inseargeants ken skarsly be more taken by supprise than we air.

The sakrid sile, I am happy to say, will soon hev suffishent consistency to allow us to operate with artillery. An a decamp from the Rapperhammock informs me that most of the cannon as sunk inter the moreasses when Burnside boggled in his last attemp, hes ben dug out, and that the river kentry, with the eggsepshin of the fishers opened in the road by heat of the sun, will be in putty good condishun for a march by the last of April. The Army of the Potomac hevin jest ben paid off, is in a happy frame of mind, and the men, though a good deal engaged in brag, air ankshus to face the bullets of the enemy. Thar'll be an everlastin big funeral or a mity rapid foot race in them diggins putty resently. The rebel ginrals eggspect a shindy thar immediently, and Fightin Jo is not the man to disappint thar resinable tho tresinable longins. Ef he doosent warm the wax in thar ears afore the first of May, I think it will be the folt of the struttygists at Washington.

My heroick paytrun, the nashin's cheef, was delited, doorin his late visit to Ginral Hooker, with the sojerly aperience of the sojers. He witnessed the artillery's shell practis with much satisfackshin, remarkin, in his farseeshus way, that it was ekquil to Oysterlitz. I bleve he intermated a wish at wun time, to take command in purson, and seezin a flag, waved it tords the enemy:

but on its bein subjested by sumboddy that "Deth loves a shinin mark", he waved the subjeck. It would be a gloryus sight to see the galliant cheef chargin at the head of the Highland Regiment, in the same Scotch uniform he wore doorin his sellybrated forced march from Philadelphy to Washington. The story about his hevin his rains seezed by insubordinit sojers, who demanded his munny or his life, is altogether untroo. They simply stopt his carridge, and respeckfully axed him ef he would like to hear em sing, "How air you, Greenbacks?"—a beautiful solow, witch, as yon air awar, was sung with great applause by Bryant of the Evenin Post, at the Minstrel Hall in Broadway, jest arter his troupe got thar fat Guverment offices.

In referrin to the Presidenshil visit to the Rapperhammock, I oughter menshin that Mrs. Lincoln, like her honnerd husband, was much pleased with the milentary aperience of the milentary. This important fack hes never ben allooded to by the Washington correspondents of your leaden daylies, but I am satisfide it is awethentick.

Hevin nuthin further of intrest to commoonicate, I send you my blessin, in which the President and the heads of the War and Navy Departments condesendinly concurs, and remain as ushil, Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCVIII.

[The old warrior's letter for this week is a queer, desultory, rigmarolish sort of affair. He makes no comment on current events, and his communication is not at all in the vein in which he usually writes. Well, so much the better. It is not desirable that correspondents, like violinists, should achieve a reputation for fiddling persistently on a single string.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, May 1, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Judgin from the way the slashes around Washington is dryin up, the varus army corpses will sun be able to moove without dannger of bein berrid alive in mud. Spring is a breef and summary seesin in these diggins, and altho this is oney the first of May, it is warm enuff to take wuns *dejuner* in the open air.

Yestday I mounted my charger—a butiful dun brown animal persented to me by Ginral Maclellin arter his sevin days retreat from the White House to Harrassin Landin—and tuck a ride inter Prence Georges County, as far as Slygo Crick, a seekwestard streem as runs a little to the eastard of the Deestrick line. On arrivin at Carols Mill I found the birds singin gaily in the old feelds, and evrything lookin peaceful and plesent. Ah! thort I, as I notist a gang of feeld hands standin eatin thar lunch in the corner of a corn patch, how diffrent is this fete shampeter from the fete saltpeter that is goin on on tuther side of the Potomac. Here, I solilykwised, the blacks is plantin corn—thar the whites is plantin cannon—here the slaves is kwietly tendin to thar craps—thar, freemen, in the wurds of the poick, "like rippers descend to the harvest of Deth; here, the coo of the turkle is heerd in the land—thar, evrything is preparin for a *coo de main;* here, the grass blades is greenly springin—thar, the swoord blades is redly wavin; here, hunderds of fetherd songsters pores forth grateful mewsick—thar, the ear is deefend by the thunderin Parrots; here, man's labor hes a blessed aim—thar, his pershoots is of a holey opposit nater. The corntrast was too affectin to be dwelt on, so wipin away a tear with my hankercher, and at the same time givin my hoss a wipe with the cowskin, I dasht inter the woods at a slappin pace. Hevin resided in Prence Georges for a wile, about thirty years ago, I new the names of a good menny of the old settlers, incloodin the Martens, wun of hoom hes jest ben caged for indulgin in a bit of a crow over Charlestun. I called on sum of the small planters fammalies, and found em raythor poorer'n I left em a score and a hafe years ago; for the sile of the kentry is the ongratefoolest and meenest kinder sand that mullins and broomsedge ever growd on, and the longer a man lives onto it, the more lieabul he is to die of starvashin. The arabul land is so ongodly barren it isent wuth a cuss, and the pastors is all garlick. The inhabitans is a herrin-gutted, slab-sided race, as subsists alltogether on salt shad, salt pork, beans and homany, and Merryland terbacker. In coarse, I dont refer to the big planters, like the Calverts, and Cramplins, and setch, who hev hunderds of niggers of evry shade and culler and stile of feter, and emung the rest, quoderoons as favers thar owners as mutch as wun musheroon favers enuther. Them fellers live like fightin cox, and looks down upon the wun-hoss farmers as skratches tor a livin in the barren sand with as mutch contemp as a pecock would onto a tumble-bug. Most all the popalashin, howsever,

rich and poor, is of the Rebel perswashin, and would be delited to see Washington in flams, and to ride my lustrus frend Abe on a rail by the light of em. But Ime kinder wanderin off into ginralties. To return. As I was perseedin throo the woods I cum acrost a remarkabul yaller-lookin white man sittin on the stump of a tree he hed jest cut down, and amusin hisself with spittin at a mark he hed blazed onto an old chesnut oak about ten feet off.

"Wot mought you pay for that cretur of yourn?" ses he, as I rode up.

"I dident buy him, my yaller flower of the forrest," ses I.

"You look to me considabul like a Nuthern Mudsill," he remarkt, throo his nose, at the same time takin a lickwid shot at his terbacker-juice target.

"You call yourself a Buckskin, I spose," I replide.

"Umn-umn," he responded, spittin and noddin at the same moment.

"Doos that mean yes, in Buckskin dialeck?" I inkwired.

"Umn-umn!" he rejined.

"Wal," ses I, "youre kwite right to call yourself a Buckskin, for your peltry peers to be purty near the culler of my old Californy huntin shirt, eggsept whar its warigated with the juce of the weed."

"Umn-umn!" he ejacklated, fiercely, eggspectoratin like a hose pipe.

"Have you heerd that we've givin the infarnal Secesh fits at all pints?" I shouted.

"Umn-umn?" ses he, inderogativly.

"Darn your 'Umn-umn!'" ses I. "Why dont you utter articklit sounds, insted of makin a noise like a bumble-bee with a bad catar?"

"Umn-umn!" ses he agin, throwin away his kwid and spittin at it on the wing.

And that was all I could git outer the interestin young Prence Georgian. I warnt surprised, becase I new by eggsperiens the natur of the Prence George variety of the human speeches. "Umn-umn" is the leadin frays of thar langwidge. It hes twenty-five diffrent meanins, accordin to the way it is pernounst, and the oney wunder to me is that they dont destroy the mewcuss membrains of thar noses, with playin the variashins on it from mornin till night. Thar edicashin, upon the hull, is not pollisht. Sum ken read, sum ken rite, and sum ken doo nuther; but as a ginral thing oney the aristockracy ken doo

both. They considder publick skools a poplar error, and that the wisdom got outer books is all a follysee. The males take to chawin immediently arter they hev dun teething, and parsevere in the practis arter all thar teeth is gon. In thar fudes and kwarls they make it a rool never to let a man up ef they ken help it, and air so fond of gouging that they will amuse tharselves all day long with skoopin out the eyes of potaters, ef they kant find ennything else to oprate upon. Sum of em, arter takin out the opticks of an enemee, hev a plesent way of fillin the orifizzes up with sand, or, ef convenient, with old sojers. I wunst seen this feet performt on Washington Race Coarse.

Takin it alltogether, I must say that my eggscurshin inter Prence George's County diddent giv me a faverabul impresshin of the trooth and lyalty of the peeple of that regin.

In fack, ef ennyboddy in the North sposes that enny argyment short of hard nocks and short commons will indooce our waywurd bruthers in the South to frayternize with us, he must be a purson whoom it would be a foolsom complement to call a foo-foo.

Hopin that we may sun suckseed in convincin em of thar misstake by setch mild perswashins, I remane,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. XCIX.

[Although the later news from Washington which we publish to-day solves the bloody problem which seemed to be but half-worked out at the date of our veteran correspondent's letter, his dry humor and trenchant sarcasm will be none the less relished on that account.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, May 7, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

As you will hear no more of the tearabul serees of runcounters on the Rapperhammock, afore this reaches you then ennyboddy here doos now, I shall not attemp in the ushil stile of newspaper curryspondents to make matters clar to the public witch I hev no means of seein throo myself. Insted of graffic deskripshins, I refer you to the tellagraffic statements. At best I could oney giv you the heads of the noose, and by Saturday you will hev details.

All day yestday I was sirkilatin among a number of wownded cumpany offsirs and rebel prisners, sent in from our lines, and endevorin from thar conflicktin ackounts to form sum idee of the conflick. But it was onpossabul. Our own fellers unannymusly disagreed in thar stories and the rebels dident agree with enny of em. The fact is that suppleturn offsirs nose very littel of the ginral moovements of a fight. They air too apt to dror thar inferences from wot occurs within thar own feeld of obsevashin, and the premises bein narrer the conclushins is naterally wide of the mark. Consekently wile a wownded captin belongin to the force witch hed ockapied the ridges at Fredericksburg was sartain that we hed nockt Ginral Lee inter a cockt hat, a leftenant from the right wing was of a pinion that Ginral Hooker hed ben kickt higher'n a kite. Howsever as the leftenant was a shiftless Dutchman from Ginral Shirtz divishin, and hed a bullet hole in the sole of his foot, I let him run on without payin much attenshin to his gabble—merely remarkin that as he appeered to hev ben in a bad persishin for seein wot was goin on in frunt, I should prefer waitin for Ginral Slowcum's report. He warnt awar I spose that I hed alreddy heerd of the grand stampede of the Dutch under Shirtz, a feet as will proove to all cummin ages that altho clumsy to look at, thar is wunderful fleetness in the German Race. A wownded offsir of Best's Artillery, who arrove here this mornin, ses he never seen the crack runners of the *Turn Veerin* make setch time as all hans did arter Stunwall's Jackson's gang gin thar battel yell and made thar rush. "Ive heern tell," ses he (larfin in spite of his wownd), "of the Flyin Dutchman of the Sea, but seven thousand flyin Dutchmen on the land, with a volley of musketry plumpen inter thar starns, is a mutch sublimer specktickle." By all ackounts, ef they hedn't ben brort up all standin by the bagnets of Sykeses Reglars, they would hev kept on to the day of thar deth, like thar sellybrated kentryman with the clockwurk leg.

As to the rebel prisners, thar ginral asspeck is skallywaggish, and sum of em smells like old cannon swobs, in consekens of hevin ben primed with a mens kwantities of rum and gunpowder prevus to goin inter ackshin. In coarse the reackshin is tremenjus, now the effecks of the steamin is goin off, and not a few of em is in a condishin borderin on wot the doctors call *many a pot you*. Thar wardrubs air mostly light and well adopted to porpuses of ventilashin; and judgin from thar thredbar apperience, you would say setch men must sum be worsted. But thar frames air well knit and wiry, and they hev a rattle-

snaky eggspreshin about the eyes that is by no means engagin. As to fitin, most of em is born with a nateral taste for it, wile with us Nutherners it is ackwired. Howsever, kwite a number of those I hev converst with complains of the shortness of grub in the rebel ranks, and seems ankshus for a speedy piece. "At first," ses wun of em to me, yestday, "I thort it was a jam up thing to be a sojer; but toting a muskit on an emty stummick is alarmin hard work, Ile be gaul darned ef it isent!" Anuther told me he hed "dford no pay for leven munths, and ben down with the billus remittance besides, and he wisht he mought go ded if he dident think it was bout time for both sides to stop butting and gouging, and rest on thar lorils." Several that I torked to declard they hed no desire to be "traded off for Yankees," but would rayther stay here and take the oath of a legions than be sent back to the Secesh army.

The Secesh simperthisers here is in an agerny about Ginral Lee's extree-hazardus persishin, and the presents of two thousand five hunderd captivated rebels in the city, with four or five thousand more to foller, sours the milk of human kindness in thar coco nuts considabul. But they think it best to cork up the vials of thar rath, and let consealment like a wurm in the bud pray on thar dammask cheeks, for fear they should sheer the fait of Villaindigham, who, in consekens of shoin his hand in Ohio, hes put his foot in it.

The noose in town to-day is that the Monitors is preparin wunst more to enter the narrer channil ef the Edisto and giv the Charlestun forts anuther broadside. I gess taint so. Giddyun Wells is a man that may as a ginral thing be depended on for doin jest *what* he oughtent, *when* he oughtent, *in the way it oughtent to be dun*, but Ime not prepard to bleve that his embesillyty will carry him far enuff to poke his finger a seckind time inter the fire afore the blisters of the first skorchin hes fairly heeld. But wot a pity it is we should hev setch a Giddy Goose at the head of a Department whar the cunnin and forecast of the Fox should be the guvernin principal.

My indummytable frend, the President, presarves his ushil trankwil asspeck. He seems to reelize the responsabilities that attach to the Eggseggative cheer, and rises with the ockashin. As it is now mail-time I must foller his illustrus eggsample, as sun as I hev subskribed myself,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. C.

[The readers of the SUNDAY MERCURY will, we think, agree with its editors in pronouncing the following letter, from the veteran friend of both, one of his happiest efforts. It is brimful of capital hits. Peruse it carefully.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, May 14, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Bad warnt it? Jest as we was beginnin to holler Victry, and hed got to the eend of the first sellabul, to hev to change the wurd inter *victimized!* The rout to the Capital of the Slave States peers to be rayther harder to travil than the road to the sorces of the Niger, witch I remember readin about when a youngstir, in Mungo Park. Hooker's dash, howsever, is sartainly an improovement on the Burnside smash, tho the result of the fray is percisely the same, and was announst by eye-witnesses in the same frayseology, namely "Our Army hes recrost the river in saifty." It is satisfactory to no that our survivin collumes hes returnt saift. The return of killed and wownded is onavoidably postponed, for the present, in consekens of thar bein left on the right bank of the Rapperhammock, reposin on the bed of glory. That collume, when it cums to be footed up, will be a hevvy wun Ime afeard.

The most cumfurtin fetor of the bluddy affair is the large number of rebels slain. Bein more'n hafe slewed with rum and gunpowder, they rusht blindly on thar doom and was tumbled over in heeps by our staggerin showers of grape. The sum totil as bit the dust is onknown, as it warnt conveenyent to stay long enuff on the ground to count em up; but when our army goes back to finish up the job, that dooty will be performt, and the fishal ackount publisht. As to prisners we hev stacks of em, and capterd rebel flags is so plenty in the market that they may be called a drug rayther than a standard airtickle.

The reports from the Theayter of War clash so orfully, that it is difficult for enny wun not behind the seens to assertain the origin of our discomforter. Sum ses it was the wether. Uther sum allows we sheuld hev hed to back down wether or no. Distingwisht milentary men thinks the enemee outflankt us; sum thinks they outspankt us. Who nose? Wun thing is shoor. The story of thar flite from the line of the Rapperhammock, was a flite of fancy. In coarse you hev red Fitin Joes flamming

address, congratalatin our army on its defeet. Ginral Lees manyfester claimin a complete sucksess is in a simildar vain. As far as Bunkum is consarned it is about a tie atwixt em, but our Ginral is on the rong side of the river, witch is a serus drawback.

Onder the suckemstances, it's wunderful consolin to refleck that Stunman inflickted a stunner on the rebs by cuttin thar railroads when they hed no more sojers in Richmound to send over em. Also we oughter to be thankful to no that ef Hooker hed larnt that important fack in time, he would hev "delivered battle" with his hull army, in place of deliverin the army itself, with immedient despatch, on the North bank of the Rapperhammock. It is likewise a proud thort that the sight of our troopers throo sevral old wimmin in the secesh Capital inter sreekin hisstearicks, and set the fashinabul belles to ringin thar hands, and the church-bells to ringin thar clappers, creatin a universal perricksism of oncontrollabul emoshin. The onhappy females eggspected the ushil outrages, and nuthin shorter; but to the honor of our sojery be it sed, they merely flurished thar weepins in full vew of the city, and then rode on, disdainin to use em on nun-cumbertents.

Wot the necks dodge will be the latest noose from head-kwarters doosent indickate. It mebbe backards, or forrards, or tryangler from Eely's Ford, or parrybolical or parrydoxical—the last menshind bein upon the hull the most probabul. Mutch depends upon the struttygests of the War Department. The late trip over the Rapperhammock and the Rapid Ann, is sed to hev ben figgerd out in that interestin branch of the public servis, and I onderstand it is oney the first moove of a serious destined to giv the Confedrates setch shocks in the feeld as will compel em to acknolledge the corn afore harvest time cums round. The ridg'nater of the skeem is the smooth and polisht Ginral Halleck, and it is wisperd that he will assoom the cummand of the Army of the Potomac and carry the diegram out in purson. The vetran offsirs, in the feeld air kwite agreeable, for as he frekwently hauls them over the coals, they think it no more'n right that he should hev a chanst to take a hand at manooverin onder fire hisself. I dessay he will do wunders, for he hes hed the advantidge of a West Pint eddicashin tho onfortnitly he dident carry his pint in the West. Ef thar is enny bridging to be dun he will be sartain to hev the pontoons on the spot by the time the enemee is prepard to receeve em.

You will notis that thar is a triflin disagreement atwixt the bellygerents, in relashin to the rebel loss in the late shindy.

Hooker ses eighteen *thousand;* Lee ses seventeen *hundred.* The trooth is sposed to lie sumwhars atween the two, but noboddy eggsept the Recordin Angel ken tell percisely whar, and he's ben kep so etarnal bizzy lately that its ten to wun ef his books is posted up. Thars no dout, howsever, that we bagged four or five thousand of thar rank and file, and tharfore Lee's statement must be as rank a fib as ever was put on file by a Ginral ankshus to make the best of an aukard skrape.

Stunwall Jackson's deth will be a bad thing for the rebels, as his energetick sperrit was the life and soul of the corpse to witch he belonged. They could better hev spard forty ridgements of thar ornary butternuts, Kernils and all, then that crack namesake of Old Hickory's. Thar's not an offsir hafe as kwick on the trigger left in the Cornfedrit Army. His charge on Shirtz divishin was a suprisin feet. It beat the Dutch. Thar never lived a braver sojer than Stunwall, and I gess he thort he was right, tho in coarse he found out that he was in the rong box as sun as he had kickt the bucket. The Richmound Inkwirer ses he was shot by his own men, who misstook him for a mudsill. Setch axdents will happen in the best reglated milentary fammalees. It is ginally bleved that Kernil Miles, of Bull Run and Harper's Ferry sellebraty, was plugged by a Union sojer, who took him for a traitor. Prehaps the sojer was right. Menny thinks so.

Congratalashins bein the Order of the Day, I congratalate the kentry on the fack that Grant holds the door to Vicksburg. Lord grant that he may walk in! But Ime afeard thar'll hev to be considabul knockin dun afore the chaps as hangs onto the door on tuther side lets go thar holt. Vicksburg is of a thunderin sight more importence to us then Richmound, bekase ef we git the Mussysippi, the rebels can eggsport no more supplies from Texas and Western Louseanna to the uther Suthern States, and a state of starvashin will ensoo.

We don't get mutch intelligens from Murphy's Burrow, but as Mr. Adams, in anser to Lord Russell's cumplaints about enlisten Brittish subjects, ses the emigrants from Ireland is bound for the West, I persoom Rosincranch is awaitin re-inforcements from the Emrald Ile.

Washington is tolably helthy, altho a good menny visiters is sufferin severely from Tape Worm, a lingerin disease which is prevalent here at all seesins of the year. The Modern Father of his Kentry and his Constitooshinal advisers is salubrus, and unites with me in remainin,

Yours allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CI.

[It is clear, from the tenor of the following letter, that "The Disbanded" fully appreciates the merits of the question involved in the Vallandigham affair, and we are glad to see that a full understanding of all the facts has drawn from him such a protest against arbitrary and illegal arrests as might have been expected from so staunch an advocate of Constitutional Liberty. He is too much in earnest to be particularly humorous, but his remarks are pithy and pertinent.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, May 21, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

The Constitooshinal Advisers is far from eesy in thar minds, and the great Springfieldian who holds the rains of pour is a leetle afeard that he hes gone beyant the pail of his orthority in heving Villaindigham jugged. Noboddy keers a red for Villaindigham, for it's well onderstood that he's a mere gas-bag; but it's the idee of overridin the Constitushin and acts of Congress with SOJER LAW that riles the public temper—it's the BAGONET that sticks in the gullets of the Peepul. Sum of the most airnest members of the Republican Party is as mutch agen milentary sezers in the free States as Guvner Seemore is, and wun of the most uncumpromissin Unionists in Washington told me, this very mornin, that he thort the SWOORD was makin altogether too free with the STATOOTS. The Nayshinal Intelligensir has prooved beyant all kwestin that the perseedins in Ohio was in flagrant vilashin of an eggspress act of the last sesshin; and I don't spose thar is twenty jernils in the Union that'll jestify the grave afence. We hev noose here to-day that the Press of New York, without distinkshin of party, hes agreed to take up the cudgels agen supersedin legal processes with MUSKET LOR in the Paytryotic North, and onless the Administrashin drors in its horns on this pint, the Cabnet will purty sun hev the noosepapers in thar har, and thar'll be hot wurk in the wigwarm.

Ime inklined to bleve that the saygashus statesman onto whoos sholders the mantel of Washington hes drifted, begins to feel like Richloo, in the play, when he found the Weepin of Desputism rayther too hevvy for a weak old man to fence with; and hens he hes detarmined to let the Ohio Humbug up and send him to make out his case in Dixie, insted of boxing him up in a

Barsteel. But arter all, this is oney a hafe way meshur, and the ginral pinion amung thortful men in this regin is, that onless the right of the Guverment to make its charges agin citysins of the lyal States with cold steel in the place of paper instrooments, and to try them by drum-head court-marshils insted of leevin them to letherhed jewries, is disavowed in the plainest terms, thar will be an all-thunderin row wun of these days.

Belevin that sartain parties who hed the ear of the President was endevorin to pull the wool over his eyes in relashin to public sentiment on this ticklish subjick, I called at the White House on Toosday and hed a long palaver with him. As no "ginral order" agin the publickashin of the conversashin hes ben issood by the Cheef Maunderin of the War Department, I venter to send you a diejest of the diclog. The President was remarkably curshus and condesendin.

"D. V.," ses he when I enterd the sanktum, "I bleve its now seven weeks senst you honnerd me with a call."

"Six, benine Ruler," I replide, correctin his misstake.

"I hev stept in," ses I, "in my sufferin capassity as wun of the peepul, to ax you to put a stop to milentary arrests of civil individyals, in States whar the civil lor hes not ben suspended. If you don't you'll put your foot in it."

"Sir!" he retorted, with an impeeryal jester of his right hand, while he pulled his whisker with the left, "you air too free."

"No Abraham," I rejined with kwiet dignity, "*I am not free enuff*, when my libty is at the marcy of enny Ginral as chooses to trampel on the lors of the land."

"But," ses he, "you peered to rejice over the downfall of Villaindigham."

He thort he had me thar.

"Yes," I anserd, "that's troo, for I sposed at first he had ben took onder the act of the last seshin of Congress, and would hev a legal trial afore a civil tryboonal. But it seems he was seized, tried and condemd by Sojer Lor alone, in defians of the statoot. Thars nuthin wus'n that dun in Rooshee or Austree."

"What air you drivin at? Do I look like a man capabul of establishin and maintainin a milentary desputism?" ses he, takin a stick of sweet flag outer his pocket, and bitin off the eend of it.

"Not at all, my mild and much beluved frend," I responded, "ef ever thar was a coco nut full of the milk of human kindness

it is yourn. But 'Evil commoonicashins corrupt good manners.' Your amabul weakness and vassalatin dispersishin, is took advantage of by desinin demmygogs."

"Oney to think," ses he, puttin his handkercher to his eyes, "that my pollytickle enemees should endevor to raze a storm about my ears by representin that I want to redooce my kentrymen to the condishin of surfs."

"Wall," I obsarved kindly, I don't think that of you; and ef you want the hull North to entertain the same feelines tords you as I do, jest dismiss *wun* member of your Cabnet, and issoo a Proclamashin announcin that the SWOORD POWER is no longer to be allowed to throttle down free speech in the LAND OF THE FREE.

He sithed deeply, and mutterd sumthin about callin a Cabnet Counsil, and dooin all he could to satisfy the peepul; but alas! wots the use of good intenshins without a stiff morril backbone.

I think, howsever, that the change in Villaindigham's dynasbin is doo to my representashins; but I don't ask enny thanks from that pollytickle chunk-head or his snake-in-the-grass assoshits. The Administrashin is a darned sight better frend to the Ohio foo-foo than I am, for it is dooin its best to make nateral insignificance conspickuous, by outragin a great prenceple for the sake of chokin him down.

All is as quiet as a churchyard on the Rapperhammock, and likely to be. Thar's about as mutch chanst of Hooker re-crossin that interestin streem at present, as thar is of Stunwall Jackson's goste cumming back to giv us anuther bastin, from tuther side of Jordin.

Hopin for the best, but not expectin it very confidently, I remain, for Law, Liberty, and the Union,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CII.

[We specially commend to the risible sensibilities of our readers the Disbanded's convulsive description of a Cabinet Council.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, May 27, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

"I wunder ef Vicksburg is took?" is the prevalin fizzyonomical eggspreshin in Washington to-day. Ever senst we hed the noose that the enemec hed retreted from the Big Black, a neger desire to no the final issoo hes ben manyfested here. A Cabnet meetin was held this forenoon, to disgust the *pros* and *cons* of the subjeck, at which my frend, the President, devoted hisself to the *cons*, as ushil. I hev larnt sum of the particklers of wot occurd at the meetin, throo a privit channil as commoonicates with the back stars of the Counsel Chamber, and I bleve the follerin draymatic sketch of the percedins is as near the trooth as the fasillyties afforded by an ornary keyhole will permit.

Seen.—A rum in the War Offis.

Carrickters present.—Messers. A. Lincoln, W. H. Seward, E. Stanton, G. Welles, and S. P. Chase.

A, L. (risin and openin the palaver).—"Feller-Citysins and Constitooshinal Advisers, bein in a state of suspense on ackount of the suspenshin of intelligents from the Sow-west, witch you will agree with me is a great boar, I hev summont you for the porpus of gettin yo r enlightend vews of the situashin at Vicksburg, about witch I am sorry to say we air all ekwilly in the dark."

W. H. S.—"Mr. President, my opinyun is that an onrepressabul conflick is now goin on between Grant and Porter on the wun hand, and Pemberton and Johnston on the uther hand, and regardin the distant struggel with the cam and thortful eye of a statesman and filossafer, I deem it prematoor to predick the issoo ontil I see the offshal report of the result. The bitterest thing a man ken swaller is his own wurds, and hevin tasted that kinder diet more'n wunst, I dekline venterin on enny foregon conclushins for the futur. I ken ency say, that as a relijus man, with a firm reliance on Providence, I hope my kentry will allus find a Helper in evry Crisis."

E. S. (sourcaustically).—"I respeck the Honabul gentman's diplomatick cawshin, witch we air all awar is the frutes of sad and solem experience, but as Cannon Lor is esier to onderstand then Internayshinal Lor, Ime willin to bet him the price of a milentary substitoot agin his chance for the Presidenshil Cheer, that Vicksburg is ourn at this moment."

A. L. (with that remarkabul wink of hisn).—"Bet him William Henry, my boy; you cant loose nuthin, nohow!"

G. W. (Rip-van-winkellishly).—"I doo spose, now, we shall bag

em. Porter's post, now, it appeers to me, decidedly puts wots-his-name in the rong box; and as our files envelop him on the uther side and Johnston hes probly mistaken the direckshin, it doos seem to me now, espeshelly senst that carryer was taken with the rebel despatches, that if Furygut, in the Hartford, sticks to the letter of his—"

A. L. (mildly interruptin).—Giddyun, Giddyun, shet up. As a postmaster you adorned your modest stashin, but in setch matters as mastering fortified posts you air not well posted, Welles. Its a pity upon the hull, that you was ever taken outer the post-offis, and put inter anuther post, whar I am afeard you will allus be a ded letter."

[Here I must brake inter the dielog for a minit, jest to say that I entirely goinside with the abuv astoot observashin, and that the suverin peeple also goinsides, and that we all wish the venabul old gentman with the top-not would see it in that light.]

G. W. (seeminly onconshus of the President's remarks).—"Yes, as I was sayin, ef my instruckshins is carrid out, the stronghold of the rebels will be took, and thar bullyin purty effectually put down."

S. P. C. (suddently lookin up from the last page of hafe a kwire of paper on witch he hed ben calkilatin the compound interest on ten thousand millyuns of greenbacks for two hunderd years).—"Bullion *is* down, Sir; it fell over six per cent in wun day."

A. L. (impayshently).—"Let us cum to the pint. The kwestin afore the meetin is this—'Is the mayjority of us in favor of blevin that the flag of the free flotes over the Sebasterpull of the Mussysippi?' Salmon P. will please put it to the vote, and giv us the net prosseeds."

S. P. C. (arter collectin the sentimens of the Counsil).—"Ed., Gid. and me votes in the firmative, Abe in the niggertive, and William H. both ways, and wishes both opinyuns to be sot down in black and white, for futur reference. The Kwestin is carrid."

A. L.—"Yes, but Ime afeard Vickburg aint. Howsever, Grant is sartainly the right sort of a boy to push on the colume, and it may be that for wunst the Rooler of Mankind has caused our lines to fall in plesent places. Ef on the contrary the rebels hes ben too mutch for us, we ken oney say, with the poick, 'thar is a Providence that shapes thar eends, ruff hew em how we will.' And now, the publick bizness hevin ben put throo, lets hev a little hulsum privit recreashin. Gid, why is conkerin Vicksburg by bumbardment like fryin slapjacks?"

G. W. (with a sleepy smild).—"Is it bekase its dun brown?"

A. L.—"No, you old hoss-mareen; its bekase its a *batter*-y bizness."

The Entire Awedience.—"Ha! ha!" "Ho! ho!" "He! he!" "Hi! hi! hi!"

A. L. (resumin).—"My jolly frends, why is your larfter like a dispatch announcin the captor of rebel prisners?"

E. S.—"Rayther too eggstravagant to be genwine—is that it?"

A. L. (lookin riled).—"Bah! you old Bellona saucedge. Cant you see its bekase its a *catchy-nater-y* report."

(Anuther intermisshin for risable refreshment).

A. L. (resumin agin).—Wot game of skill doos the preposed Cornskripshin resemble?"

W. H. S.—Dubble Shuffle, mebbe."

S. P. C.—I call it the sortin of the pack previous to a game at *Water-loo*—onlimited."

A. L.—"Purty good for you, Old Five-Twenties, but thats not the troo solushin of the problem. The game witch the Cornskripshin most resembles, is the game of *drafts;* and my objeck is to play it accordin to the old rool, and force *the back men out* as kwick as possabul."

[Applause by the Cabnet, who rise from thar cheers, shake hands with the President, and *exhunt omnibus.*]

Thar, you and the public hev it as I hed it; and hopin evry-boddy will appreshiate the mixter of wit and wisdom with witch affairs of State air disgust by the Nayshin's Cheef and his Constitooshinal Advisers, I remain, as ushil,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CIII.

[Perhaps we do not entirely coincide with all the views expressed in the following letter—perhaps we do. Leaving that matter an open question, we commend the epistle to the serious consideration of thoughtful patriots.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, June 4, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Wunst more the oncommon smartness of the man called by Providence, throo the Ballet Box, to rool over the most enlight-

ened nayshin out, hes ben made palpabul to the meanest comprehensin. I informt you in my last that he stud alone amidst the assembeld wisdum of his Cabnet, with reports of the capter of Vicksburg thunderin in his ears, and eggsprest the bleef that it had not been captivated. He prayed that it mought hev ben, but he was shoor it hedent; and Hevin, ankshus to oblige the kentry with a noo pruff of his penetrashin, thort it best to disregaird his prayers in order to vindicate his judgment. Bein onwilling to place Hevin in setch an embarrassin predickyment a seckind time, he preposes to remain abeslootly non-commital dooring the remainder of the sege. I hev axed him repetidly within the last few days wot he sposed would be the isoo, and his uniform anser hes ben "I look for the best that ken possably happen, and also for the wurst that ken possably occur, and shell cherfully ackquiess in ether." He hes given the same reply I onderstand to all inkwirin frends, and may now be sed, figgeratively speakin, to be standin nooter afore the peepul, with his eyes shet and his mouth opin, waitin for wot Providence may send him. From the present asspeck of affairs he will probly hev to remain in that attitood for sum time afore ennything draps.

Yestday thar was a report in town that Ginral Pemberton was hung, but on tracin it to the War Offis I found it arose from the mistake of a clerk as dident no the ropes, who hed red in a Richmound paper that he was sed to hev ben suspended. The noose was too good to be troo. Auger, I notis, hes given the rebels a round turn at Port Hudson, and the prospeck of his speedily puttin the screws to that important post air, upon the hull, encurridging. Ginral Sexton hes jest ben on from Port Ryal, and he intermated, I orderstand, that Hunter and the Cummander at Newbern hes berrid the hatchet and smoked the calamus, like Foster-bruthers. Gammon! Hunter, in coarse, hes the warm sport of Chase, but he's bound to be releaved, witch will be a great releaf to Foster, who luvs him rayther wurse than Satan luvs Saint Peter.

Ginral Sexton speaks highly of the condishin of our cullerd brethren in arms in South Caroliny. He ses thar soles air in the cause, and if they git a chanst at thar late masters, the wool will be apt to fly. As a body he considers them ekwil to enny race in the wurld; and feels sartain that all the charges made agin em will be rebutted in thar first collushin with the enemee. I don't see myself why they should be more afeard to risk thar carcasses than us Carcassians; and as they hev ben Cuffed all

thar lives, its oney human natur for em to Cuff back, now thar's a fair openin.

On the banks of the Rapperhammock, a deth-like kwiet prevales. Sum sposes as Ginral Hooker is ritin a full report of the Union cashualities in the late splurge, and doosent want to be annoyed and put out. Bein a slow penman it may prehaps take him ontil the middle of July to get throo, and then ef the wether is considerd warm enuff he may possably wunst more open fire upon the enemee. In the intrim the Army of the Potomac picknicks in peace in the midst of the most pickteresk senery, and is serenaded evry night by hunderds of birds of the whip-her-well speeches, who air thort by sum of the sojers to be the sperrits of thar ded comraids, disguysed in fethers, offerin a frendly subjestin as to what oughter be dun to evry wayward sister of the Sutherin Cornfedracy.

Torkin of sperrits, hev you heerd that sartain members of the Cabnet, as hev desarvedly lost all confidens in tharselves, hes commenst consultin the sperrits of just men made perfeck. They doo say as meetins hev been held at the White House at witch the presense of sum distinguisht members of the underground frayternity was respeckfully reckwested, in order to obtain thar vews on the conduck of the war. Et flyin rummers is to be bleved, several deceast worriers sent wurd by the subtrainyan tellagraft that they considerd the kentry goin to the dogs. Ginral Jackson is reported to hev rapt out his opinyun on the hed of the Seckatry of War in the most emiatic terms to be found in the ded langwidges. Seckatry Welles is also stated to have ben sarved in the same way by the gostes of Perry and Decatur. I don't like to repeat the eggspreshins sed to hev ben addrest to the Seckatries by the departed heroes, bekase I hevent mutch faith in the story; but ef they did make the remarks attribitted to em, I honor thar judgment and respeck thar candor.

The minds of the Constitooshinal Advisers is considabully eggsersised jest now about the Cornskripshin. To borrer a metafor, from a high sorce, witch you may hev possably met afore in the noosepapeers, every thing is reddy to "run the masheen"; but it is thort that it mought run eesier ef the wheels was greazed witch a leetle of the ile of victry. As sun as the Gibberalter of the Mussysippi is took, the President will call for three or four hunderd thousand men to finish up the war, and it is hoped the draft will be cherfully honered. "Oney let us open the river," ses Stanton, "and thar'll be no difficulty about gettin the peeple to fall in." And Halleck allows that when setch is the case,

vryboddy abul to bare arms will be willin to roll up thar shirt. sleeves and do thar purtyest. On the uther hand, ef Grant should go to pot the masses wont be kwite so eger to be musterd. The plain trooth is—and its well onderstood here—that we've cum to the turnin pint of the great shindy. Queer noshins will occur to the best regulated fammalies, and sumhow a large number of the suns of Columby hes got it inter thar obstinit heds that ******* (you can gess at the name by the number of stars) nose raythor less about plannin campains than the Man in the Moon nose about the state of publick morrills in the planit Venus. Its a deplorabul thing that an idee of this nater should hev sezed upon the poplar mind; but the peeple hes ben so frekwently disappinted in consekens of leanin on brokin reeds, that wun ken hardly blame em ef they pine for a seckind edishin of Old Hickory.

The wether here is tolabul warm, and the kitchen gardins is full of airly vegetabuls. Altho the war is ragin all around us, everything here seams to betoken peas and plenty.

"Hopin for the best, but prepard for the wurst", me and the President continnees trankwil and composed; and I remain as ushil, Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CIV.

[The Disbanded's lucubrations for this week are of a somewhat desultory character. All sorts of rumors were afloat in Washington; and it is evident that he had very little faith in any of them. It is pretty clear that the Father of Fibs has a good deal to do with Union telegraph lines.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, June 10, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

"Vicksburg hes caved in." "Bet a V it haint." "Rebels confess it." "Gas and gammon." Sure's you liv." "Whar did the noose cum from?' "Murphy's Burrow." "Sum small potater blower, I spose." "Perticklers in the Richmound papers." "That be gaul-darned, now! shet up." "They *hed* to kullaps. Offsir's critters all gon, hides and all. Dogs gin out Monday week; finisht the last o' the cats Wensday follerin. *Hed* to srender or perish in the attemp. Consekently *did* sren-

der." "Who ses so?" "Respectabul lady from Shelbyville reports that the rebels acknolledge the corn, and 'a purson' sor it in the rebel jernils." "Stockjobbin lie!" "Cork up, you copperhead cuss!" "Here's the extree *Republicken!* Capter o' Vicksburg!" "Hurrah! three cheers for Grant."

Setch is about an averidge sample of the bar rum gabble in Washington this mornin, and Ime afeard the dispatch from Murphy's Burrow is of the same nater—all bolderdash. We've hed bushels of idol stories from that pint, and Ide be eenamost willin to go baal that this is epochryfull like all the rest. Vicksburg is compleatly infested, and is shoor to be ourn sunner or later—but Ime inklined to think it will be later, and that the gratifyin informashin receved from "a lady" and "a purson" is primatoor.

Howsever, thars a report in town of a cavalry shindy nearder hum, witch must be troo, bekase the wownded is arrivin at Alexandry, witch is a kinder bulletin that speaks for itself. It seems that the rebel Ginral Stuart meditated a rush inter Merryland, and hed musterd his collumes of a salt in the neyborhood of Cullpepper, hopin to cross the Potomac afore we could ketch up with him. It was a spicy projeck, but Hooker put his finger in the dish and spylt it. Yestday, Ginral Plesenton pitcht inter Stuart with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, on the Rapperhammock, sumwhars near Sulfur Springs, and wun of the wownded ses we gin him ——, while uthers allow he gin us an ekwilly warm resepshin. The Constitooshinal Adviser at the head of the War Department nose all about it, but he ses nuthin, and as he is ushilly reddy enuff to shoot with a long bow when thars the slitest ground to go upon, menny considders his silence aquiverlent to a defeet. I hope its not so this time, tho when I axed him for the latest awethentick informashin, he sirveyed me contempshusly over the rims of his spectickles, and sed he hed too mutch foursight to entrust importent facks to mussenary skribblers. Onwillin to take offence whar, prehaps, nun was intended, I shuck him corjally by the hand, and remarkin in a frendly way that he was a "bully boy with a glass eye", or, ez he preferd the frays, "a big thing in perryfocals", I started for the Navy Department, to pump the truth outer Welles. But accordin to that distingwisht marriner's invariabul custom, he knew nuthin. He heddent even heerd that the Alabammer hed taken four more ships, and that Captin Semmes hed rekwested the skippers to giv his complements to the Honabul Rip Van Winkel, at Washington. Thinkin to please and flatter the

venabul man by a naughtical illushin, I inkwired ef he was fond of boxin the windlass; to witch he replide, "very mutch so," and that when a boy nuthin sooted him better than to put his capstan-bar inter the binnacle and help to heave the anker. As I was levin, he told me confidenshally that he eggspected to diskiver the longtitood in a day or two. I persoom he ment the longtitood of the Alabammer, but I gess she's hed too mutch latitood gin her to render setch an explite possabul.

Senst the foregoin parrygraft was endited, I hed a short cornference with the head of the nashin. He sed he hed a dispatch of the utmost moment from Vicksburg, witch led him to bleve that sumthin sirprisin (he laid an emfasis on the wurd sirprisin) mought happin at enny minit; and that he was lookin for it from hour to hour. I venterd to interrog[illegible]e him as to the compleckshin of the noose he andizzypated, upon witch he gin me a playful poke in the rebs, and anserd that we would probly "lick the enemiee as ushil". I sed, "May it please your Eggsllency, thats nuther here nor thar; kant you be more definit?"

"Wots the kweery?" he responded.

"Is the Möllycoff of the Mussysippy doomed?" I asked.

"Thats accordin as it falls," he replide.

At this pint he shet down onto me, and I could git no further satisfackshin on the subjeck. About the affair atwixt Plesenton and Stuart he was more commoonicativ. He showed me sum dispatches he hed jest receved, and, on readin em, I sed, "Its a brilyant victry on our side ef these ackounts air troo, and they may be air."

"May be air," he sithed, repeatin my wurds like an eccho. I dunno as he ment ennything, tho he hes ben deseved so offen that I shouldent wunder ef he intended it as a joak—wun of his solem 'uns.

But Ime oney wastin time, and forgettin that afore this meets the publick gays the Nell of Vicksburg may hev ben rung and the Rapperhammock clard of the inslent fo. So be it; for ef we dont make amens for lost time purty sun, evrybody'll begin to think the Union's past prayin for.

It peers from the tellagrams and cetery from Louseanna and South Caroliny that our cullerd brethrin in arms is makin a purty strong fight out thar. No dout they go inter the conflick with thar feelins strung up to the hyst pitch, bein well awar that ef capterd they will swing from the neardest trees, in cunformity with a neckspress order to that effeck from Jeff Davis. But its nuthin to us wot promps thar deeds of curridge, s'long as they

go in like bull-dogs. Black worriers ansers the porpus jest as well as white; in fack, thar was wunst a black prence of Wales as gin the French and Germans a most onlorful whalin. So, honor to the cullerd brave! Render onto Sezer the things that air Sezer's, and to Pomp the things witch air Pomp's.

Airnestly hopin that the same MERKARY as contains this letter will set all douts about Vicksbug at rest, by announcin that all its re-douts is in our perseshin, I remane, accordin to custom,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CV.

[Reader, if you don't shake your sides over the following letter, it will be because the organ of humor has been omitted in your *os frontis*. A larger amount of quiet fun—quiet, but provocative, nevertheless, of risible spasms—could scarcely be condensed into the same compass. The prospect of a row always seems to put the Disbanded on his mettle.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, June 18, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

We air preparin for a combat. Ginral Hindshellman cummands the milentary, and Ginral Panic the civillains. Ginral Abraham Lincoln cummands hisself (witch is more'n ken be sed of evryboddy here), and tharfore oughter cummand univarsal sport and simperthy. He is a trump, and ekwill to the crysis. So am I. I dont think Halleck is. Nor Stanton. Hooker may or he may not. Time will tell. What time I cant say; but probly sum time atween this and Saferday night. We air on the eve of great events, and shell be evry evenin until further notis. Our defenses in frunt is bein made stronger by wurkin parties of corntrabans. But we are weak in the rare, and thar, sum thinks, the rebels will endevor to plug us. Nuthin ken eggseed the eggsightment of our kullerd brethren. You ken see it in the whites of thar eyes and thar ginral demeaner. Evry contraban is wedded to the Union caws, and will die in the last ditch ef Washington falls. So will myself and Mr. Lincoln. We swore it in his sanktum to-day, with our hands on his admirabul treaties on arbitary arrests, witch hes ben printed in pamflit form and is as troo as Gospel. Thar is a

ditch near Bladensburg that will jest fit us. It is seven foot long by eight inches acrost, and as purty a bed of glory as ever you seen. Stanton kant cum in—it isent wide enuff. In this emerginsea the President feels whoos his frend. We will sink or swim together. Ef ennything happens, speak of us as we desarve. Nuthin exterminate nor 0 set down in mallis. Say Orestus sleeps with his Pieladies; Demon with his Pithyass. And so no more! These is my last instruckshins ef Washington falls. We will never be capterd alive. Ef it comes to that we shall fall on our swoords. I hed a very hansum silverhandeld wun presented to me at Harrassin Landin, with a neat speetch, by the Duck de Chatters. The President will use it first, on ackount of pryority of rank, and I shell compleat the sacrifiz. But Washington wont fall. It will see Ginral Lee darned first. Ef I was an enshoorance kumpany Ide enshoor it for sevral per cent. onder the extree hazardus premium. We air fortifyin Rock Crick, and air about to cut a canawl throo Gorgetown Heights, in order to unite it with the Potomac and bring the gunboats round inter the slashes. Slygo Crick and the Norwest, two streams remarbal for catfish and lampree eels (of witch Ginral Longstreet is sed to be be very fond), is also bein put in a good state of defens, and the broomsedge on the plantashins in Prence Georges bounty is to be lined with sharpshooters. The Tiber is also to be dug out to the dept of thirty fathums, so as to allow ships of the line to lie at anchor there and purteck the market. Finerly both wings of the capitol is to be pearst for flyin artillery, and a Dollgrin fifteen-inch smooth-bore mounted on the top of the central doom. In short, nuthin will be left undun to render the city impregnant, and the women will all be sent to a place of saifty as a precawshin agin the wurst. It takes considabul time to tell all this, but it will be accomplisht by our accomplisht milentary orthorities in less'n six weeks.

In the meantime tellagraft despatches of the most alarmin carrickter is cummin in insessantly from all pints of the cumpiss at wunst. From these we larn that Ginral Lee bein detarmined to go the hull hog in the way of invashin, is *en root* with a hunderd and fifty thousand men for Philadelfy—also that he is makin forced marches for Western Virginny—futhermore, that he is makin for Manasses and Bull Run. He peers to be ubequitus, and his plan is sposed to be to pitch inter us with the same troops from all kwarters at the same moment. He is a wunderfull man, is this Lee—a kinder "little joker" on a grand skale,

and noboddy ken tell cept hisself and Bellsbub onder witch thimble he will turn up. All that we ken say with sartainty is that he's sumwhars, and that ef "Fightin Joe" and the rest of em is wuth shucks he'll all-thunderin sun be nowhars.

The present warabouts of the Nashins Hope, Ginral Hooker, I am forbidden to disclose. He is not on the Rapperhammock, but I trust I vilate no confidens in sayin that he's on the Alert. We larn here to-day that Ginral George B. Maclellin hes left New York for Albany, witch is encurredgin. When Ginral G. B. M. changes his base, sumthins shoor to happen. It did, you know, when he changed his base from the White House. Sum thinks he eggspects to change his base *to* the White House wun of these days. Mebbe! In the interim he is waitin on Providence. Let him wait. If ever thar was a hero as knowed how to wait, he doos. Whenever he was ordered to advance at dubbel-kwick, he allus waited for the waggins. Wunst he waited three weeks. Ef he was a waiter at a hottel, thar wouldent be much hurryin up the cakes at that shop, I gess.

I dont pretend to know all the secrets of Abrahams buzzum; but I will say this for our grayshus cheef—he keeps a stiff upper lip. Not a har in his whiskers kwivers, and his pulse (I made an eggscuse to feel it yestday) beats precisely sixty-eight and a hafe in a minit, railrode time. His brow is onruffled, his temper even. Ef he hes enny new rinkels they air in his capayshus mind. I looked him strait in the eye this mornin, and he axed me, in his ushil commick way, ef I obsarved ennything green thar. I dident. On the contrary, it was full of fire. He thinks a good deal of Stanton—bout as much as I do. Ditto of Halleck. Welles the same. He's very kind to me—Heaven bless him. He ses I may say wot I like of him and his'n. By "his'n" he means the Constitooshinal Advisers. Ime not to be subjeck to arbitary arrests nor sent to Fort Laugheryet, nor made a present to Jeff Davis, nor utherwised snubbed nor disannulled. I carry a mennyrandum to that effeck in my watch-pocket, anuther of similider tenner pasted to the crown of my hat, and a third of a like nater sowed to the back of my shirt, all signed "A. L. Respect this." Consekently I am pursenally garanteed "freedom of speetch and of the Press". Would you like to hev a dockyment or two of the same carrickter? Ef you would, jest say so, and Ile get his His Eggsellency to scratch em off and send em on. They air useful in these Villaindighammering times.

All that Ive told you in this letter about army moovements will, of coarse, be stale news by the time it reeches you, as a

great battle may hev ben fit afore then. It is important to know "the situashin" prevus to the impendin shindy. As to "our situashin" arter it, enny thick-hedded tellagraft operator ken tell you that.

Firm in hart, and devoted to Honest Abraham, Our Common Kentry and the SUNDAY MERKARY, I remain, ondismayed,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CVI.

[The following letter appears to us to lack in some degree the perspicuity and precision which usually characterize the communications of the Disbanded; but it must be remembered that it was penned in the midst of a chaos of reports, and rumors, and surmises, well calculated to reduce the strongest mind to a state of hopeless imbecility. It will be seen that our correspondent is prevented, by a commendable regard for his word and for his country's cause, from telling all he knows. In this respect he differs from most Washington letter-writers, who make it a rule to tell more than they know, and whose sins of commission, omission, and addition, accumulate without intermission. Where they expect to go to when they die, it is not for us to say.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, June 24, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Lee and Ewill hes ben spotted at last; but they may hev changed thar spots afore this reeches you, for they cumbine the eelasstisity of the flee with the suttelty of the sarpint. At present they air in the Shunadoor Valley smokin thar pipes in cumparative kwiet. They thretten to make Washington smoke shortly, but a relieble contraban who hes jest cum in from Fort Tobacco ses this is a meer sham. Hill is also in the Valley, and sed to be very much deprest. Lee on the other hand is reported jolly, and boasts that he hes got the wether gage of Hooker. Time will tell wether he hes or no.

Our cavilry is doin things up brown. The rebel dragons air evrywhar flyin afore em, and Stuart's posishin will sun be far from a plesant 'un. Buford hes gin the rebels at Snigger's Gap caws for sorrer, Grigg hes druv the mane body of thar hoss mer-

rily afore him more'n ten milds, and anuther strong detachment of Secesh cavilry hes ben out-manoverd in a forridgin eggspedishin, by a moovement of Stall's. Ef our men was oney as well mounted as the enemee, they could ride over em ruff-shod; but one-hafe of the hosses furnisht by the Guverment corntractors look as ef they hed jest cum outer veteranarius horspitals, and is as weak in the knees as a peace-preachin Unionist.

Hafe an hour hes elapst senst I writ the abuv, and the tellagraft hes developt a new fetor in the enemees plans, witch entirely changes the face of affares. Ginral Skunk announces that insted of Ginral Ewill bein in the Shunadoor Valley, he hes crost the Potomac at the hed of forty thousand men, and "gobbled" our forces in the neybrood of Auntyeatem. Thars a slite oder of eggsagerashin about Skunk's report, but it may be troo. Wot givs it an air of orthentissity, is the deshartnin statement that the enemee is hard at work *bildin bridges over the canawl.* This seems so nateral that everyboddy here is inklined to credit the story. We all know that nuthin forms setch an empediment to the proggress of an army as a canawl. Ef it hed ben a river now, like the Potomac, it would hev ben diffrent; but a canawl is always locked, and it is probabul that our sojers, when they saw the horsteal fo approachin, immediently hid away the key to the persishin. It was a thortful act of theirn, and cackelated to do good, as Sinsinnatus remarkt when he was told that a passel of geese hed yawped till they alarmed the Capital. The ragin abiss will be crost I spose afore this reeches you, and ef so I tremble for Pennsylvany and New Jarsey. Men capabul of bridgin a canawl wont hesitate, I recken, to wade the Susquehannah and Delawar.

But it's useless to speckilate when new convickshins flash on the bewilderd mind evry moment. The wires is eenamost red hot with contradickshins, and whether the rebel army is in the State of Pennsilvany or not, it is kwite sartain that evrybody here is in a state of muddle. Howsever, things will clar up mebbe, by the eend of the week, and prehaps wot is confushin wus confounded now, may be made perspickuous to the meanest intelleck in the next SUNDAY MERKARY.

Hooker was here on Tuesday, and hed a long privit conversashin with the President. By the kind permishin of the Father of his Kentry—who will please accept my thanks for the favor, throo your widely serkilated collumes—I sot behind a skreen in the sanktum and took notes. I send you the dialog jest as it occurd, 'cept whar his Eggsellency droo his pen throo a passidge

or two that he thort calkelated to giv aid and cumfort to the Copperheds and Jeffites.

A. L.—Well, Hooker, how's the Army of the Potomac? They've hed a long march. How's thar poor feet?"

J. H.—Blistered sum; and a few is sufferin from *coop de soleheal.*

A. L. (kindly).—That's bad. Shell I tell Stanton to send on a few thousand gross of silk umbrellers?

J. H.—No, thank you. We may be hot-headed, but we don't reckwire parrysoles.

A. L.—No offence, my brave friend. Hevin the welfare of the army at hart, its oney nateral, you know, that I should wish it to keep shady.

J. H.—Keep shady! We've ben keepin shady too long. We want to go right out inter the open, and pitch inter the enemee wharever we ken find em.

A. L.—But Washington must be defended, Hooker. Stanton ses so, and Halleck, and likewise Welles. How menny live men hev you, all tolled?

J. H.— —— thousand infantry, —— thousand cavalry, and —— batteries.

A. L.—My Constitooshinal Advisers allows we want em all, and more too, to defend Washington agen the ruthless invaders.

J.—Doos your Eggsellency spose you ken "ockapy and possess" the rebel strongholts, and carry out the Mancipayshin Act, by fendin off insted of goin in.

A. L.—No, you thurrow-goin old fire-eater, I don't, and I confess Ime in favor of vigrus meshurs myself, but Stanton and Halleck.

J. H.—Sir, you air Commander-in-Chief. *You* ken cut the tether that keeps the finest army on the planet flutterin around the capital like a hen tied to a chicken-coop. Jest *you* pass the word to foller up the fo, and we'll giv Lee sumthin else to think of besides threttenin Bawltomore and Washington.

A. L.—You're right—I feel you're right.

D. V. (peepin over the skreen in oncontrollabul emoshin).—He is, Abraham! He is! Foller the instinks of your own lofty intelleck, and let the Constitooshinal Advisers go—whar glory awaits em.

A. L. (with mayjestick gravity).—Major-Ginral Hooker, receive from *me* your instruckshins. You will start immediently for the Head Kwarters of the Army of the Potomac, and on arrivin thar you will, *et cetery, et cetery, et cetery, et cetery.*

[The foregoin *et ceteries* represents milentary direckshins of the hyst importance, skratched out by the President for resins of state. Thar tenner will be obvius to all mankind atween this and the Fourth. In the meantime, public opinyun is reckwested to suspend itself.]

J. H. (foldin up the instruckshins and puttin em in his hat).—Thanks, Mr. President—thanks. Depend upon old Joe Hooker.

A. L. (dryly).—Sum of my frends ses Ime a good deal given to dependin on Old Joes, Ginral (a larf from behind the skreen), and that puts me in mind of a story about Jo King of Springfield. You see—

J. H.—Eggscuse me, Mr. President. Ide be delighted to hear the little narrytiv, but you know my motto—Bizness afore pleshure. Adoo! Adoo!

And so the intervew eended.

Let the public keep its eyes skinned. Within ten days thar'll be the most tremenjus—but no, my lips is sealed, and I ken oney say, look out for hard whacks shortly. Hopin that Hooker'll giv the rebel airthquakes, and confidently awaitin the concussion, I remain, for self and Abraham,

Yours, allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CVII.

[We feel that we are only putting into words the heartfelt prayer of every reader of the SUNDAY MERCURY, when we say, solemnly and sincerely, "May our friend, the Disbanded, return in safety from the expedition to which he refers in the following letter. Amen! and Amen!" If, however, the Fates should order it otherwise, it will afford us great satisfaction to comply with his wishes in regard to *post mortem* matters.—EDS.]

WASHINGTON, Tuesday Noon, June 30, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

I rite airly this week, bekase I am goin out on a reckanuisance (desguysed as a rebel to that degree that my own hoss wont no me), and shell not be back from the frunt for sum days. My misshin is strickly privit, and, by rekwest of the President, I omit to state whar Ime bound, as he thinks it mought cumprom-

mis the saifty of his dearest and brayvest frend. I may state, howsever, without vialatin instruckshins, that, in the wurds of Duglas in the play, it is my objeck to "huvver about the enemee". Ef tuck up as a spy, I shell probly be hung; ef not, I hop to elevate myself in the estimashin of my kentrymen. I shell start in wun hour from the abuv date, and ef suckcessful, will send you the minnits of my eggspedishin as sun as I return. I am allreddy a raid in desguys, and will giv you sum idee of my secesh rig, witch I prechest seckind-handed of a poor white trash that was brort in prisner this mornin. A more seckind-handed soot hes seldum ben seen in civileyesd sosity. It consests of a butter-nut coat cut down to a jacket by the thorn-bushes in the slashes, and a pair of breaches to match; the hull bein satterated with all the juce that the oner hed in him when he listed in the rebel sarvis. Also a slap-jack hat, witch hes the aperience—and the aroamer currysponds—of hevin ben soked in castor-ile for a cupple of years or so. Likewise a pair of ventilatin boots, the soles of witch is tide to the uppers with rope-yarn legaments at the toes, and in setch a wownded condishin at the opposit eends as to be past healin. In this elegant costoom, with my pistils stuck in a belt, considder myself "the yaller flower of the forrest." My idee is to be mistuck for a secesh gorilla, on his way to Pennsylvany to plunder the Nuthern slop shops. It seems to me that in setch duds as these the rebel offsirs will never mistrust that Ime not wun of thar own vermin. The oridginal oner of the wardrub is a well nit man, about my own bild. He hails from Louseanna, and I shell try to imitate his dirty and sluvenly asspeck, and ef kwestined, shell swar that I was born and brort up in that state. I dessay you will think it rayther a pokerish bizness Ime goin on, but Ive saved my har in menny a wuss skrape. Ef Washington, Bawltomore, and Philadelphy falls inter the hands of the Cornfedrits while Ime on the skout, I intend to make my way to New York by way of Vicksburg. By that time the Mollycoff of the Mussysippi will be ourn, and I ken bring Grant and his army along, so as to take Lee on his west flank, and turn the tide of victry in faver of the Army of the Potomac, and the lively, enterprisin, prompt, and paytryotic citysins of the Keystone State.

The President, tho sumwot cast down, is in faver of a firm stand at the Seat of Guverment. The Slashes is to be fortyfide, and the cavalry stashind as look-outs on Georgetown Heights; men on hossback bein abel to see further than a-foot, and high pints of land bein particklerly faverabul for the moovements of

redgements of hoss. (See "Camppains of the Duck of Marlburrow", and uther wurks.) Sharpshooters with Minie rifuls are to be posted in the poplars of Pennsylvany avenoo, in the manner reckommended by Joe Minie and uther poplar milentary riters. Stanton will take charge of these matters, assisted by Halleck. Nether of em is as mutch skairt as they mought be. Welles hes ben rekwired by the President to furnish a force from the Navy Department, and hes sent a messidge to the Mareens. The Father of his Kentry is attendin to the deepenin of Tiber Crick, so as to bring up the gunboat flowtiller, but he ses the mud is so thick that it is difficult to run the masheen. The canawl throo the Heights, witch I spoke of in my last, is not yet cumpleated, but as sun as it is the cavalry in that rejin will be re-enforst with friggits and ships-of-the-line. Stanton calls for volunteers, and Chase is on hand with the sinners of war. Seward doosent say mutch, but is presoomed to be prepard for the onrepressabul conflick, and Blare is reddy to cum forth when the trumpit sounds. In short, all the Constitooshinal Advisers is in a state of eggsightment, witch, if not sublime, is within a step of it.

The Adamantine Abraham is as cool and capabul as ever I seen him. No catastrofy ken shake him enny more'n you could shake Mount Airyrat. He feels a little ankshus about New York tho, and thinks it mought be well to hev a Monitor or two in Spitendevil Crick.

"D. V.," ses he to me this mornin, "the Commershil Emporium must be defended to the last gasp."

Ses I, "Troo, your Eggsellency; and when the New Yorkers sée it *must*, they will immediently muster."

He was satisfide. But he is onesy, tho he desdains to sho it, about Philadelphy. I told him New York would rush to the reskew of her sister city when the crysis came. He replide that he sposed so, and added, with his customery beamin smild, that it was differcult for a city to stand firm when thar was so menny Quakers in it.

The modern *Patter Pattery* and myself both thinks that the fate of the kentry will be setteld within three weeks or a munth at furdest.

It that time it will ether be *up* with us or *down* with the rebels. Ef the men of the North air men, and ef the Army of the Potomac, or raythor its offsirs, is wurth shucks, Lee and his murmurduns is gonners. His invashin is the act of a madman, and onless our Ginrals is downright idyots, his doom is sealt.

But it is now wun o'clock, post meriden, and I must mount

and away. Ef I am sezed and eggsecuted as a spy, send for my boddy—it ken be of no use to ennyboddy in Jeffland—and berry me desently in sum kwiet spot oninfested by Copperheds. Dont inter me, howsever, in these butternut rags; for I should prefer to hev a desent coat put on me afore my *Hic Jacket* is ritten. Lay my swoord by my side, ef the rebs dont steel it, and put a slab over it, with a neat inscripshin. I dont want enny flurrish about the monnyment—a plain stun, not a stunner.

I oney menshin these things in case of the wurst. When a man dies, setch little attenshins is agreeabul. But I persoom thars no pertickler danger.

Wishin you a merry Forth of July, and myself and kentry menny happy returns of the day, I remane, as ushil,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

POSTSKRIP.—I menshint in the boddy of my letter that I wisht a neat inskripshin on my supplecur, ef suckemstances over witch I hev no control should hasten my latter eend. Ef you approove, I would like the epitaff to read as follers:

Here lies the Disbanded Volunteer;
Died for his kentry in the year
Eighteen hunderd and sixty-three—
A man of the swoord and pen was he.
Tho moddest, polisht, well-larnt, and brave,
He was took by the rebels, and hed to cave.

No. CVIII.

[After rendering unknown services to the country, and escaping unheard-of perils during his late expedition, our patriotic correspondent has returned to Washington, and is once more giving aid and comfort to Mr. Lincoln by his advice and counsel. The Cabinet, it seems, were anything but pleased at his reappearance. His confidential relations with the President have rendered him particularly obnoxious to the heads of the War and Navy Departments.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, July 9, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

When I rit last, on the thirtet ult., I was bound on a mishin, the ultimit result of witch was onsartain. I was about to reak

my neck on a neckscurshin of a neckstree hazardus nater. It will giv you pleshur to larn that it was a cumpleat suckcess. I past throo the rebel lines, got all the noose I wanted, and, in fack, hed my full swing amung em without bein hauled up, or even suspishend. My dirty ragged soot, and a peace of an old wig, daubed with red oker, witch I pertended to hev scalpt off a mudsill's coconut, inspired confidens, and I was evrywhars wellcombed by the rebs as a frend and cumraid. As I purfest to hev privit and speshil informashin as to the moovements of the Army of the Potomac, I was took afore Ginral Lee, and hed the pleshur of leadin him off on the false cent witch subsekwently enabled Ginral Meade to put him throo the mill. The same night I made my eskape to Ginral Meade's hed-kwarters, and posted him up as to the persishin of the enemee; arter witch I started for Washington, by way of Philadelphy, and arrove here simultanus with the intelligens that Lee was demoralised and Pemberton demolisht. Immediently on my arrival I shed my Secesh habillyments, made my ablueshins, put on a clean shirt, and reported at the White House. The President receved me with mutch feline. When I enterd the sanktum, he opend his arms, and the next moment I was in Abraham's buzzum. "All-beat unused to the meltin mood", as the More of Venus ses, I thort I should hev catterpillerd. Ime conshus that we both behaved like loonaticks, but thar air moments when the emoshins of the human sole sets eteket at defiance. In the midst of the tutchin seen, a messindger tapt at the door to say that the Cabnet was waitin for Abraham in the East Room.

"Tell the Cabnet they may go to—work, and Ile be thar presently," sed he, modifyin his first idee as he finisht the sentence. Then turnin to me, he added, with a grayshus smild:

"A frend reckognised by the hart takes preseedence of advisers appinted onder the Constitooshin."

"Yes," ses I, "solid meat first, and then bring in the flummery."

We then sot down for a few minits to enjye a feast of resin, and, to mysten it, he brort out the Mungoheeler and a gobblet, for my accommydashin. I say for my accommydashin, bekase the President, bein strick temprance, drinkt to me oney with his eyes.

"How's the Potomac?" ses I, porin out a dram.

"Brim-full, and runnin over," he replide.

"Let her run!" I eggsclamed, takin a long swaller; "the harder she runs, the longer Lee'll hev to stop on tuther side. Here's to the freshit," ses I, imbibin agin.

"Ditto," replide his eggsellency, larfin, "and may thar be no a-bridge-ment of the current for the next forty-eight hours."

"Is thar nary ford that 'll afford him a chanst to cross?" I axed.

"Nary—not ef evry traytor was as tall as I am," he responded, stretchin his lofty figger to its full altitood.

"Ef thats the case," ses I, "they 'll be gobbled, and we shant need anuther draft. Here's may we git along without wun!" I added, wunst more wettin my wissel.

"Amen!" cried the Father of his Kentry. "Ef the Sutherners will oney lay down thar arms and smoak the pipe of peace, we 'll light it with the Cornskripshin act, berry the hatchit, and giv all the provost-marshals births in the custom-house."

At this junkter thar was anuther nock at the sanktum door, and the messindger announst that the Constitooshinal Advisers was gittin the fidgits.

"Bind my wedge!" sed the President, "Ide forgot all about em. Hedn't you, D. V.? Split my mall! Wot do they want?"

The page as brort the messidge sed he onderstood the honabul gentlemen wisht to hold a consultashin with his Eggsellency the President on the affairs of the nayshin.

"I'd a nayshin raythor they'd let me pole the boat alone," remarkt the illustrus cheef. "Howsever we air born to trubble, as the sparks fly uppards, so tell em to cum in and fire away."

In a few minnits arterwards they enterd the sanktum in single file—Seward the Sentenshus at the head of the percesshin, and Welles the Witless at the tail eend. They mooved with meshed steps, as ef marchin to the music of the Union, and thar *toot in shamble* was imposin. A Cabnet, takin it by and large, is an imposin specktickle, and this pqliarly so, and allus hes ben. The Honabul Seckatry of State, as your readers are awar, is a small man; but like most diminutiv individyals is fond of makin hisself conspickuous and bein cock of the walk, and hens he led the van. Welles at the opposit eend, looked remarkably picteresk, with a baird like a mounting goat and a crest like a cockytoo. Halleck had the aperience of a gentman as felt his oats tryin to look moddest onder the pressher of grate victories. and Seckatry Stanton, the wether bein warm and muggy, looked like bellygerent Mars in a perfuse prespirashin. The Seckatry of the Interior was cool and kwiet, and Chase, as ushil, cam, dignified, and self-possesst. Blare wouldn't be took by common white folks for a Cabnet Minister, but sum of our men of letters consider him well fitted for the post. I spose you no he's the

orthur of a work called Blare's Retoric, of witch he gives illustrashins ockashinally at Aunty-Slavery meetins. But why should I dwell on the asspecks and carrickters of these distingwisht men. Thar fotagruffs air in evry winder, and thar prented dockments and speetches are the best evidences of thar saygasity.

As this enlitened boddy filed in, they (with the eggsepshin of the Treshury and the Interior) regairded me with a witherin skowl of hatred and contemp. But it dident wither me. Taint my natur to wilt onder the human eye. I stiffent up my optickle narves, and gin em as good as they sent, ef not more so. But I seen they wanted me outer the way, so I shuck hands with the President and left. What happent at the intervew I dont know, as I hev not seen the Nayshin's Hope senst; but I persoom they bullyragged him considabul.

The city is full of sensashin rummers to-day. Sum ses that with the onpassabul Potomac River on one side, and the invincibul Potomac Army on the uther, Lee will not resk anuther battle, but like a prudent man, give in and cry pigavi. I don't think so; but as all speckelashin on the subjeck will be at an eend afore this letter is prented, I shant go inter the whys and warfores of the matter. In the meantime, confidently awaitin the final victory, I remain, plassidly,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

No. CIX.

[The solicitude of our indefatigable correspondent for the peace and quiet of New York appears to have monopolized his entire attention; but, like a good many other equally distinguished people at Washington, he does not appear to realize the true state of the case. The resistance to conscription in this city did not originate through sympathy with the Southern Rebellion, but because of the exercise of a despotic power to which our people were unused. If D. V. will convince his distinguished friend, Abraham L., that conscription at the present time is injudicious, unwise, and unnecessary, as it is, he will be doing the country as much service as did Gen. Grant in the capture of Vicksburg.—EDS.]

NAYSHINAL HOTTEL, WASHINGTON, July 15, 1863.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Merkary:

Hes New York sold itself to the Devil, and hes pay-day cum round, or wot? Spose the cornskripshin Lor was obnockshus, is that enny resin for seens that would disgrace the Seeyou Injuns. The Cornskripshin Act is no faverite of mine, as you and the readers of the Sunday Merkary is well awar, but is encinderism, robbery, and uther crimes that cannybuls would be ashamed of, a mannyfestashin of hosstility to the Draft Lor. No, they air the acts of atroshus misscreants, opposed to all lors of God and man, and the oney way to meet em is with grape and canister, riful balls and bagnets. I hevent a shadder of a dout that afore this letter is put in prent, the mob in New York will hev reseved setch a lessin as will be a warnin to all rioters for fifty years to cum. The ring-leaders, I persoom, will be diskivered, and ef they air, I trust they will get thar desarts.

It is the ginral opinyun here that the row was got up in the hope of helpin the South by a divershin in its faver at the very moment when the Union armies was evrywar victoryus. It hes ben known for sum time by the Fedral orthorities that thar was a sekrit conspurracy agen the Guverment in New York. It was also known that rebel emiseries was at work thar, and that ef Vicksburg was took, and Lee was whipt, thar was to be a traiter outbrake in the North. This was Jeff Davises forlorn hope—the last keard of the rebellyun. Well Vicksburg is ourn, Port Hudson is ourn, Lee is licked, Bragg is floored, Jo Johnston is flyin from the rath to cum, Price is discomforted, Charlestun is as good as gon, Mobile is spoken for, and the last keard of Treason is played in New York. But the dern yer resort will fail. In spite of the simperthisers the rebellyun is a goner. Nearly two-thirds of Jeffdom is conkerd, and the rest is cavin in. This infarnal riot may giv the rebel leaders a little encurridgement, but it wont be of enny substanshil bennyfit. Let the cornskripshin be gin up. We don't need it. We ken finish up the biziness with the forces we hev now in the field, and free-will recrutes. Four hunderd and fifty peaces of artillery and a hunderd and fifty thousand stands of small arms hev fallen into our hands within the last twenty days, and about one hunderd thousand rebel sojers hes ben put *horse de combat*. Our land forces outnumbers theirn, full two to wun, to say nuthin of the Navy. I say we've got em. Salt won't save em. The last ditch is closte at hand, and they won't die in it, depend on that.

in cold blud. This is the Ninetcent Sentry I bleve, and we live in a Christian land. Sartain—speshilly the Christian. Sum Nuthern demagogs allows that this war of ourn is a war for the elivashin of the Nigger. Ef it is, I ken oney say that I hope Sambo likes it; but ef I belonged to the black resarves of Shinbone Alley, I should resine immedient. This gettin no kwarter ether in milentary sarvice or in civil sosity is more eggsitin than hulsum.

The Presedent and me has ben torkin over the ginral prospecks of the camppain to-day, and we hev cum to the conclushin that the beginnin of the eend is more than three parts throo. Prehaps, when Mobile, Charlestun, Savannah and Richmound hes hung out the white flag, we may be magnannymus, and offer the messgided retches terms that they will jump at. The great stumblin-block is our woolly-hedded bruther. We've promist that he shell be forever free, but mebbe onder all the suckemstances he wouldn't mind postponyin the matter a wile and takin his libty in periodical doses. Ennyhow there'd be no harm in axin him, and ef he agreed it mought save afewshin of blud.

John Bull's a remarkabul saygashus feller, isent he? How well he guest the fate of Lee's host in Pennsylvany. The London *Times* proffersied that Jeff Davis would dicktate turms of peace from Washington. How air you Thunderer? Ime curus to see how the British oriculs is goin to crawl out. Wun thing's shure, they've got to stop fittin out Rebel men-of-war. My friend Abraham is good-naterd to a folt; but as he remarkt to me when we last disgust the subjeck, thar is a pint at witch piracy ceses to be a virtoo. That pint has been reeched, and John Bull may confidently eggspect kicks ef he continners to countnance free booting. Whiting hes gone over to giv him fare warnin, and he's either got to fall back or fite. A joak's a joak, but this prayin on our commerce in British bottoms, is a bellygerent act, and kan't be tolerated enny longer. Hoping that Whiting will do the matter up brown, and indooce John Bull to do wot he hates to when it interfears with his intrests, and that's justice. I remain, as ushil,

Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

THE END.

RARY OF THE VETERANS,
th Regiment, N. G. S. N.Y.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAY 23 1956